The Saturday Evening
POST
November 15, 1958 – 15¢

NOV 10 '58

Last Days of the Bismarck
A Great True Sea Story by C. S. Forester

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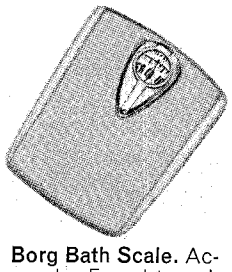

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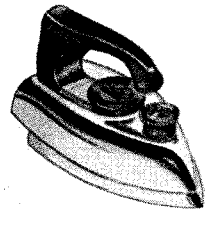

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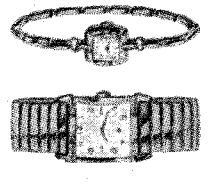

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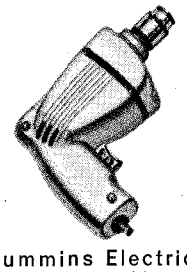

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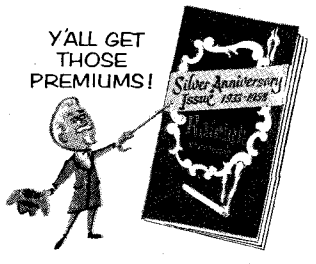

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THE COVER

The Super V is a feast for the eyes, and it will be doubly so with Mrs. Jones at the wheel; so it is too bad Mr. J. is thinking that they could get their 1957 Super painted yellow for, say, 150 bucks. A futile thought, for subtle are the ways of womenfolk: Mrs. Jones, knowing her husband to be in the condition of both wanting and not wanting a new car, has maneuvered him under that hood, and if he tries to flee, subtle also are the ways of salesfolk. Later, when the lady, with no subtlety at all, demands and gets an extra 150 bucks on the trade-in allowance, Jones will feel better, and after he tries Super's purring power on California's sunny roadways, he'll bless the wisdom of his helpmate. Artist Kurt Ard says Mrs. J. may switch her lipstick shade—but not to lemon yellow.

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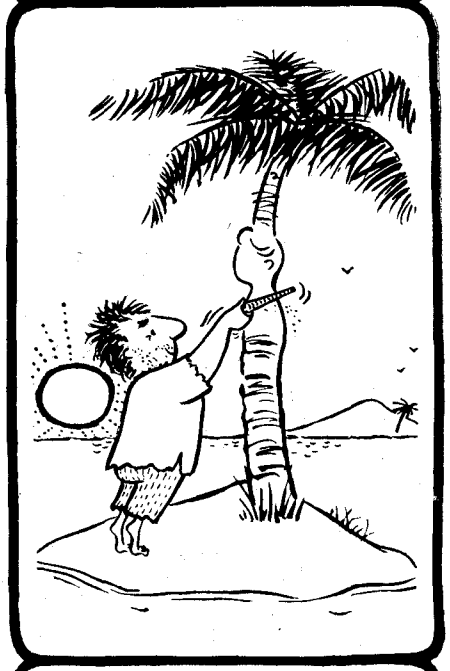

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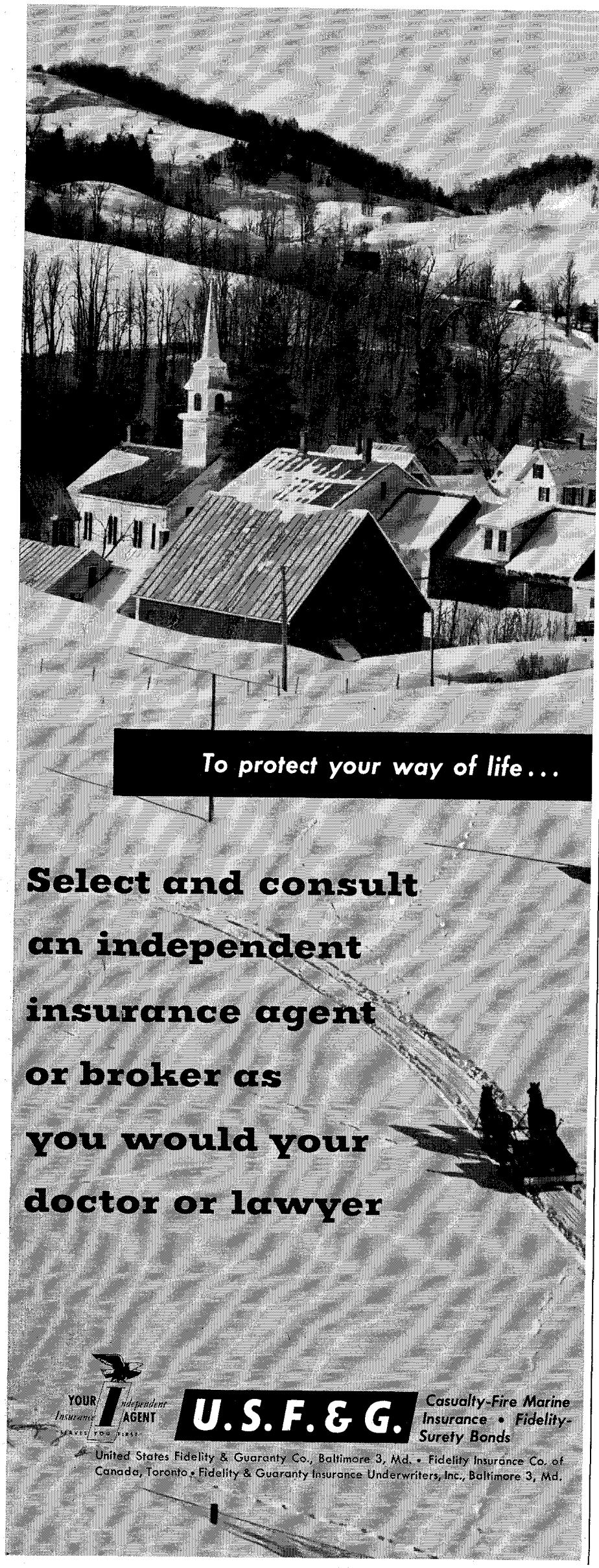
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Letters

On Abolishing JP's

Dear Sirs:

THE "JP": SHOULD HE BE ABOLISHED? by Joe Alex Morris [Oct. 11], is an excellent presentation of the scandalous situation in our state. In publishing it you are stimulating public interest in improving the administration of justice not only in Illinois but in other states in which a similar situation prevails.

LOUIS A. KOHN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Abolition of the Justice Courts will not bring about an end to the evils which your article describes in Illinois. What is needed is a strong Supreme and Circuit Court which does not hesitate to exercise its supervisory powers over lower-ranking courts.

JAMES RENFREW, *President*
Oakland County Judicial Association
Royal Oak, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The criticism leveled by this article at the entire minor judiciary system is unfair and unwarranted. Not all of us are guilty as charged, and the system in Pennsylvania has been greatly improved in the past decade. . . .

Our fees are regulated by legislative acts. Our limits likewise are clearly prescribed by the legislature.

EARL H. KEIM, *J.P.*
Boyertown, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Consideration should be given . . . to the thousands of justices who receive a salary for their services based on the number of registered voters in their precincts.

In Arizona the office is elective for a four-year term. The maximum salary is $7200 per year.

C. STANLEY KIMBALL, *J.P.*
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

You refer to a complaint to the Kane County Bar Association made by Justice of the Peace John Chivari of Aurora. You state: "On April 17, 1958 . . . the chief of police posted a 'general order' that, on instruction from the state attorney, Justice of the Peace Chivari was being deprived of cases initiated by the police. The bar association had taken no action by August.". . .

The facts are that . . . on August 4, the report of the [Judiciary] Committee was forwarded to the Board of Managers of the Association and adopted. . . .

The lawyers of Kane County, Illinois, deplore the fee system for the payment of justices of the peace. They condemn the practice of shopping around to find a favorable justice. Overwhelmingly they think the office should be abolished.

EDWARD F. STREIT, *Past Pres.*
Kane County Bar Association
Aurora, Ill.

● *Author Morris should have said that the Association had not* completed *action on Chivari's complaint by August. The action: a decision that the Association was not empowered to intervene.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The J.P. system has a great many advantages which were not mentioned . . . J.P. courts are neighborhood courts which resolve all manner of husband-wife difficulties, landlord-and-tenant cases, trespass cases, minor criminal cases, motor-vehicle violations, and many other cases of a minor nature. Any case decided by a J.P. can be taken to the higher courts if his judgment is questioned by either party. The minor courts are the only recourse available to people of modest income who need redress for some infringement of their rights.

HAROLD P. LEWIS, *J.P.*
Newtown, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

To replace the justice with a magistrate appointed by a higher authority, as advocated by many zealous uprooters of tradition, is . . . another very dangerous step away from local self-government. . . .

The suggested requirement that this magistrate shall be an attorney is no guarantee at all of his probity, or his ability to render equitable decisions.

ROY W. ADAMS, *J.P.*
Mason, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . sounds good. The only trouble is, I had just finished reading the last article on Mighty Mickey Cohen. After comparing the two articles, I decided we were just as well off under a Justice of Peace system, as we would be if the lawyers took over.

REV. C. M. READ
Second Church of Christ
Danville, Ill.

More on Mickey Cohen

Dear Sirs:

It was quite upsetting to one of the Los Angeles City Schools to see on page 114 of the September 27 issue the name of Canoga Park High School used to indicate that several girls from a civics class excitedly surrounded Mickey Cohen and

Mickey with lawyer and "fans."

asked for his autograph outside of a court room [MICKEY COHEN: THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A HOOD, by Dean Jennings]. . . .

The Los Angeles City Schools have had a program for many years whereby students in senior high school civics classes visit the court rooms each week. It so happens that on the date when Canoga Park High School was visiting, Mickey Cohen's trial was underway.

These students never wander around the court room or the corridors of the court house. . . . At no time were these students "surrounding Mickey outside the court room."

JOHN A. GILLEAN
Board of Education
Los Angeles, Calif.

● *A Los Angeles policeman who witnessed the incident identified the adulatory teen-agers as Canoga Park students. He was wrong. We regret the error.* —*ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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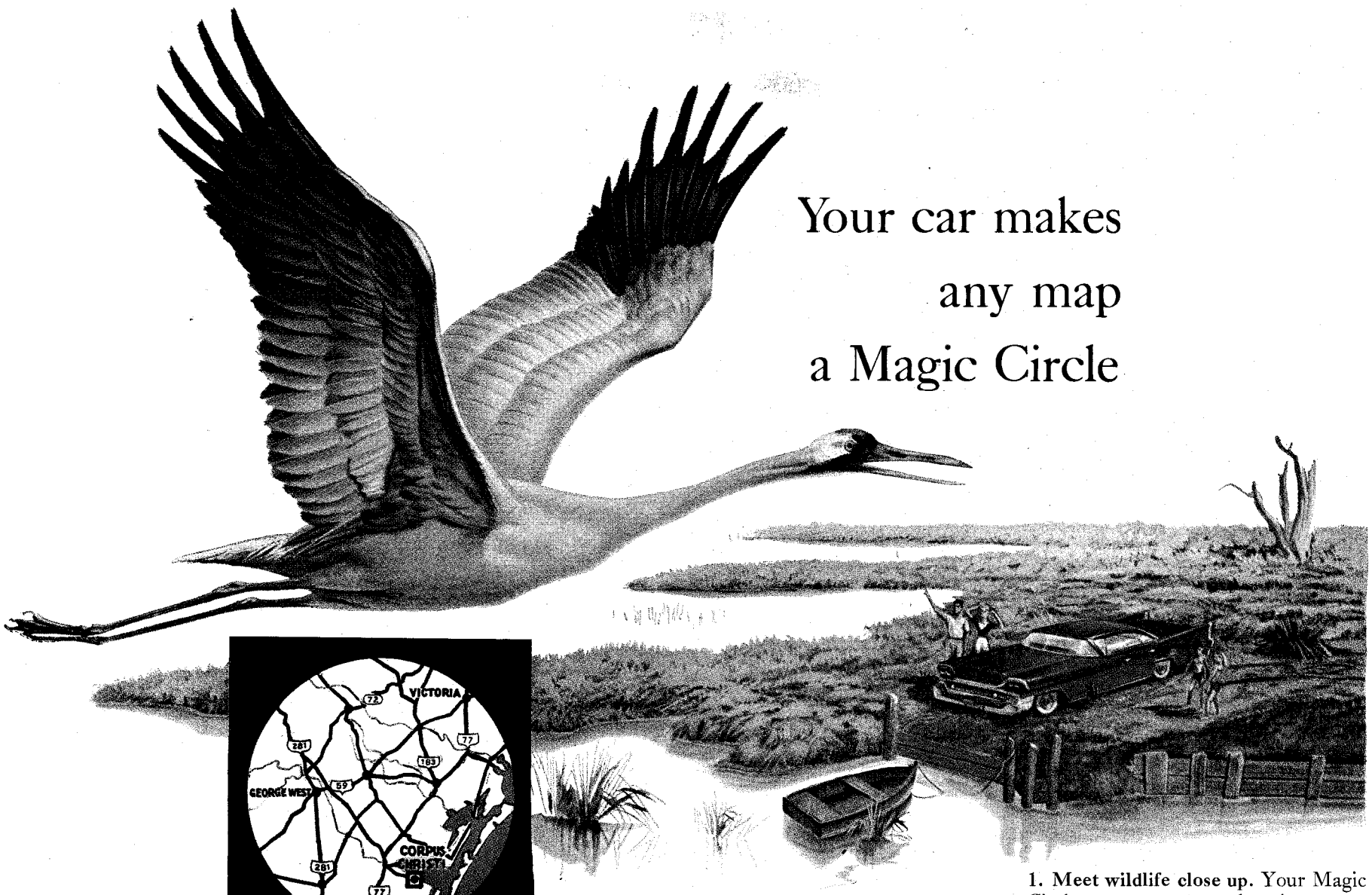
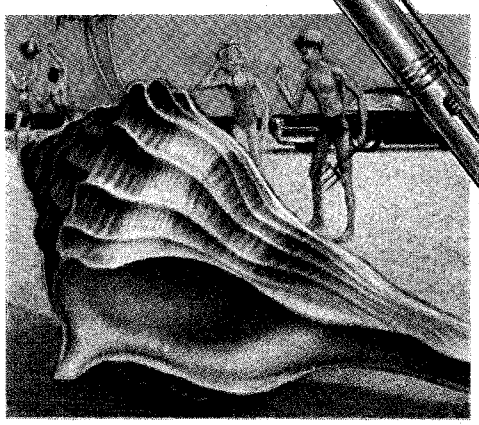
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle

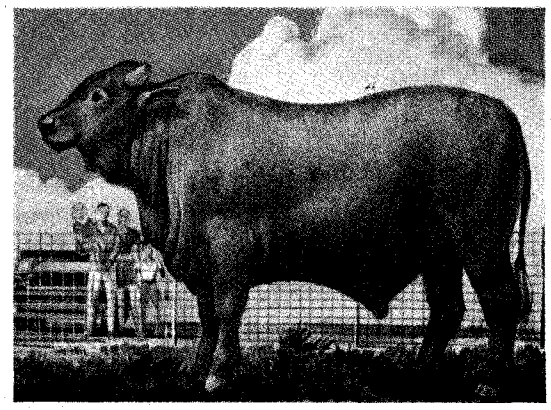


1. Meet wildlife close up. Your Magic Circle may not attract whooping cranes (as the Aransas Wildlife Refuge does). But it has a wildlife population your family should meet.

There is something new under the sun...anywhere you drive in this Texas Tropical Magic Circle. Wherever you live, you have a Magic Circle around you, too. Plan to explore it—enjoy it—soon.



3. Find a Treasure Island. A map, a car . . . and you're off. Your treasure may be a beach, some shells, or the buried kind Padre Islanders hunt. The fun of going can be treasure enough.



2. Discover new worlds by car. They range from the King Ranch to the Corpus Christi piers in this Magic Circle . . . and they're just as varied in yours. Today's roads make touring them a smooth joy.

4. It's Fiesta time wherever you drive. Your car is the shortest, happiest distance between you and good times like the Brownsville-Matamoros Charro Days. Set up some dates soon.

Take a pencil and map out your Magic Circle. Your car is your best investment in fun you ever made. Don't miss out on its happy returns.

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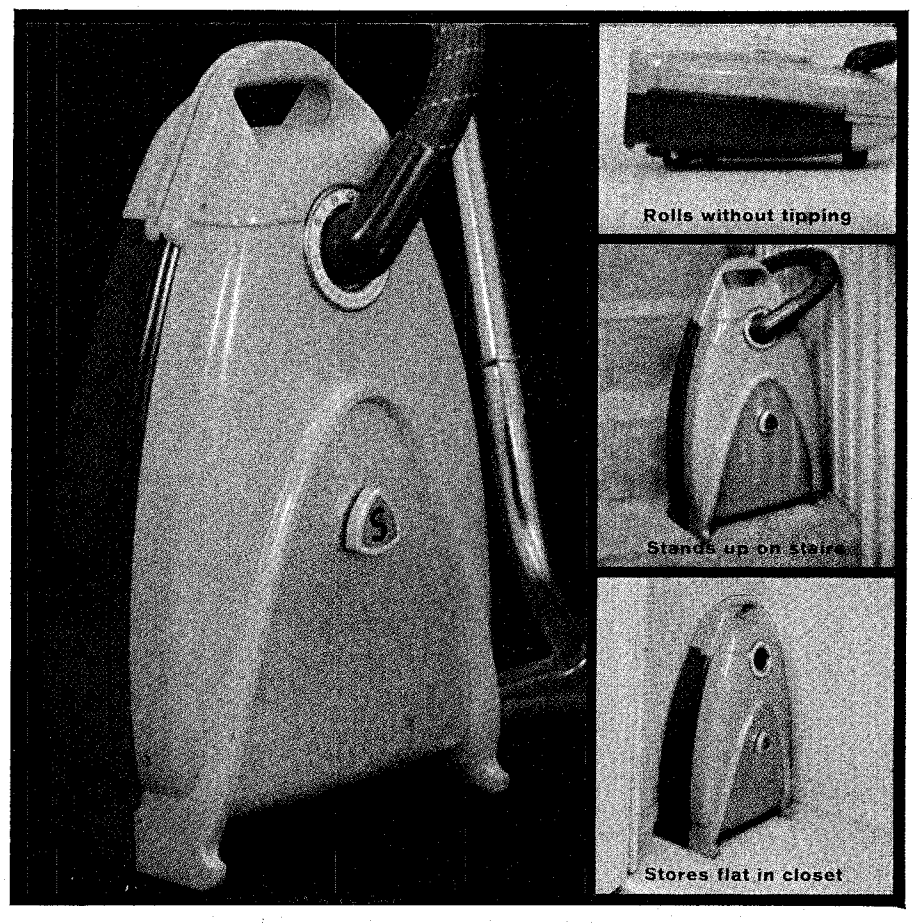

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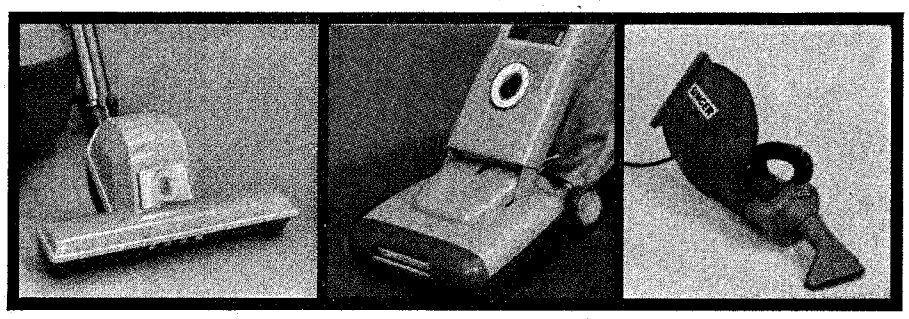

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

Six years ago I accepted Christ as my Saviour, and my life was absolutely transformed. Because of the miracle in my own life, I knew that if Mickey Cohen made the same decision, his life could be transformed by Christ. . . . I am not sorry for any help I gave Mickey toward finding a new life in Jesus Christ. His abuse of this help is no reflection on my motivation.

W. C. JONES
Los Angeles, Calif.

● *Author Jennings reported that Mr. Jones and a few evangelical friends spent some $18,000 in an attempt to make a Christian of Mickey Cohen.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

On page 118 [of the Oct. 4 issue] your article states: "The [scrapbook] is bound in red leather and in it, protected by celluloid envelopes, are clippings on Mickey's activities since he was *paroled* from McNeil Island Penitentiary in 1955." . . .

Michael (Mickey) Cohen was sentenced on July 9, 1951, to five years' imprisonment by a United States Federal Court for "false and fraudulent statements and income tax evasion." He was committed to the Federal Penitentiary on February 14, 1952; received his parole hearing as is required under the statutes and, after full consideration by the United States Board of Parole, was denied parole on October 2, 1953. Some two years later when he had finished his full term less earned good time he was released, as is required by Federal statutes, on "conditional release."

Mickey Cohen was, therefore, not paroled but was released after serving his full term minus such time as was earned for good behavior in the Federal prison. . . . Many newspapers, magazines and other forms of mass-news media often confuse parole with conditional release and other forms of statutory release and as a result parole receives unwarranted criticism.

GEORGE J. REED, *Chairman*
United States Board of Parole
Washington, D.C.

Rickover's Future

Dear Sirs:

With regards to your 11 October 1958 editorial concerning Rear Admiral H. G. Rickover [WE MUSTN'T LET THE NAVY BRASS PUT RICKOVER IN MOTHBALLS!]:

One solution would be to transfer him to the U. S. Air Force. His talents, foresight, zeal, and devotion to national welfare would make him a natural with colleagues like Generals White & Le May.

An Air Force Reader
Groton, N.Y.

● *Rickover's promotion to vice admiral on October 23 saved him from mothballing.* *—ED.*

The Death of Beth

Dear Sirs:

In your editorial on the TV adaptation of Little Women [WHY DO AUDIENCES INSIST ON DEATH—EVEN ON "LIVE TV"?, Oct. 11] you state, "Beth, it seems, did die in the *revised* edition of the book, although in the first edition she didn't." This, it seems to me, demands clarification.

Little Women, written in 1868, concerns a year in the life of a family. In it, Beth is stricken with scarlet fever, but recovers. This, evidently, is the basis of the TV musical. . . .

Margaret O'Brien as TV's Beth.

Miss Alcott followed it up in 1869 with Little Women: Part Second, which picked up the story three years later, following the heroines to marriage or (in the case of Beth) death.

E. NELSON BRIDWELL
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

"Why do audiences insist on death—even on 'live TV'?" you ask. . . . Could it not be the audiences fear that unless death removes the character from the production, the network, thinking it has a hit, will turn a one-time production into a serial—and Beth (or whoever it might be) will linger on and on?

LEROY J. BOVÉ
Arlington, Va.

"Unfair"

Dear Sirs:

In the 11 October issue [Letters], beneath an amusing cartoon of the 1931 Nautilus an editorial comment says, "In August, 1931, polar explorers Sir Hubert Wilkins and Lincoln Ellsworth took a submarine to the Arctic—but got only as far as the edge of the icecap." . . .

Lincoln Ellsworth took no part in the submarine expedition. The name Ellsworth was gladly included in the title of the expedition because a considerable amount of the cost was provided from a fund set up by Lincoln's father, James W. Ellsworth. . . .

To say that the Nautilus got "only to the edge of the icecap" is substantively unfair. The 1931 Nautilus went more than 1100 miles north of the Arctic Circle, part of the way through and part of the way beneath the Arctic packice.

HUBERT WILKINS
Natick, Mass.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Los Angeles Times. • 6–CBS-TV. • 23–Imperial War Museum; United Press International. • 24–Imperial War Museum; United Press International; Wide World. • 25–Two from Imperial War Museum; Map by Center Studio. • 26, 27–Peter Stevens. • 28–Philippe Halsman. • 30, 31–Gene Lester. • 32, 33–Carroll Jones. • 34, 35–Hans Knopf. 36–Lynn Buckham. • 37–Bill Shrout. • 38–Ollie Atkins; Larry Keighley; United Press International; New York Herald Tribune. • 39–Ollie Atkins; from Stewart Alsop; Ollie Atkins. • 40–Wide World; Ormond Gigli. • 41–Jack Elliott; Bettman Archive; United Press International; Jack Albin from Pictorial Parade. • 42–Wide World; L'Humanité; Wide World. • 43–Bruce Bomberger. • 44–Two by Gus Pasquarella; Wide World; United Press International. • 45–United Press International. • 49–James R. Bingham. 136–Three Anonymous; Sid Avery.

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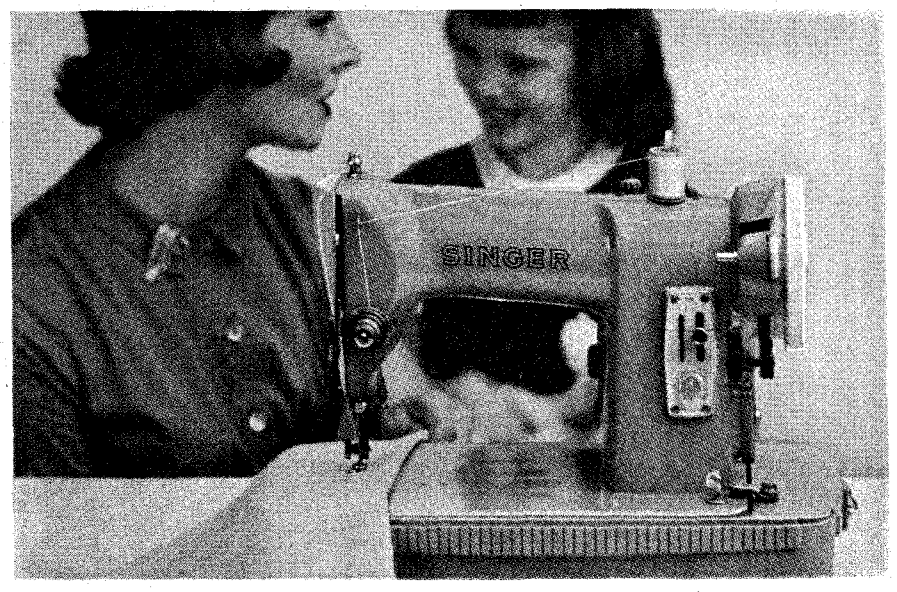
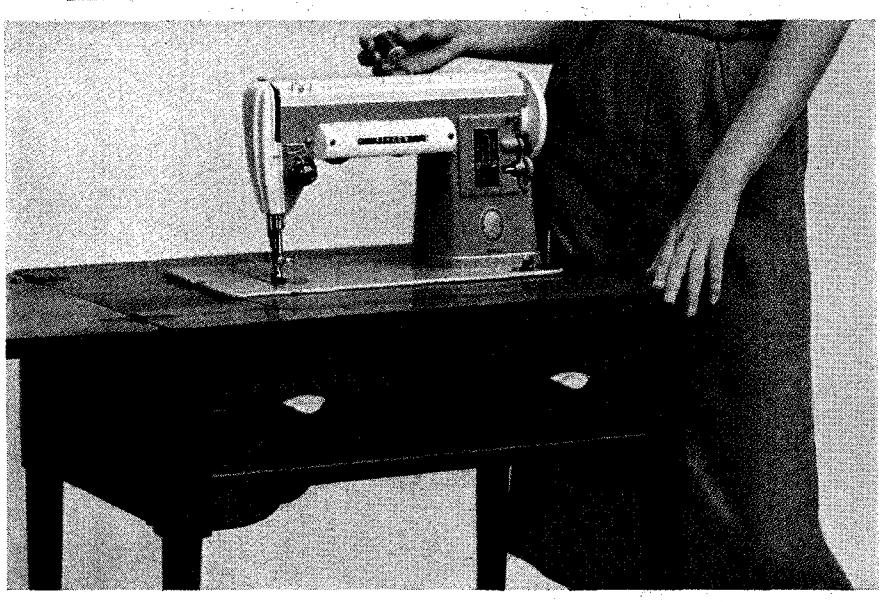
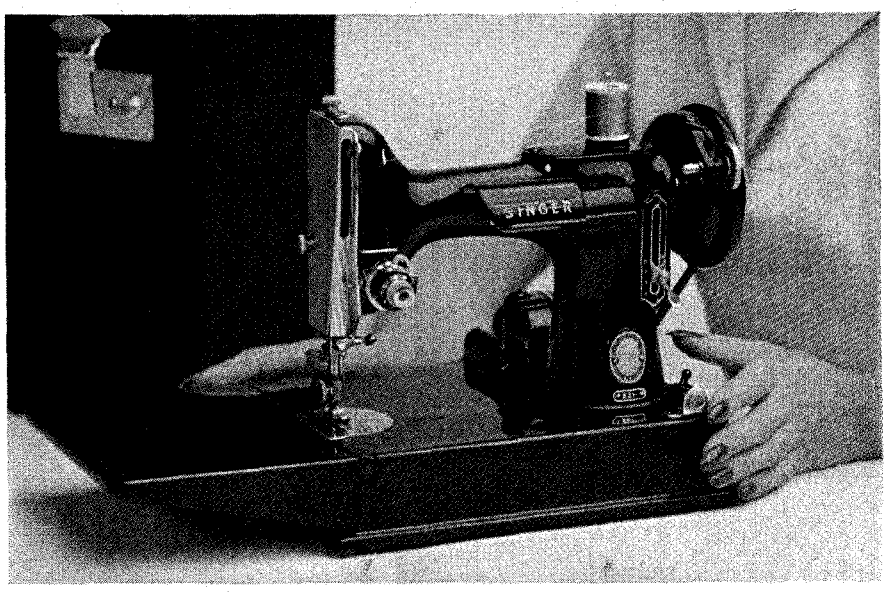


2 **"I'll make the children's clothes at half store prices!"** New! Young-Budget SINGER... designed for young homemakers. Simple to run, and priced to pay for itself the first few times you use it. Sews forward and backward. Has complete set of attachments. Cabinet, portable styles.



3 **"...and their cabinets are real pieces of furniture."** Exclusive SINGER Slant-Needle in a modern console. You'll love the way the machine needle slants toward you so you see better. And your Santa will like the way the versatile cabinets double as truly fine furniture to save him money.



4 **"It's the most popular portable in the whole world!"** Famous FEATHERWEIGHT*... no portable can match it! Weighs only 11 pounds (so it's easy to set up anywhere), yet does the job of a full-sized SINGER. And you might point out to Santa that it also comes with free sewing class lessons.

5 **"Think of it—less than $90—and it's a SINGER."** Economy Portable—at a new low price—makes Christmas hinting easy. Stitches any fabric... even sews in reverse for backtacking. And, like all SINGER Machines, it's built for a *lifetime* of sewing. Only $89.50 including case.

New low prices!

Now from $89.50

- Easy terms, liberal trade-in
- Free sewing class lessons
- Parts and service always available

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

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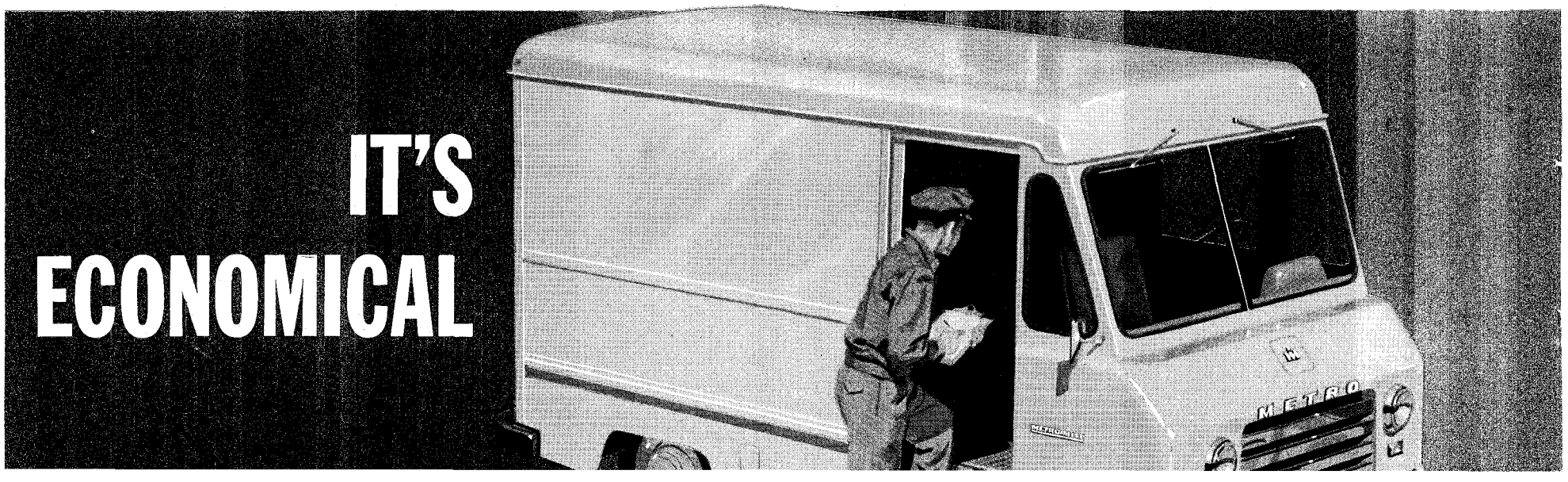

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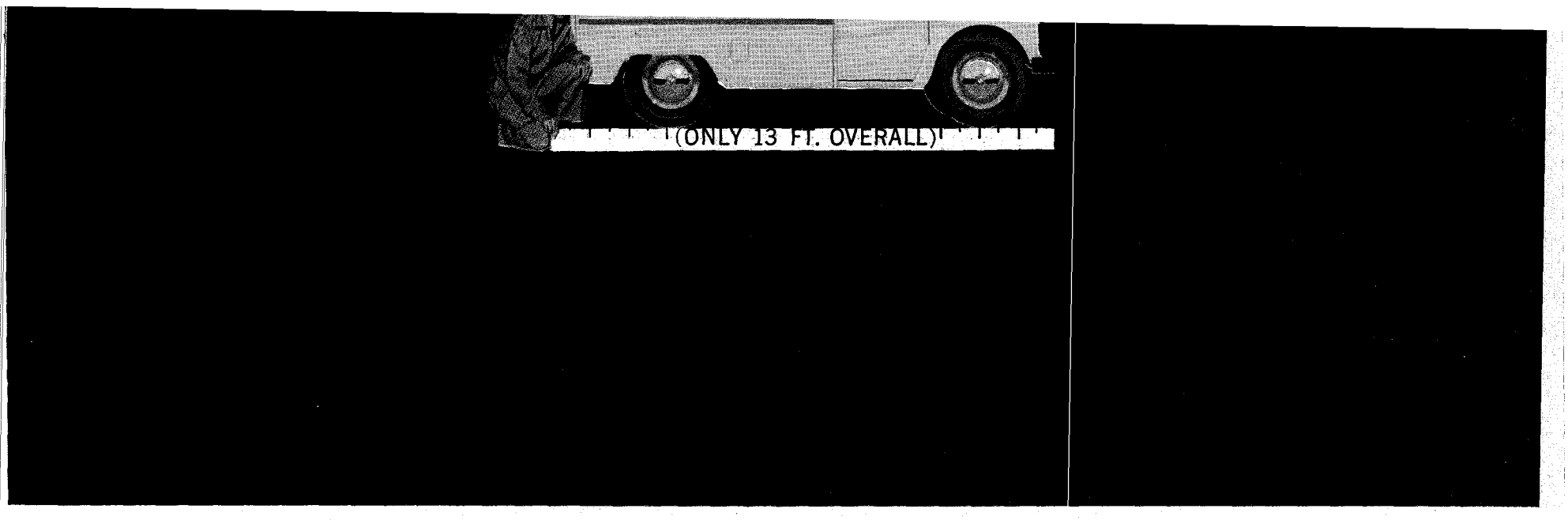

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IT'S THE *New* INTERNATIONAL METRO-MITE

America's biggest little delivery truck!

You'll put more of everything into it—except money!

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Parks in tight places, garages in a small space. Short 96-in. wheelbase permits a turning radius of only 17 ft.—less than the width of a city street. Sliding doors and folding seat for easy deliveries from either side. Big windshield offers excellent visibility.

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Editorials

There's No Scholarship Surplus; It's a Shortage!

By CHARLES A. BUCHER

A New York City newspaper recently published an article entitled Scholarships Go Begging. The piece played up the fact that a scholarship at Pembroke College was lying idle. This Harriet Rogers Jewett Scholarship is available to an upright and needy girl who doesn't smoke. The grant, established in 1932, consists of a $1000 endowment, yielding about twenty-five dollars per year. Nevertheless Pembroke received hundreds of inquiries from hopeful applicants all over the country.

Deceptive headlines I have gleaned from the nation's newspapers during the past twelve months read: Scholarships Wither on the Vine, Financial Aid Going to Waste, More Scholarships Not Needed, Students Ignore Financial Help, College Education for Free. These journalistic forays into the unknown do not reflect the true picture. I surveyed 135 donors of financial help: colleges, war-service groups, labor organizations, foundations, state governments, benevolent societies and industrial firms. They gave the same answer: scholarships do not go unclaimed.

There are a few restricted scholarships which lie idle. For example, Rutgers University awards a scholarship to a poultry-husbandry major from a county in New Jersey where the poultry business is rapidly disintegrating because of Western competition. It is understandable that no youngster in that area is interested in this occupation.

Then, there is the Lithopolis Scholarship for boys and girls who live in the town of Lithopolis, Ohio (population 350); a fund maintained by a small New England town for the "improvement and education of young ladies who have seen better days"; and an award that goes to a person with the name of Randolph who desires to study gunsmithing.

The much-publicized, out-of-focus scholarship picture builds up false hopes in the minds of many high-school students aspiring to a sheepskin. When they find out they have been deceived by some misinformed writer, drastic changes have to be made in their college plans. Dean W. J. Bender, of Harvard, who knows the accurate picture, pointed out that newspapers were doing "a grave disservice to American higher education." He continued, "It simply is not true that lots of scholarships lie idle . . . I know of no college in the country which has any significant number of scholarship funds which are not being used. . . ."

Instead of scholarships' going begging, there is a need for more. John S. Hafer, Dean of Admissions at Syracuse University, writes, "This year our scholarship applications increased by approximately 30 per cent, so that we received a total of 1800 scholarship candidates for approximately 275 scholarships. To date, we have overcommitted our funds by approximately $12,000 and still have 210 extremely worthy candidates who wish to attend the university if financial assistance is given." Colleges in the North and South paint a similar picture.

Scholarships do not go begging. Instead, they are needed in greater numbers if we are to provide college education for all those who can qualify for it.

Editors' Note: Dr. Bucher is Professor of Education at New York University.

Why Do Reds Have Privileges Denied to Underworld Crooks?

You can hardly pick up your newspaper nowadays without finding new proof of a double standard of ethics that favors Moscow's fifth column. Governor Harriman, of New York, recently had this to say about some hoodlums: "These people have got to be forced to talk." His emotions can be approved, but if he had said that about uncommunicative Communists, he would have been denounced from coast to coast as a "witch hunter."

During the McClellan Committee's hearings, Counsel Robert F. Kennedy said to the Teamsters' president James Hoffa, "Are you frightened . . . ? You're not tough enough to get rid of these people." Chairman John L. McClellan repeatedly attacked Hoffa during the hearings. Senator Ives told one of Hoffa's underlings, Robert (Barney) Baker, that he was "an inveterate liar."

These comments were presumably justified, but suppose similar statements had been made about Communists by members of the House Un-American Activities Committee or the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee! How the country would have rung with outcries against the "witch hunters!" Actually, the Communist-investigating committees are notably mild. Nobody shouts "epithets at the hapless and helpless" Red witnesses. Instead, the Reds often shout epithets at senators and representatives. It is they who do the "taunting" and "assailing," backed up by laughing and clapping Communists in the audience. Too often the press has chuckled approvingly.

A number of "delegates" to the gangland "convention" at Apalachin, New York, a year ago were jailed by state judges because they took the Fifth Amendment when asked questions by a state investigating commission. The commission promised that if they answered questions, they would be immune from prosecution in state courts; but the witnesses pointed out that this wouldn't protect them from Federal prosecution.

Nevertheless, one judge jailed some of these men after a three-minute hearing. Another judge said: "What went on at Apalachin that day, I don't know. But the people have a right to know. . . . Organized society has at least as much right as organized crime." True enough, but hasn't society also as much right as organized Communism?

The Apalachin "delegates" refused to become "informers." The "liberal press" says it is monstrous to demand that Communists be "informers." The gangland code is wicked for ordinary gangsters, but noble for the Communist gang. A double standard is applied to favor members of the Soviet fifth column. At a time when their masters in Moscow are whetting their knife for the throat of the United States, we give the Communists privileges which we deny to punks and union racketeers. Why?

The Nation's Creeks Equipped With Fish Are Worth Saving

Some 50,000 streams in this country can be classed as creeks, according to Geological Survey estimates. Time was when you could find some good fishing in most any of them. Deep pools made first-rate swimmin' holes and the timbered stretches along their courses furnished picnicking spots.

But the creeks aren't the same now. In thousands of instances the timber has been cut away, so that the land can be plowed or pastured, and the channels, clogged with brush and eroded soil, no longer have any deep pools. The clean gravel beds, the water depths and temperatures that once made conditions livable for game fish are gone, and with them the fish.

These streams are too small to interest the lobbyists for big dams for flood control or for power or reclamation use. But the overflow damage they cause annually totals more than that of many of the headlined floods.

It may be, though, that the creeks are due for some attention. Wisconsin has a combined program for watershed improvement and a state fish policy, which directs the Wisconsin Conservation Commission "to conserve and perpetuate the fishery resources of the state for all of its citizens." With more than 8000 miles of potential trout streams it offers plenty of opportunity for such a policy.

The program, in which all the state's conservation and farm agencies co-operate, works through local watershed organizations. It also co-operates with local civic, school and sportsmen's groups in developing nearby streams.

Protection of the waterway comes first. A protective zone along the streamside is leased from landowners for twenty years or, as often is the case, the necessary land is purchased. The protective areas are fenced and trees and shrubs planted to shade and stabilize the stream banks and furnish wildlife cover.

The program is a working demonstration of how neglected water resources can be developed for the public benefit.

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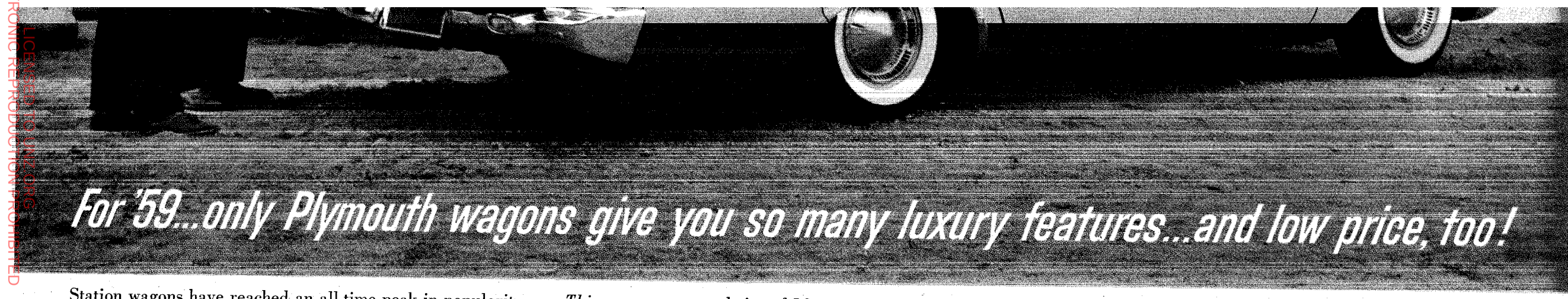

For '59...only Plymouth wagons give you so many luxury features...and low price, too!

Station wagons have reached an all-time peak in popularity, and the credit is largely Plymouth's. For no other wagon offers so much room, so many features at such low prices.

This year you get a choice of 10 great new wagons. You get all these Plymouth "firsts"—and more: Push-Button Power-Flite* or TorqueFlite* . . . easy-entry Swivel Seats* . . . safer Total-Contact Brakes . . . new electronic Mirror-Matic Mirror* to end dangerous glare . . . new Automatic Beam Changer* . . . greatest glass area. Take a test drive today! *at low extra cost

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BIGGEST OF THE LOW-PRICE FIELD. Plymouth wagons give you the most cargo space, most passenger room, plus the longest wheelbase. Second and third seats fold flush with floor, making level 10-foot loading deck.

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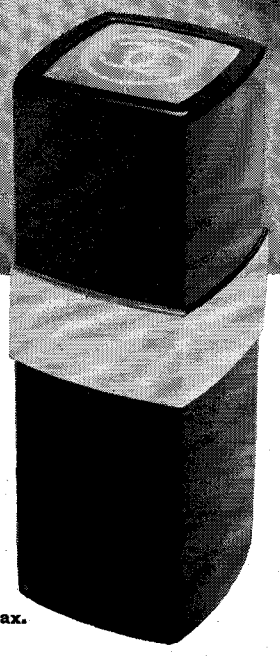
DISAPPEARING REAR WINDOW rolls up or down at the touch of a button. Operated either from driver's seat or from rear.

NEW CONSTANT LEVEL* TORSION-AIRE RIDE keeps your Plymouth wagon on an even keel no matter how heavy the load. Or choose famous Torsion-Aire Ride at no extra cost.

NEW! CHANEL Nº 5 SPRAY COLOGNE



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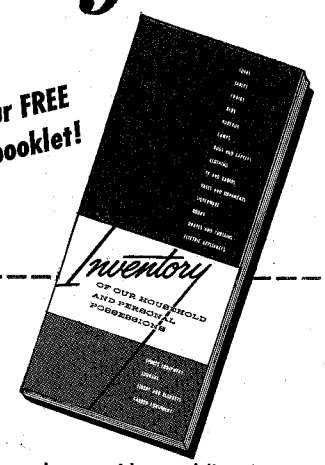

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Now better than ever!

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137% of the average of all other brands. (2¼-Ohm Household Intermittent Test)

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...you'll read the guarantee right on the shining new jacket!

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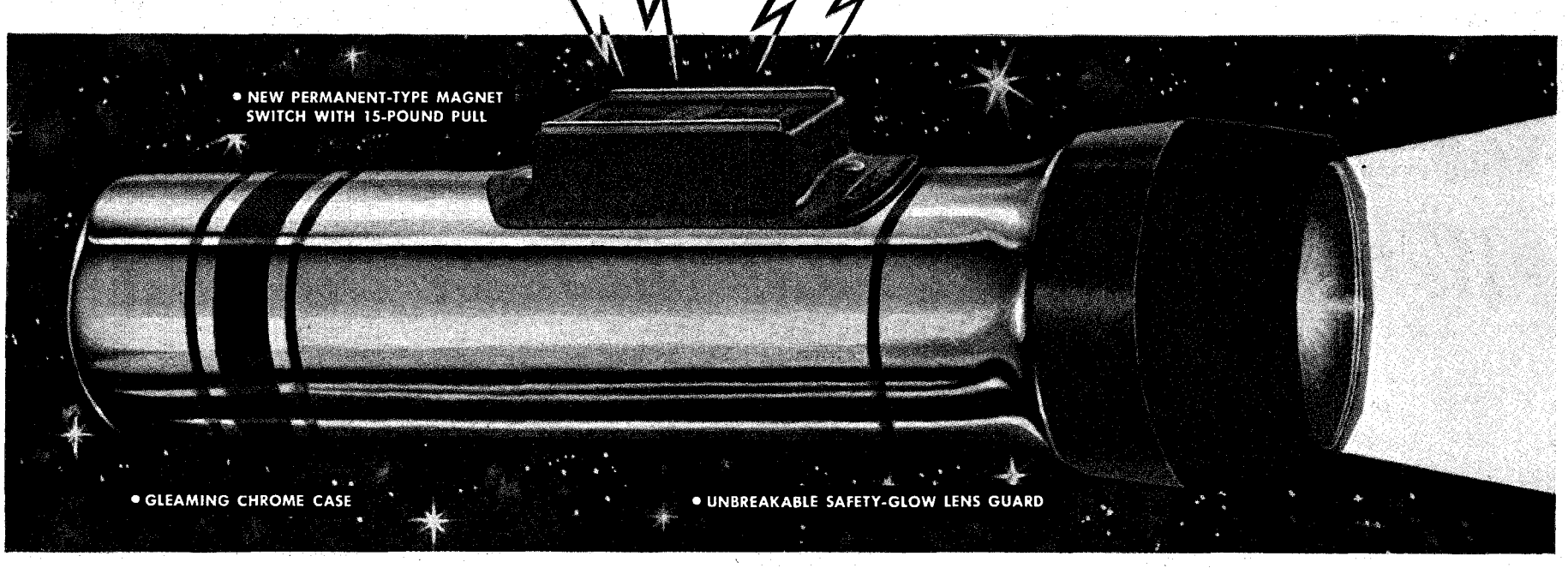
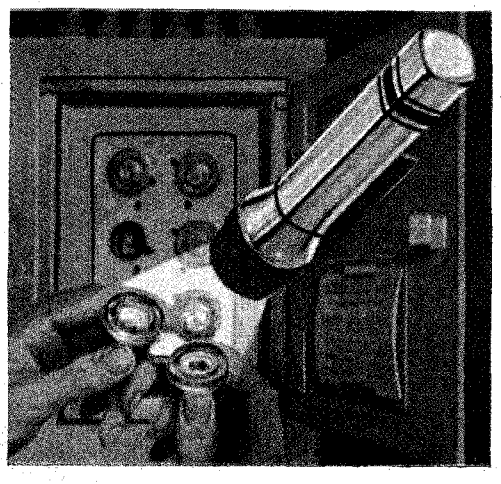
now, the world's most beautiful battery in its rich, new jacket with mirror-like shine!





"EVEREADY" Magnet Lite holds fast to steel— Leaves your hands free to work!

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ARROW GLEN, $4.00. All-silk tie, $2.50.

ARROW RADNOR E, $4.00. All-silk tie, $2.50.

It's the little things that make the big difference

Add up all of Arrow's quality extras and you'll see why men prefer Arrow 5-to-1.

So many excellences set Arrow shirts above ordinary shirts...

The collar goes through 22 separate manufacturing steps to achieve its perfection. That's why an Arrow collar sits and fits and *feels* right throughout its long life.

An Arrow does not bunch up at the waist—because it's Mitoga-tapered to follow a man's build. The sleeves do not ride up because of generous elbow room.

Other little things: The no-chip buttons are *anchor*-stitched to withstand a man-sized pull. The "Sanforized" label assures eternal fit. The cotton yarns are all *combed*—for luxurious feel, long wear.

All these little things bless the *Glen,* short-point, permanent-stay collar . . . and the *Radnor E,* round-point, eyelet collar. Another *little* thing: the $4.00 price.

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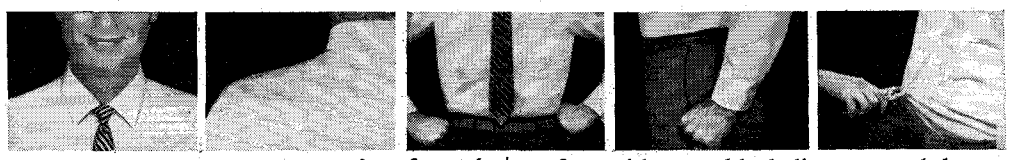

Men prefer Arrow 5-to-1 because of perfect collar fit, shoulder line contour, Mitoga tailoring to conform with natural body lines, tapered sleeves, anchored buttons, and "Sanforized" fabrics.

Arrow shirts also available in 100% cotton and Dacron & cotton wash and wear.

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Good looks never carried so much weight!

Chevrolet Task-Force 59 Trucks

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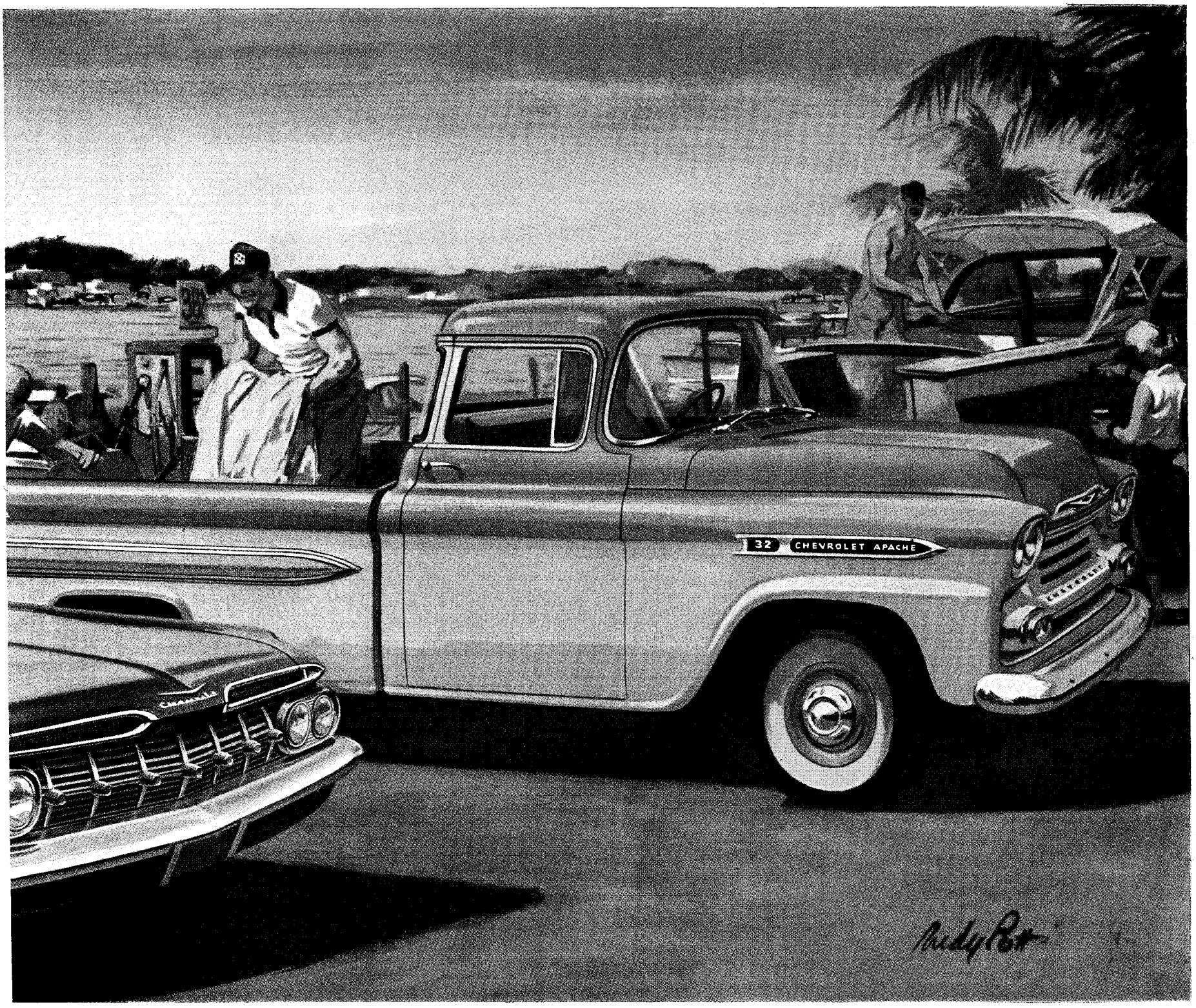

Here's the handsomest thing that ever happened to hauling—the new El Camino, combining the stunning style of a '59 Chevrolet passenger car with the cargo capacity of a pickup. It's another example of the added prestige Chevrolet trucks bring to your business—from the Sunday-go-to-meeting look of the new Fleetside pickups (available with new two-toning as an extra-cost option) to the built-for-stamina styling of heavy-duty models. Your dealer's waiting now to show you the entire new Chevrolet Task-Force 59 lineup—the best yet of the best sellers—with *new might, new models, new money-saving power.*

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

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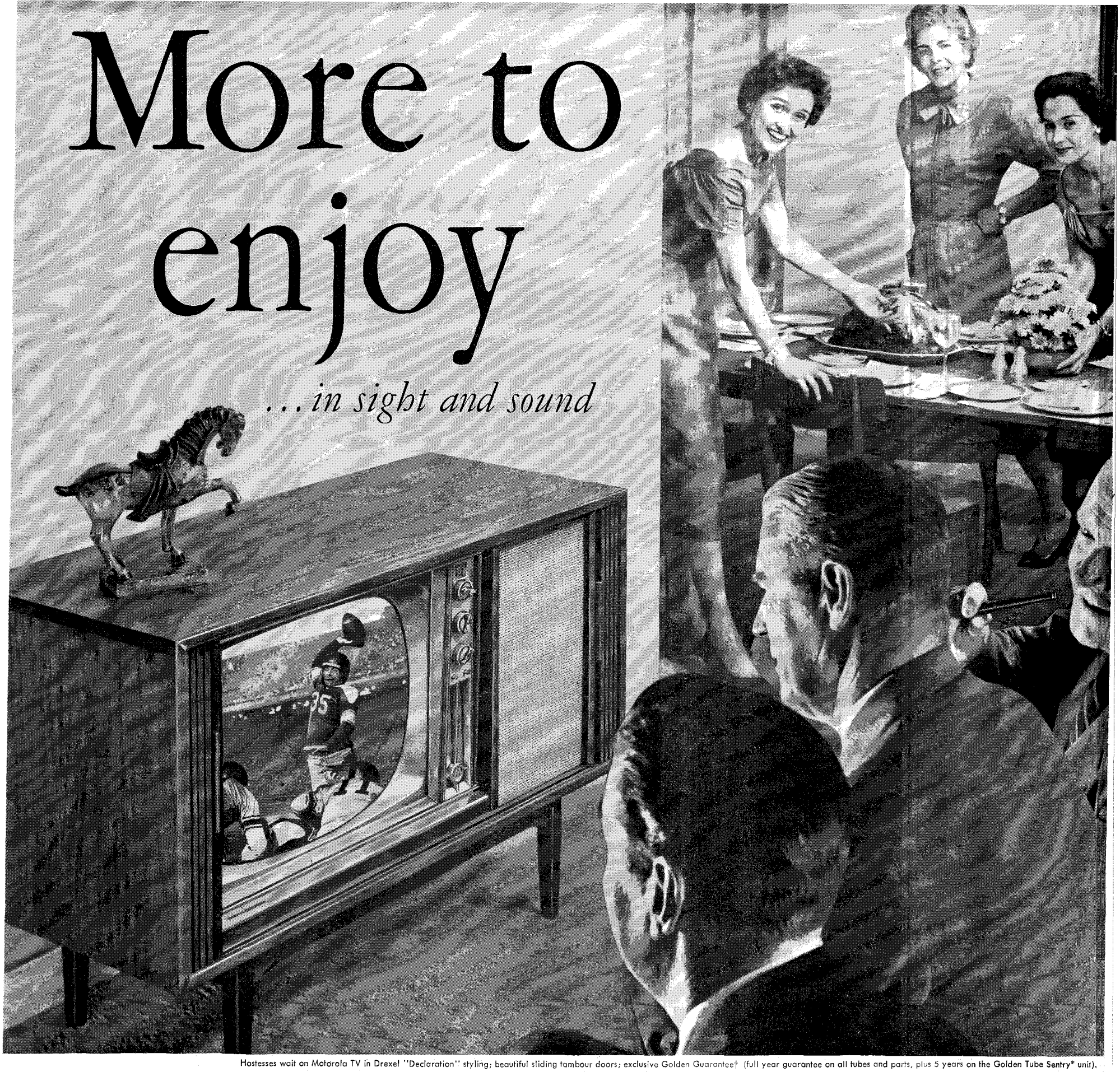
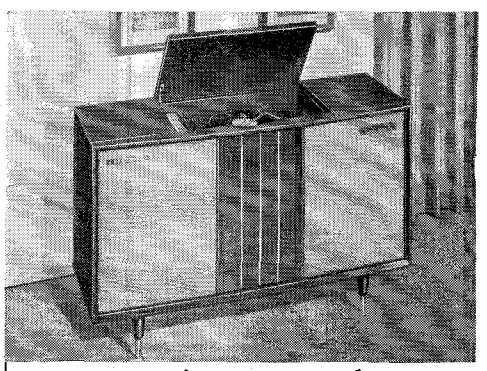


Hostesses wait on Motorola TV in Drexel "Declaration" styling; beautiful sliding tambour doors; exclusive Golden Guarantee† (full year guarantee on all tubes and parts, plus 5 years on the Golden Tube Sentry* unit).

Dinner called on account of game. At least until these hearthside halfbacks have returned from the playing fields of Motorola® TV. . . with its brilliant "you are there" picture. 20,000 volts of Picture Power add zest to the viewing with blacker blacks, whiter whites. Premium-rated Golden "M"* Tubes are built tougher, more durable than ever. Golden Tube Sentry System is engineered to triple TV life expectancy. And authentic contemporary cabinetry makes the set good to look at even when it's off. *More to enjoy* than this you'll not find anywhere.



More to enjoy . . . Motorola one-unit Stereo High Fidelity. 40 watts of power (20 for each channel) drive 6 speakers (3 at each end). Separate precision controls offer maximum selectivity for personalized listening pleasure. Finishes: Mahogany, Blond Oak, and California Mahogany. Model SK13.

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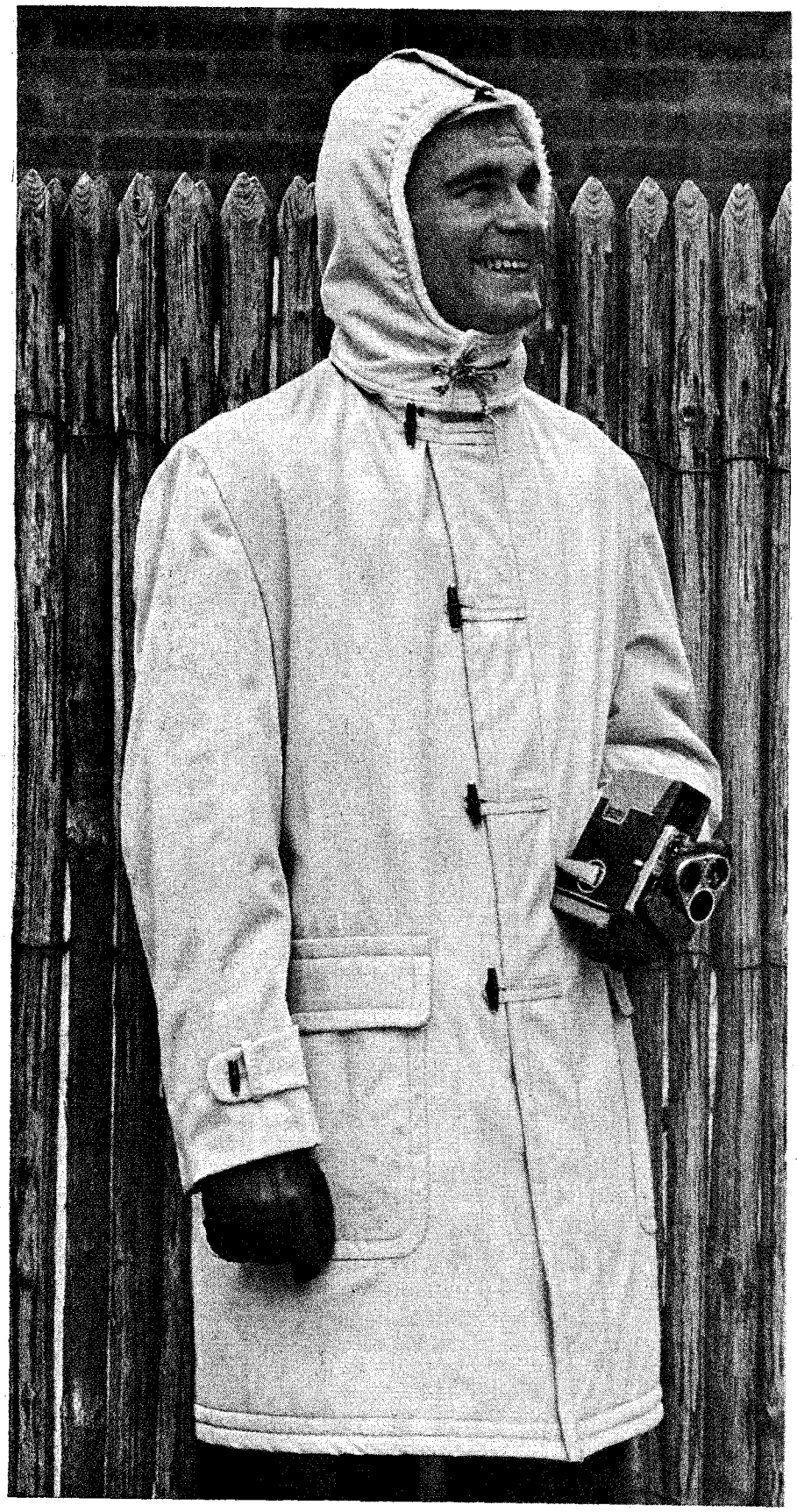
THE VIKING . . NEW RUGGED LOOK FOR THE MAN ON THE MOVE



RUGGED ON LOCATION ANYWHERE The McGregor Nordic Viking Coat is great for the many cold days of the Northern States. Equally great for occasional milder days when its warmth-without-weight is so important. 65% Dacron-35% cotton in new solid colors, Seawind by Reeves. And the Nordic Viking Coat is lined with quilted nylon . . . machine washable and drip dry . . . science-in-motion cut for greater mobility. With Orlon-lined hood $39.95. A great "star" from McGregor . . . **where science is fashion in sportswear.**

ON LOCATION WITH "THE VIKINGS" During the filming of "The Vikings" at a remote Norwegian fjord, many members of the cast and crew depended on the McGregor Nordic Viking Coat to keep warm. The Nordic Viking is Temperature-Engineered to keep you warm when the mercury goes way down, yet comfortable on warmer days. Worn here by KIRK DOUGLAS, star of "The Vikings"—a Kirk Douglas production in Technirama and Technicolor. New iridescent colors, 43% Dacron-35% Orlon-22% cotton with lined hood $39.95.

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IN McGREGOR SPORTSWEAR

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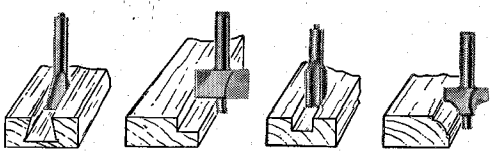

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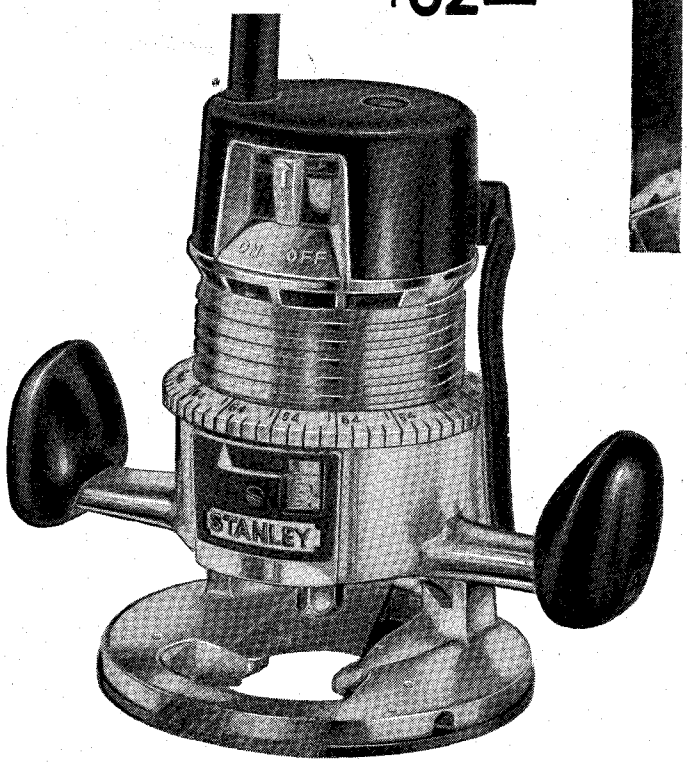


"Any home craftsman can do beautiful woodwork with this new Stanley router"

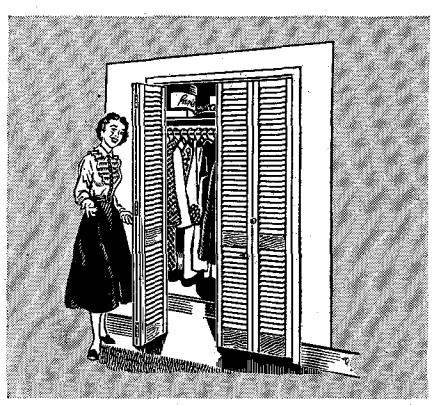
"If you like to work with wood, a router is the one tool I know that can help you turn out really beautiful furniture, cabinets or built-ins — right in your own home.

"We use it for cutting dadoes, dovetails; for mortising, veining, beading and for hundreds of other different cuts no other tool could possibly make as fast or as accurately.

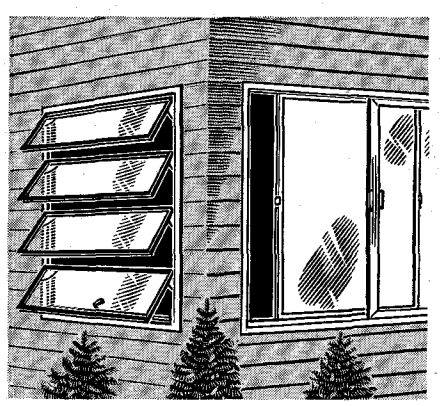
"But there's a big difference in routers. This new Stanley router is by far the finest we've ever had in the shop. It has perfect balance and 'feel' . . . plus a spotlight and wide open base that let you see every detail of the work. And you can change bits in seconds — with just one wrench!

"Take my word for it: if woodworking is your hobby *or* your business, this new Stanley router is the most useful tool you can own."

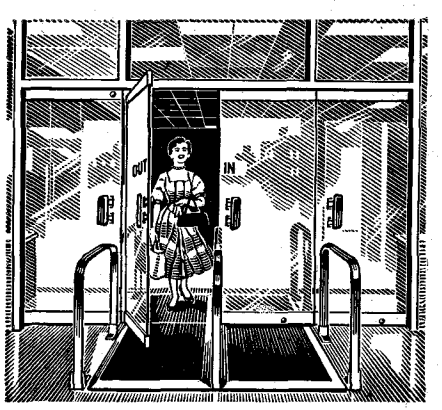
STANLEY IS A NAME TO LOOK FOR ON QUALITY PRODUCTS LIKE THESE



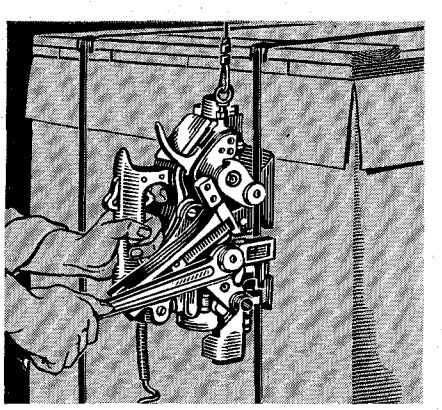
Stanley Bi-fold Hardware for smooth operation and smart styling. Doors open all the way to permit full closet access.



Stanley aluminum windows — awning or jalousie, sliding, single or double hung — for draft-free comfort the year round.



Stanley Magic-Door Controls — for any door that swings, slides or folds to pass both people and equipment on the move.



Stanley Electric Skid Magazine Tool tightens and seals strapping around bulk products for fast, safe handling.

STANLEY

AMERICA BUILDS BETTER AND LIVES BETTER WITH STANLEY

This famous trademark distinguishes over 20,000 quality products of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn. — hand tools • electric tools • builders hardware • industrial hardware • drapery hardware • automatic door controls • aluminum windows • stampings • springs • coatings • strip steel • steel strapping — made in 24 plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.

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We are happy to present Bill Dempster

(Let him help guide you to extra income)

This is Bill being greeted by Virginia, his wife. It's late and dinner's getting cold.

It's late because Bill has been busy at his fascinating job. He spends his working hours (sometimes well into the evening) helping people build a second income. He can help you, too, if you're interested.

Special qualifications

Before we tell you how, let's observe that it wasn't the easiest job in the world to get. He had to pass some rigorous inspection of his knowledge, business experience and reputation. And ever since, he has been working to help people like you (and there are millions of them) get extra income from dividends on stock or interest on bonds.

Bill Dempster is a Registered Representative with a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange.

Let's suppose *you* are interested in getting a second income. And you drop in to see Bill, or any other Registered Representative. (You'll find them only in Member Firms.) Or maybe you see one of the Partners. This is what happens:

You have a cordial chat about a sensible investment program. He can give you advice based on his own and his Firm's knowledge. (Altogether, Member Firms spend millions in research to get reliable information for investors.) He helps you decide what is best for you from a wide range of stocks and bonds and other securities. And from time to time ask him to review your securities with you. All of this costs nothing.

Begin modestly

Don't be bashful if you don't have as much money to invest as you'd like to have—an estimated two out of three stockowners have incomes under $7500 a year. Just make sure the money you use is money left over after living expenses are paid and emergencies provided for. A company may not make a profit—may not pay a dividend or interest. Stock and bond prices go down as well as up. And invest only after you have the facts—never on tips or rumors. These are some of the reasons why it's important to have the help of someone like Bill Dempster in a Member Firm.

Ask a nearby Member Firm for a free copy of "INVESTMENT FACTS." This fascinating booklet gives the records of more than 300 stocks on the New York Stock Exchange that have paid a cash dividend every three months from 20 to 94 years. Or send the coupon and we'll be glad to mail it to you.

There's a lot of satisfaction in having a second income from a source other than your job. A Registered Representative or Partner in a Member Firm will be delighted to advise you. But start right now to get facts – with that valuable booklet.

OWN YOUR SHARE OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

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For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of your classified telephone directory

Send for free booklet. Mail to your local Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. NY-8, P. O. Box 1070, New York 1, N.Y.

Please send me, free, "INVESTMENT FACTS"—listing stocks which have paid a cash dividend every three months for 20 years or more.

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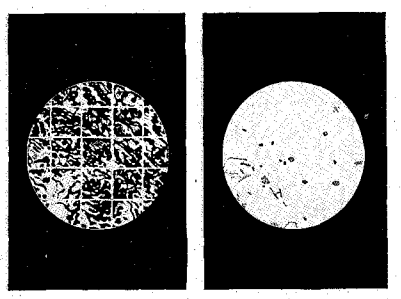
She uses only **GLEEM** *-the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

PROOF –
destroys decay bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

PROOF –
stops mouth odor all day

Mouth odor stopped all day! Scientific tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively that mouth odor is stopped *all day* for most people. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss.*

If you, like Joan here, can't brush after every meal—even though it's best—take a tip from her. This young lady knows food combines with mouth bacteria to cause decay and mouth odor. So she makes sure she starts each day with Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on refreshing Gleem, with exclusive GL-70, to destroy most mouth bacteria with just one brushing.

Only GLEEM has *GL-70*
to fight decay and mouth odor

NOW IN TUBES AND NEW PUSH BUTTON PACK

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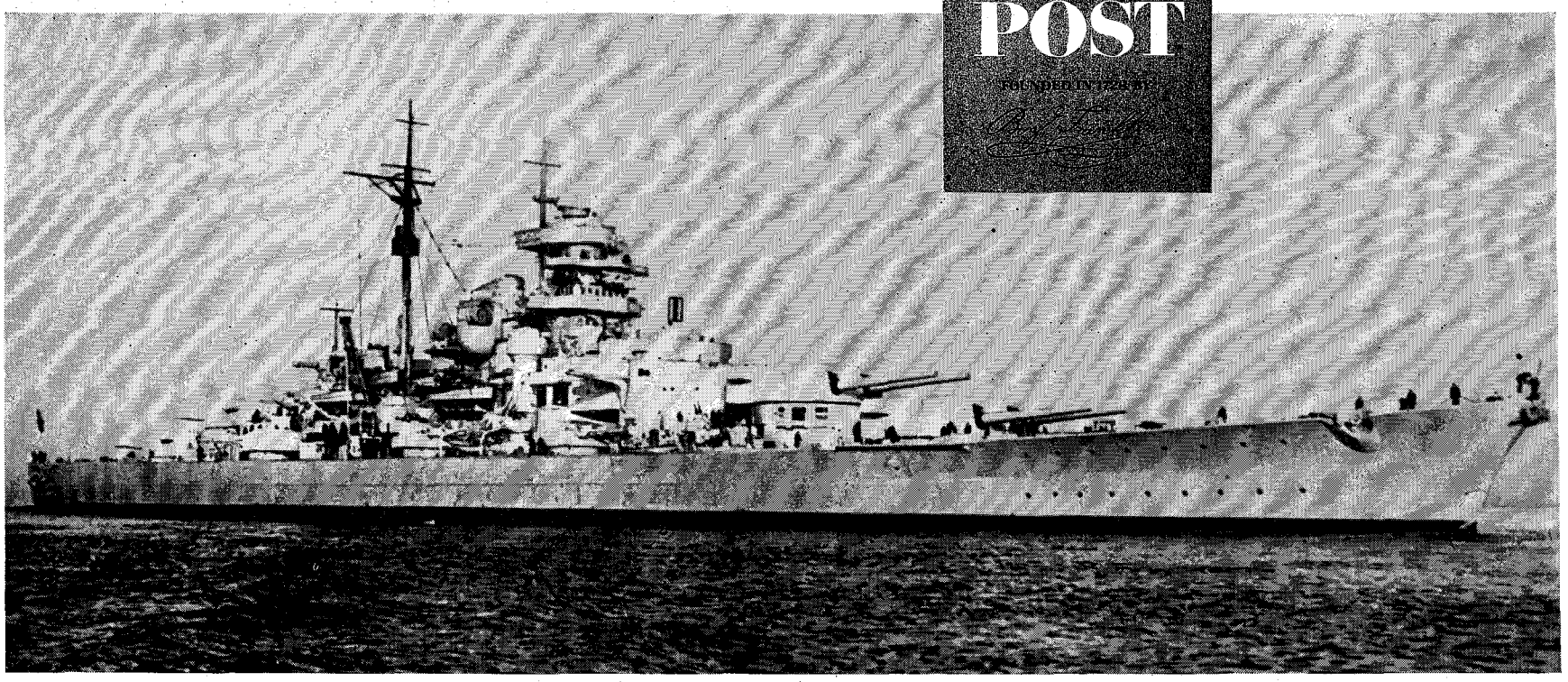
The Saturday Evening POST



At the zenith of her short life, the 42,000-ton Bismarck (above, in fighting trim) was the world's most powerful battleship.

THE NINE LAST DAYS OF THE BISMARCK

By C. S. FORESTER

The story of one of the most dramatic sea fights of all time: The death of Hitler's proudest, deadliest battleship, at the moment when it might have turned the course of history.

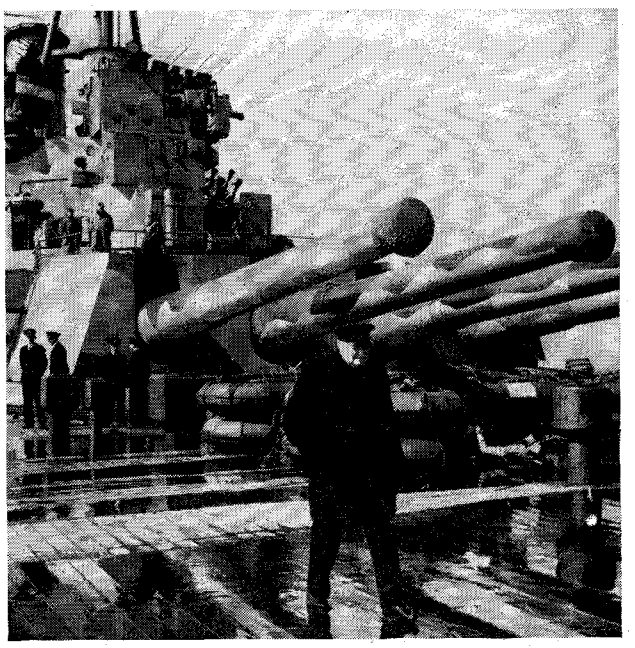
PART ONE

This is a story of the most desperate chances, of the loftiest patriotism and of the highest professional skills; of a gamble for the dominion of the world in which human lives were the stakes on the green gaming table of the ocean. There was a pursuit without precedent in the history of navies; there were battles fought in which the defeated gained as much glory as the victors, and in which the most unpredictable bad luck was counterbalanced by miraculous good fortune. For six days that pursuit lasted, days of unrelenting storm, of tossing gray seas and lowering clouds, without a single gleam of sunshine to lighten the setting of the background of tragedy. Those actors in the tragedy who played their parts at sea did so to the unceasing accompaniment of shrieking wind, leaping waves, flying spray and bitter cold.

And all this took place against a background of events of vital importance in the history of the world, when England stood alone, almost ringed in by enemies of unbelievable power and malignity.

"Britain's last ally conquered; Greece overrun," said one headline. "Attack launched on Crete," said another. "Yugoslavia overwhelmed." "British in full retreat in North Africa." "Rommel advances." "Will Hitler move into Spain next?" "German submarines claim huge successes in Atlantic." "Scharnhorst and Gneisenau awaiting their moment in Brest." "Blitz again rocks England." And each succeeding map that the daily papers carried showed how the black stain of Nazi conquest was spreading over frontier after frontier.

Now at this moment, when Britain's resources and will to survive were being strained to the utmost, preparations were being made to strike another blow against her lifelines. The battleship Bismarck was making ready in



Churchill aboard H.M.S. Prince of Wales. "Sink the Bismarck," he ordered. "Take every possible step . . . and all the quite impossible steps as well. Sink the Bismarck!"

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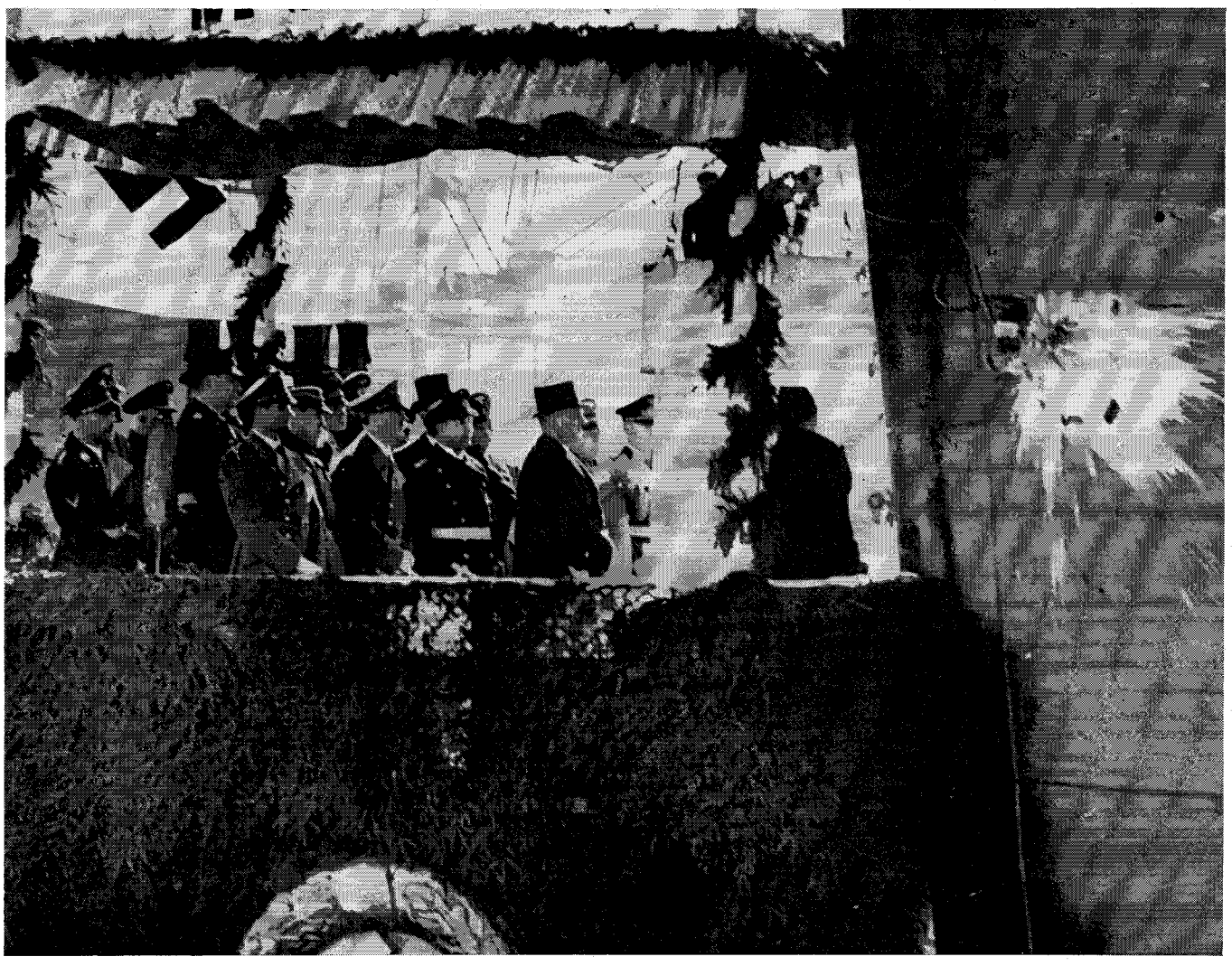
Grimstad Fiord, Norway, May 21, 1941: This is the R.A.F. photograph that disclosed the Bismarck's hiding place.

Gdynia harbor to proceed to sea after a prolonged period of training and working up in the Baltic. The largest, the most dangerous, the most modern ship of war yet launched. She was completing her stores, cramming herself as full as her storerooms and her shell rooms and her bunkers would hold. There was meat for her refrigerators and flour and vegetables for her food lockers; oil for her bunkers, fresh water for her tanks and, above all, shells for her magazines. A fussy little locomotive brought a long train of trucks alongside the ship, each laden with the monstrous fifteen-inch, three-quarter-ton shells, deadly even in appearance, for the ship's crane to lift and swing into the air, then down, down, down, through deck after deck, into the shell rooms far below water line.

While this was going on a new contingent came marching along the wharf to reinforce—or at least to augment—the ship's company. It was a detachment of young naval officers, very young indeed, hardly more than boys. They were newly promoted cadets, proud of their new status and their new uniforms, swinging briskly in formation to the gangway leading down from the ship's side; the band which had preceded them halted at the foot and continued to play as the young men turned with military precision to march up the gangway, saluting as they reached the quarter-deck, the senior officer saluting the officer of the watch and reporting the arrival of his party on board. A word of command brought them into formation facing the bridge at the moment when the work on the dockside was completed. The officer on the dock supervising the loading of the ammunition shouted, "Last one!"



Christening of the Bismarck, February, 1939. Adolf Hitler, the Reichsführer, is to the left of Admiral Raeder (in white belt).

German Admiral Lütjens. Before he took the Bismarck on her final foray, he had sunk a quarter of a million tons of British shipping.

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"Last one," echoed the officer on the deck, waving one finger in reply to the finger waved to him. The last fifteen-inch shell, grim and ugly, swung up in the crane to make its descent into the shell room. The busy gangs of workers on the dockside melted away; the band, still playing, marched off toward the gate, the music dying away slowly. Admiral Lütjens, brisk, efficient and active, came out of his sea cabin and made his way to the loud-speaker on the bridge.

"Gentlemen!" he began. The young officers stiffened to attention. The words he uttered were carried throughout the ship by the public-address system. He welcomed the young officers aboard and explained that they had been expressly detailed to make this voyage by the highest authority, so that on their return they would disseminate through the navy the details of the triumphs they had witnessed. They were in the newest and most powerful battleship afloat, and they were going to experience high adventure. There was no ship in the British Navy that could face them in single combat; there was no large ship that could escape them. Four months of harsh training in the Baltic had made the Bismarck the most efficient ship in the world.

Did British convoys cover the Atlantic? The Bismarck would make short work of convoys and escorts, with the aid of the Prinz Eugen, accompanying them on this voyage of honor. The Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary, the pride of Britain, were crossing the Atlantic over and over again without escort, relying on their speed—but the Bismarck was faster. What would the world say when the news came out of the sinking of the Queen Mary with 10,000 troops on board? One or two blows like that and England would not dare to send a merchant ship to sea. For as long as the Bismarck could maintain herself in the Atlantic, England's commerce would be disrupted, and the British people, shattered and shaken already by the blitz, would starve. He had already ranged the whole length of the Atlantic in command of the battle cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and had sunk a quarter of a million tons of British shipping. A quarter of a million tons. Now they could set themselves a target of 2,000,000 tons, dealing a blow from which England would never recover.

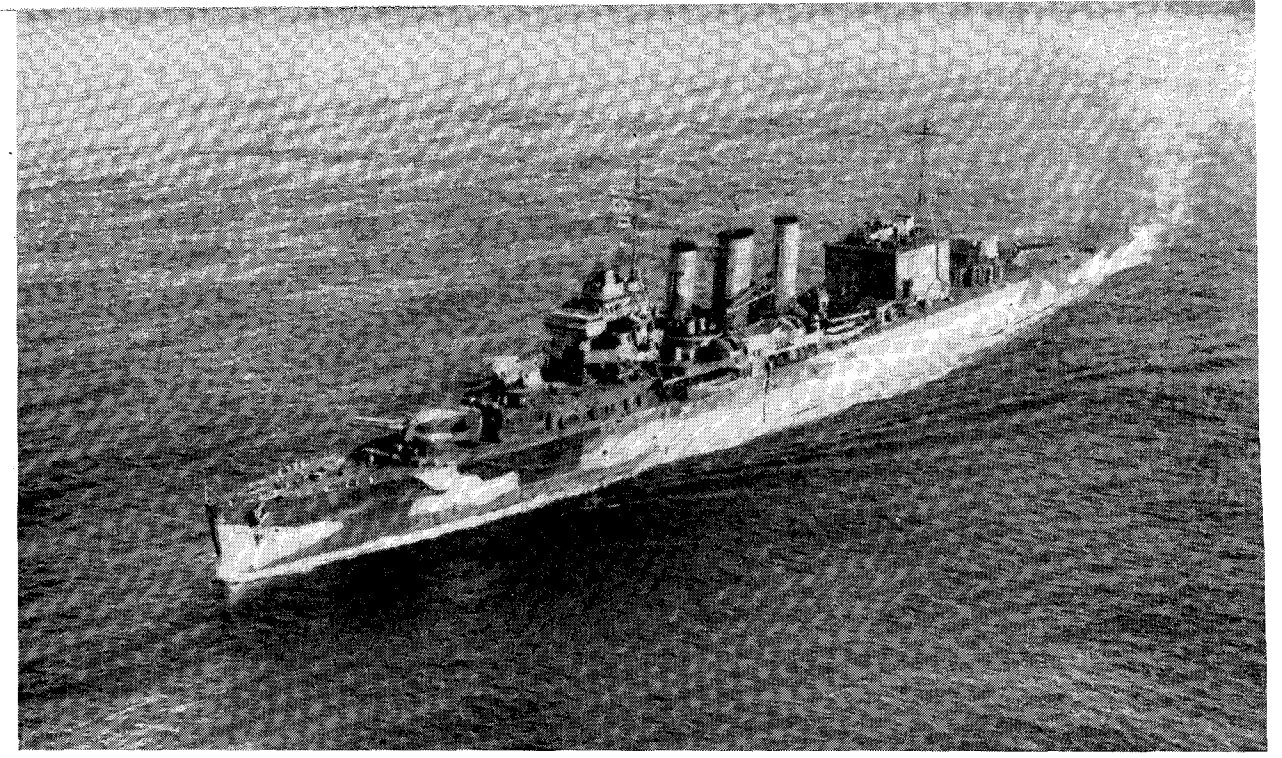
Down on the dockside one last worker was lingering over (Continued on Page 118)

A DRAMA THAT REALLY HAPPENED

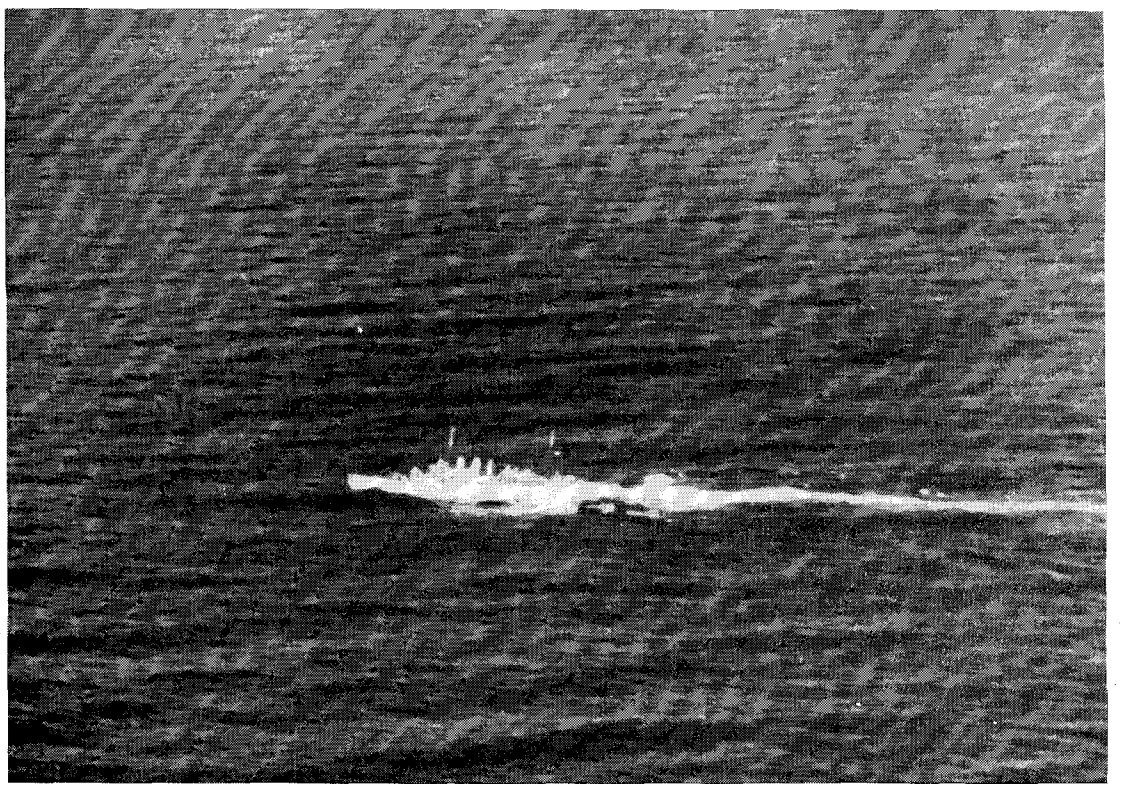
I have reported here the last days of the great German battleship Bismarck. The speeches of the men who destroyed her, and who died with her, were composed by me. I have no knowledge that those words were used, but I have no doubt that similar speeches were made.

Except in a few places where the truth is not known or where the records are not open to the public, the actual course of events has been recounted. Although many of the characters here represented had no actual existence, they at least had their counterparts.

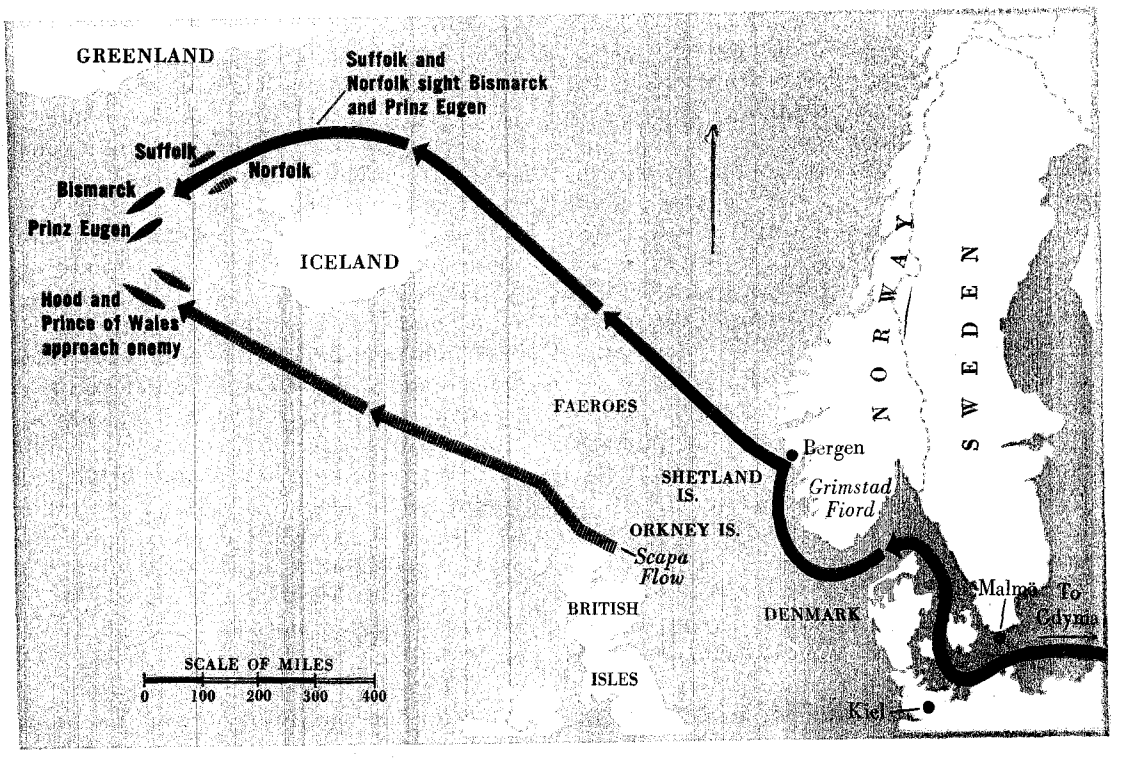
C. S. FORESTER



In the Denmark Strait: The British heavy cruiser Suffolk steaming in search of the Bismarck.



The above picture shows the heavy cruiser Norfolk shadowing its prey as British forces closed in.



The course of the Bismarck (beginning at far right), from May 18 to the predawn hours of May 24, date of the epochal engagement with the ill-fated British battle cruiser Hood and the battleship Prince of Wales.

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Mamma Needs New Shoes

By EFFIE LELAND WILDER

Mom just wasn't stylish enough, her teen-age daughter thought. But the girl changed her mind when mom became a model.

The year was at the spring; the day was at the morn; but if there was a lark on the wing I hadn't had a chance to notice. And from where I stood, stirring eggs at the stove, the morning didn't seem so dew-pearled. It was the same sort of family-type rat race of a morning I was used to the year around.

A raging argument I overheard down the hall prompted my usual morning prayer: *Dear Lord, please give us another bathroom.* (My dream of heaven is a place with enough bathrooms for each family, a nursemaid for each small cherub—if little angels need tending—and no noise; except maybe somebody like Pete Fountain playing sweet Dixieland clarinet while "the saints come marching in.")

They came into the kitchen one by one, my brood and their sire, buttoning and zipping and grumbling. Even fifteen-year-old Sister was on time for a change.

Tike climbed up on his youth's chair, took a look at his breakfast, and said, "Aw, scrampled! Pooched is de best."

"No, boy, you're wrong," said Tom, Senior. "Boiled is the best. Two and a half minutes."

"I like mine once over lightly," announced Tommy.

"And I like mine coddled, and in bed," I said, which closed the subject. I will not be a short-order cook.

Grady ate his eggs with relish, and gave me a wink that said *I like 'em any way you fix 'em.* That blessed lamb. I wish he could stay nine forever.

Sister looked at the milk bottle on the breakfast table and raised her penciled eyebrows. (And right here let it be known to my credit that, though sorely tempted, I made no comment on her brows. I've learned that saddle shoes can be filthy, socks slouchy, and a ragged slip showing; but eyebrows must be neat and blackly accentuated, hair stiff with spray and lips defined in vermilion before school can possibly be undertaken.)

"Honestly, mother, don't we even have a pitcher?" she asked, pushing the half-gallon bottle away from her place.

Now I like a little more style, too, and the milk bottle is off limits in the dining room; but at breakfast, in the kitchen, with a hundred dozen steps to take in a dozen minutes ——

To my surprise her father came to my defense from behind his newspaper.

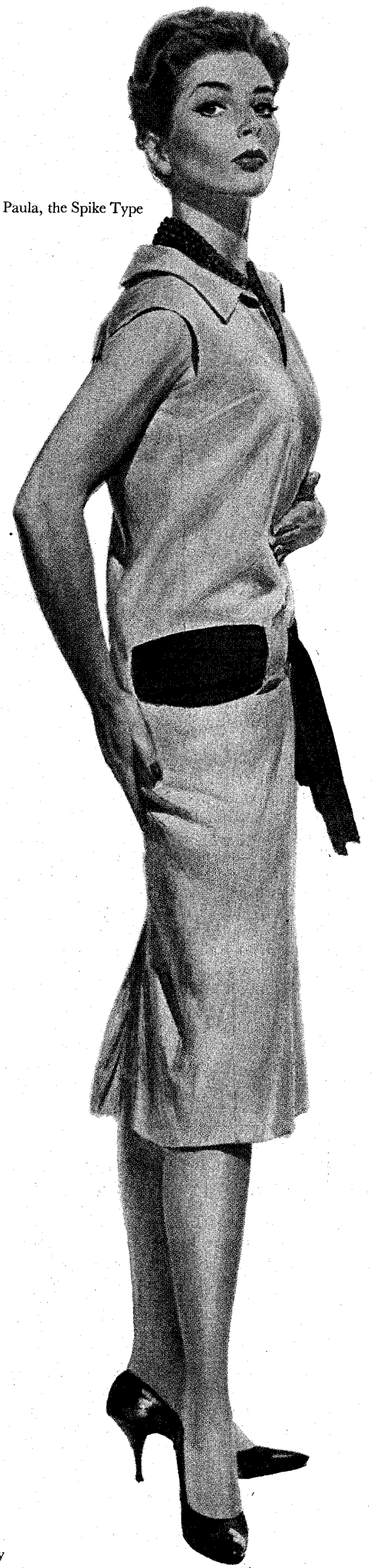
"Until you decide to join the Lend-A-Hand Circle, missy," he said firmly, "let's cast no more asparagus on the service around here."

Tommy snickered. Sister glared at him and at us, and stalked out of the kitchen.

When they had all left—for work, kindergarten and school—I sat at my desk and tried to make a grocery list; but Sister's look of fury and scorn kept coming back to me, troubling me. She wore that look so much lately. Last night, for instance, when we asked her again to turn down the volume on her player. The rock 'n' roll coming out of her room was making the whole house jump. She turned it off with an angry comment under her breath, which Tom made her repeat aloud: "That's what I get for having such old parents."

"Who does she want for parents, anyway? Janet Leigh and

(Continued on Page 72)



Paula, the Spike Type

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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Sister, the Flats Type

Mom, the Medium-Heel Type

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The Poet's Vision

By EDITH SITWELL

A great deal of nonsense is being written in England at this time, declaring that modern poets and the reading public are out of touch with each other, and take no interest in each other. It is being written mainly by bad poets who, not having received the acclaim for which they had hoped, turn critics on the chance of abolishing the work of their more successful brethren.

But it is an indisputable fact that the public enjoys poetry unless it is lethally boring, or unless they are frightened out of doing so by bad critics. As for the poet taking no interest in his fellow human beings, the poet is not the coldly bored observer, or the enemy of, the sneerer at, his readers. He is a brother speaking to a brother of "a moment of their other lives"—a moment that had been buried beneath the dust of the busy world. The poet supports his brothers' flagging footsteps, telling them, as Shakespeare's Antony said to Cleopatra before darkness fell, "Come on, my queen; there's sap in't yet." Sap in the event, sap in the heart of man.

All great poetry is dipped in the dyes of the heart, and is, in Emerson's phrase, "a larger imbibing of the common heart."

The poet is the complete lover of mankind. "Now he has passed that way," wrote Walt Whitman, "see after him! There is not left any vestige of despair or misanthropy or cunning or exclusiveness, or the ignominy of a nativity or colour or delusion of hell or the necessity of hell; and no man thenceforth shall be degraded for ignorance or weakness or sin."

To Shakespeare, only that which was too cold for hell is to be condemned. Only the hard heart offends. He sees the fundamental splendour of all living beings.

So, too, the artist. "The line in Michelangelo," said the painter Henry Fuseli, "is uniformly grand . . . the child, the female, meanness, deformity, were indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty, the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation, his infants teem with the man, his men are a race of giants."

The love that is in the soul of the poet stamps mankind indiscriminately, also, with *(CONTINUED ON PAGE 126)*

About the Author

Dame Edith Sitwell, the English poet, critic, social nonconformist and literary controversialist, is the sister of Osbert and Sacheverell and with them has formed an iconoclastic triumvirate which has roiled the cultural waters of England and America for the past four decades. A prolific poet with a highly individual style, Dame Edith's own verse ranges from the eccentric to passages of great power and perception; as a critic she is a widely acknowledged defender of the poetical faith. A colorful and astringent personality at seventy-one, Dame Edith lives in Yorkshire, at Renishaw Park, which has been a Sitwell family estate for more than six hundred years.

Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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Hot Spot for Cool Plungers

By MELVIN DURSLAG

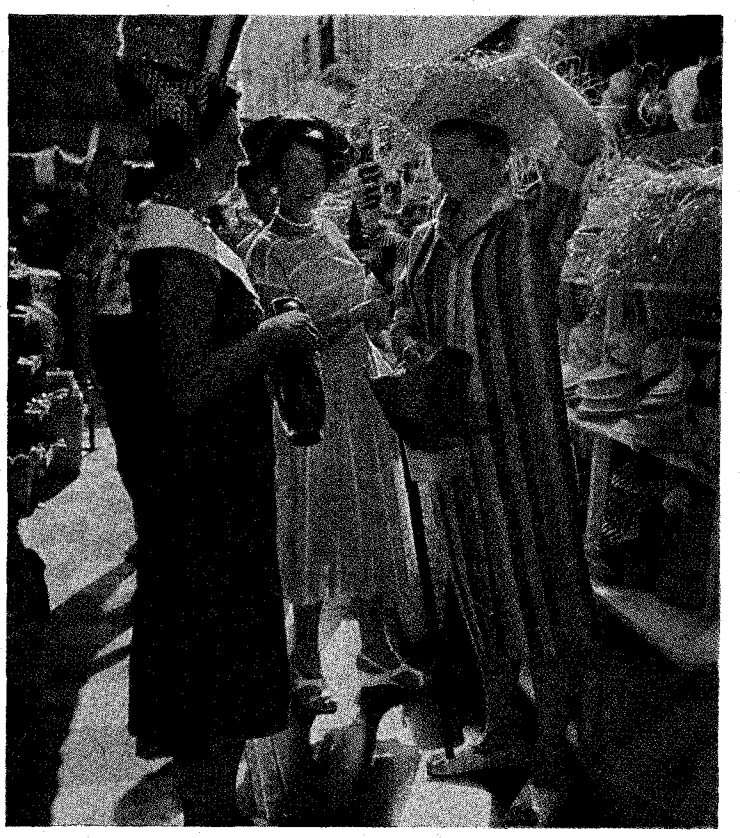
The Agua Caliente race track provides more ways to lose money than exist in a mad gambler's dreams. The lure of big payoffs draws huge crowds there every weekend of the year.

Late one evening last summer, an exhausted Jimmy Durante returned from a strenuous day at the races to a beach home he was renting in Del Mar, California. He removed his shoes and dropped into a chair. His collar was open and his hat was rumpled and streams of sweat rolled down his cheeks. The cash assets on his person totaled sixty-two cents. "I tell ya it was a nightmare," gasped Jimmy. "I just been to da graveyard where horse players go to die financially."

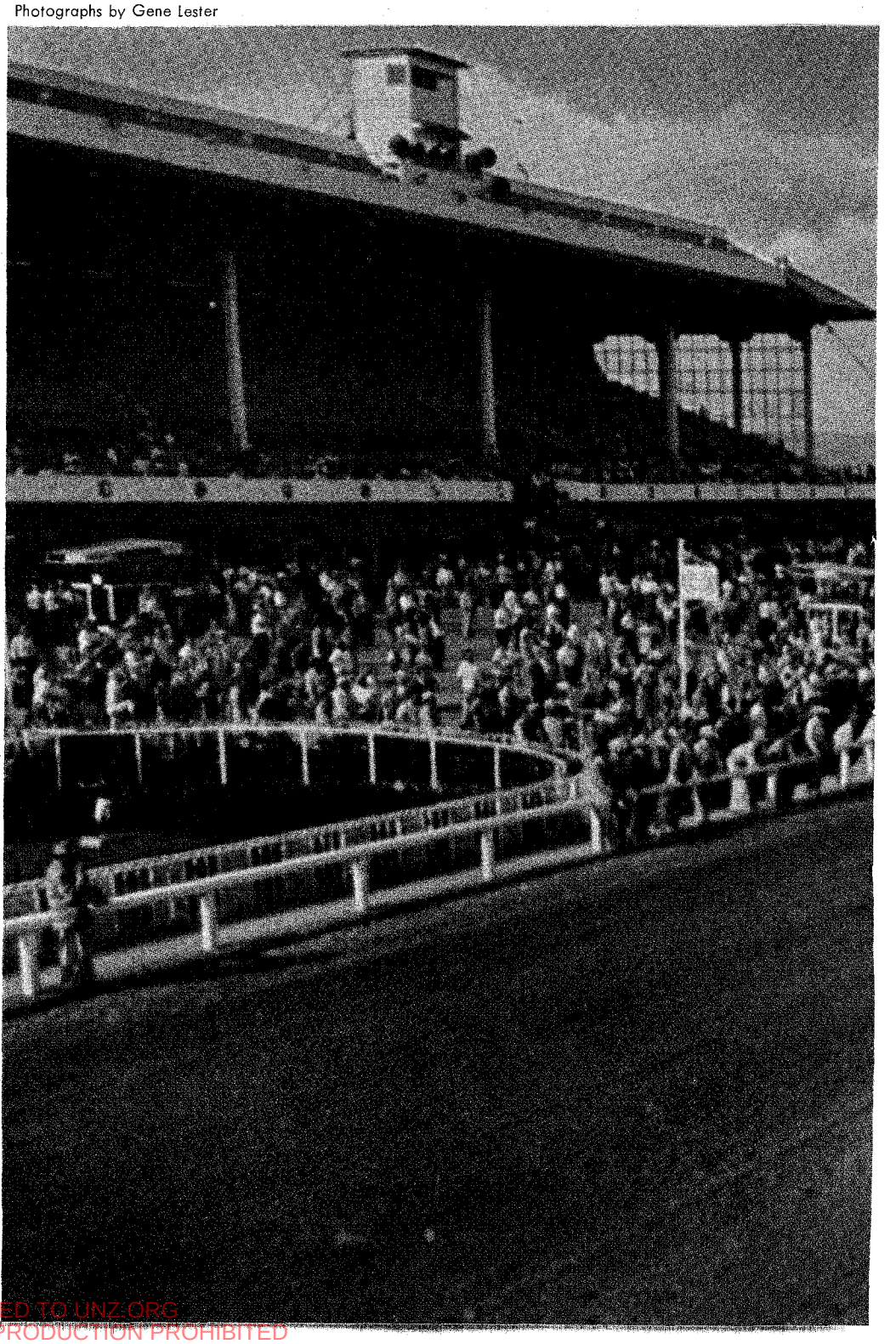
Actually, Durante had spent the day and part of the night just across the border in Mexico at the Agua Caliente race track, a glittering acreage of sin and charm where Latin hospitality fuses with Yankee dollars. Largely dormant since the early 1930's, when it flourished as a gay romping grounds for the international set, Caliente these days has sprung spectacularly to life, a hub of the goofiest concentration of animal gambling in the world. The pace there is so dazzling, and the ways to lose one's bankroll so many, that even the management worries at times about its betting flock. Repeatedly it urges those coming by public conveyance to purchase round-trip tickets. However, it rarely turns down an appeal for help from anyone who winds up stuck for fare home.

Whatever the player's pleasure, Caliente has got it. Operating on Saturday and Sunday the year around, it offers as many as fifteen horse races a day, with wagering not only through pari-mutuel machines, but also at bookmaker stands operated by the track. Then there are such special tests of betting skill as the 1–2–3, in which odds in each race are spotted up to 100 to 1 that you can't pick the first three horses in order. It so happens that most of the

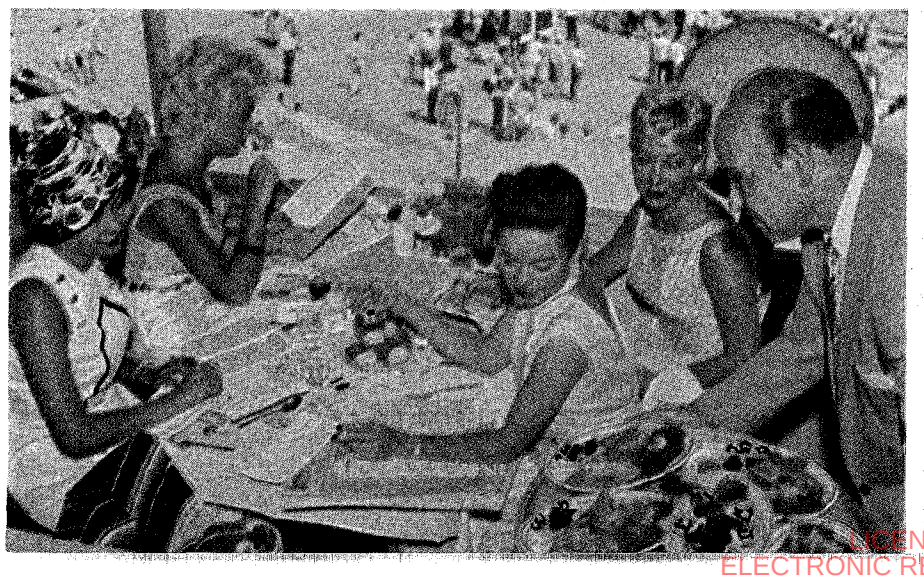
Photographs by Gene Lester



In Tijuana, a Mexican-American border town about a mile from Caliente, visitors from the U.S. try on sombreros at a street-side arcade.



Below: In the Caliente Turf Club, patrons try to pick the winners in the track's novel "5–10" handicapping contest. Payoffs may reach $85,000.



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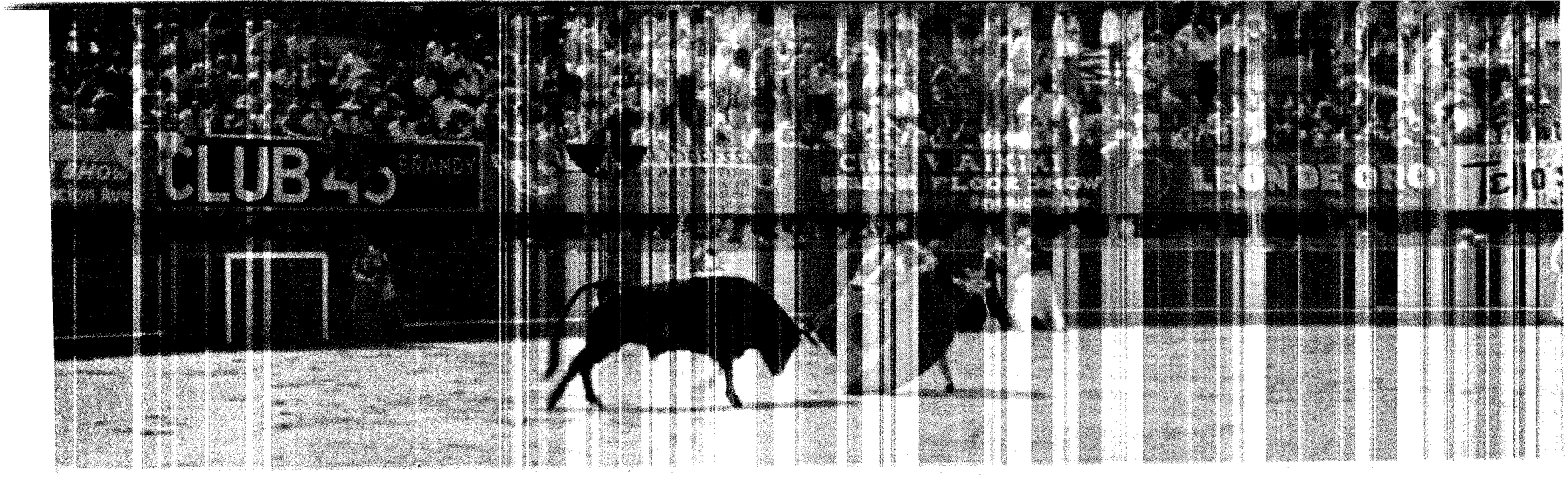

For Caliente's more adventurous fans, nearby Tijuana also offers afternoon bullfights.

time you can't. It is tough enough, in fact, to pick the first two horses, as required in the Caliente quinielas, another form of investment. There are daily doubles, too, plus a unique public handicapping contest called the 5–10, in which players try to pick the winners from races five through ten. First-place payoffs in the contest have run as high as $85,360.

On Saturdays, a convenient stall called the Foreign Book will take bets on races being held at tracks in the United States. Even the coolest of horse players sometimes come unstrung trying to keep up with the races at as many as six tracks north of the border, while at the same time concentrating on the live events at Caliente. However, if a player by any chance wants additional action, the Caliente Future Book will accept advance wagers on forthcoming classics like the Kentucky Derby and the Santa Anita Handicap.

When the last horse on the Caliente program is led away, usually by 6:30 P.M., work begins immediately to convert the track for night greyhound racing. Between the last horse race and the first dog race, there is barely time to down an enchilada before the hounds are pushed into the starting boxes and the bunny is on its way. The player now has ten dog races to bet on, with quinielas and 1–2–3 in every race, plus daily doubles and a canine counterpart of the 5–10 called the 49er, in which contestants match their handicapping skills from the fourth through the ninth races.

Meanwhile, in nearby Tijuana, still more adventure lurks. There is bullfighting in the afternoon and *jai alai* games at night. Some of the sturdier visitors have been known to catch all four of the available attractions on a given day. They take in (Continued on Page 102)

"At Caliente, we just try to arrange a good time for the customer while he's losing," says track manager John Alessio. This year's betting may total $45,000,000.

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"Come on," he growled. "What are you waiting for? An engraved invitation?"

HARD-LUCK REGIMENT

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

The die-hard old general wanted to march the broken men straight through the enemy lines. Only the greenhorn major dared to oppose him. . . .

It was a little after 0400 when Maj. Clay Daggett came back to the CP after walking the perimeter where his first battalion—what was left of it—huddled in its foxholes. The November fog held the Abenschendt ridge in clammy fingers; through the fog, rain drizzled steadily. It was getting colder and presently the rain would turn to snow, Clay thought tiredly.

That would be just another misery for the beaten, unhappy men clinging to the semi-perimeter around this ruined town, he knew. Just more of the sort of thing you could expect when you were part of a regiment which had worn the "hard luck" tag ever since World War I. Clay Daggett had joined the regiment a scant ten days ago, but already its jinx had begun to ride his shoulders.

He'd still been a stranger to most of the outfit when they'd jumped off into the dripping green hell of the Huertgen Forest—a wilderness of steep gorges and tangled ravines guarded by the tall firs that brooded somber as German legend. It had been only four days earlier that he had reported in to regiment; he'd been fresh from the States with his major's leaves still shiny new. The regiment's C.O. was a hard-rock colonel named Dan Sharkey, a small, rawhided man who'd come up from the ranks and who dyed his hair to hide his fifty-six years. He'd fixed young Clay Daggett with stony, gray eyes.

"Another Pentagon soldier," he'd said in a harsh greeting. "You'll find things different up here, major."

A thread of anger had run in Clay for a moment. He was a tall, lanky officer with fair hair and a handsome face that reddened too easily. It had started to get red, then—he had not asked to be stuck at a desk through two years of war as this hatchet-faced old man, with the noncom marks still on him, seemed to think!

"I expect it to be different, sir," he said. "I asked to come to this regiment."

The gray light had changed a little in Dan Sharkey's eyes.

"Why?" he had demanded in his rasping voice. "Are you stupid, major? Don't you know that this is a hard-luck regiment? Don't you know that it wears a jinx around its neck?"

"I know about the regiment, sir," Clay had retorted angrily, checking himself as he'd started to add that any regiment was only as good as its commander. He added, instead, "I don't believe in hard luck, colonel. I don't believe in jinxes, either."

Oddly enough, that had seemed to pacify old Dan Sharkey a little because he had growled, "Neither do I, major. I'm sending you to Smith as exec of the first battalion. Keep your nose clean."

He hadn't given old Dan Sharkey the real reason he'd asked to come to this regiment, Clay had known as he'd left the CP that day. It was a sentimental reason—one that that old buzzard with his phony black hair would never understand. It was just that the Daggetts, when they had gone to war, had always fought in this regiment. Clay's great-grandfather had been with the regiment when the gray waves of Pickett's charge had rolled up Cemetery Ridge against it at Gettysburg; Clay's father had fought with this regiment in the Argonne.

Now, as he came back to his CP in the cold hour before dawn, Clay Daggett was wondering if he'd been wrong in saying that he didn't believe in hard luck. Because after four days of German counterattack, it looked as though the regiment might die before another night settled down here on the Abenschendt-Kolm ridge.

(Continued on Page 51)

Illustrated by Carroll Jones

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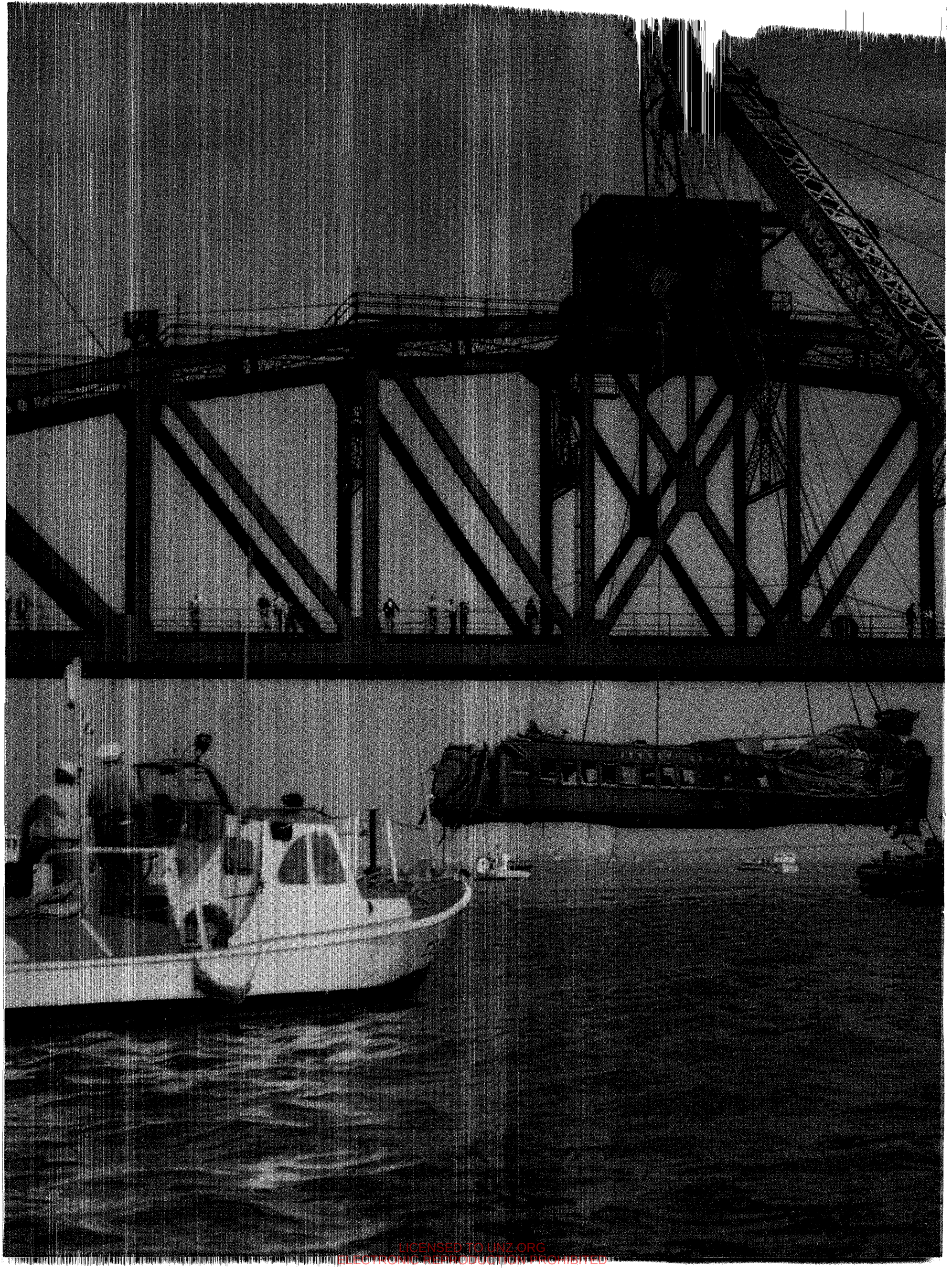

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The Face of AMERICA

Death on the 8:28

The tragic relic being hoisted out of the water at left is one of three commuter coaches that plummeted to the bottom of Newark Bay. On the fateful morning, the Jersey Central's Train No. 3314 was carrying over one hundred men and women to Manhattan. As usual, the preoccupied passengers buried themselves in newspapers or stared idly out at familiar New Jersey scenery. Ahead, trackside warnings glowed red: the west span of the Elizabethport-Bayonne bridge (left) was raised to let a ship pass beneath. Yet Train 3314 sped heedlessly onward. For the doomed passengers no omen of disaster appeared until the cars, derailed by an automatic safety device, suddenly clattered wildly along the ties toward the brink. Then most of 3314 plunged headlong into the deep, murky water here. Miraculously, more than half the commuters survived. But many a suburban home was bereaved that night, mourning the lost forty-eight who would never commute again.

Photograph by Hans Knopf

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Cordelia and Keith had no bonds to hold them together.

THERE GOES THE BRIDE

By VICTORIA CASE

Before the wedding, she made it clear that she intended to be boss.

We had every bounty of nature here in the Oregon country—deep, fertile soil and good growing weather, wild game and abundant salmon, easy winters and good health; and in that year of 1850, a market in California for everything we could send them, at prices we couldn't believe even when we saw the money. But we still lacked neighbors, the one thing needful to keep the heart warm

Here at the bridge we had only two houses. My nephew, Walter Rossner, and his sweet wife, Ruhanna, made a home for me, their aged Auntie. And Ruhanna's parents, the Reverend and Mrs. Baird, with their three lively boys, had built on the farther side of the little river. And that was all of us for a long stretch each way on our lonely road.

So we welcomed the meek little man, Homer Willis, and his pretty niece, Cordelia, when they marked out a claim across the bridge on the upper side.

Uncle Homer was a learned man, good company when he chose to talk, and a hard worker. Cordelia was sweet-spoken and smiling, just twenty years old that year, and our Ruhanna loved her like a sister, even when the time came that we ached to grip Cordelia's neck in both hands and bang her lovely, stubborn head against the nearest stump.

We soon learned that Cordelia was complete mistress of her home. It was her land, her planning, her money to be spent, her cattle, geese, ducks, hens—everything hers. How she got the notion that a woman could rule was never explained, but her mother died when she was a child, back in New York State, and her father, who reared her, was full brother to Uncle Homer, of the same meek and conscientious stripe, and probably he hadn't been able to teach her that a woman's place was to tag along behind and hush up. At any rate, Cordelia ruled, and a shrewd and farsighted ruler she was, indeed. (Continued on Page 97)

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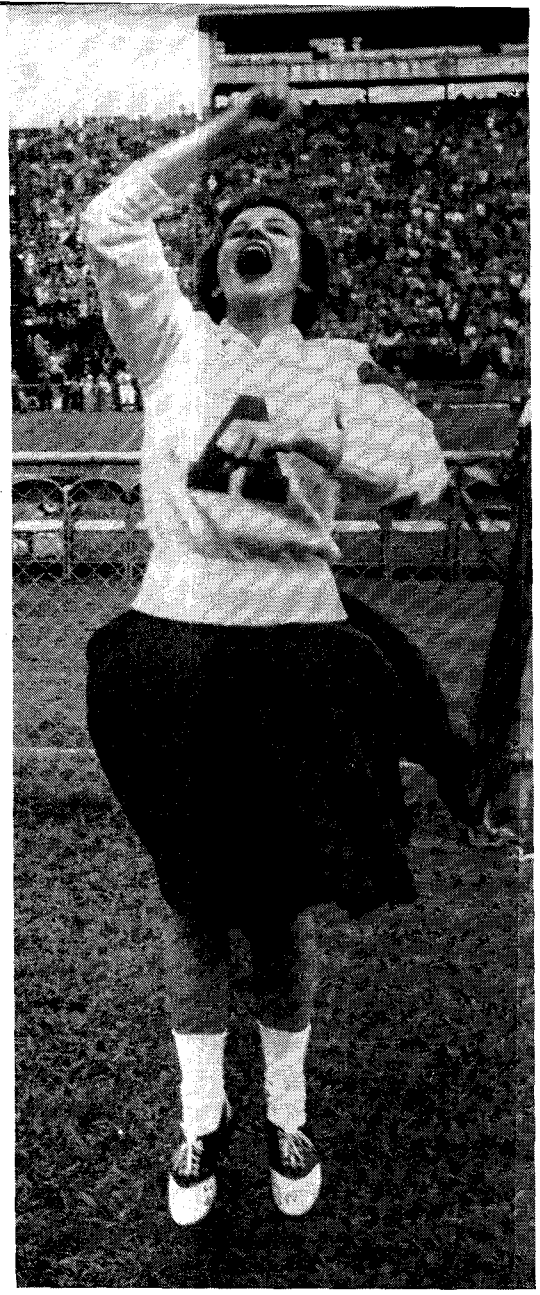

Through many a losing season, Auburn's spirits never drooped. Now she exults in victory.

What Price Auburn's Football Glory?

Has this astonishing case of gridiron success been worth the damage to scholastic accreditation? Does this college really deserve its reputation? Here are the facts.

By FRED RUSSELL

Football success hasn't been as sweet as was anticipated at "Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain."

These quoted words are the opening of Oliver Goldsmith's poem, The Deserted Village. More than a century ago this line inspired the naming of a pretty little town in eastern Alabama. Today the name of Auburn identifies not only the town but also the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, a large state college established there in 1872.

The Goldsmith poem includes a phrase, "The reverend champion," which has an ironic sound right now. Champion, yes—a year ago Auburn finished No. 1 in the Associated Press ranking of college football teams. However, this did not produce any reverence for the school among its fellow institutions. Already on probation with the National Collegiate Athletic Association since 1956 for handing cash to a pair of prospective players, Auburn last spring was haled up on fresh charges and had its sentence extended to September, 1961. Meanwhile, in a wryly coincidental development on the educational side, Auburn's school of electrical and mechanical engineering lost its accreditation.

Auburn went into the current football season with what some knowledgeable observers called "the greatest number of good football players ever assembled on a Southeastern Conference campus."

(Continued on Page 131)

No matter how well they perform, Auburn players are ineligible for any bowl games this year. Coach "Shug" Jordan watches his Tigers trounce Chattanooga, 30–8.

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Harvard man Joe (center) in the garb of "university overseer" at a recent commencement.

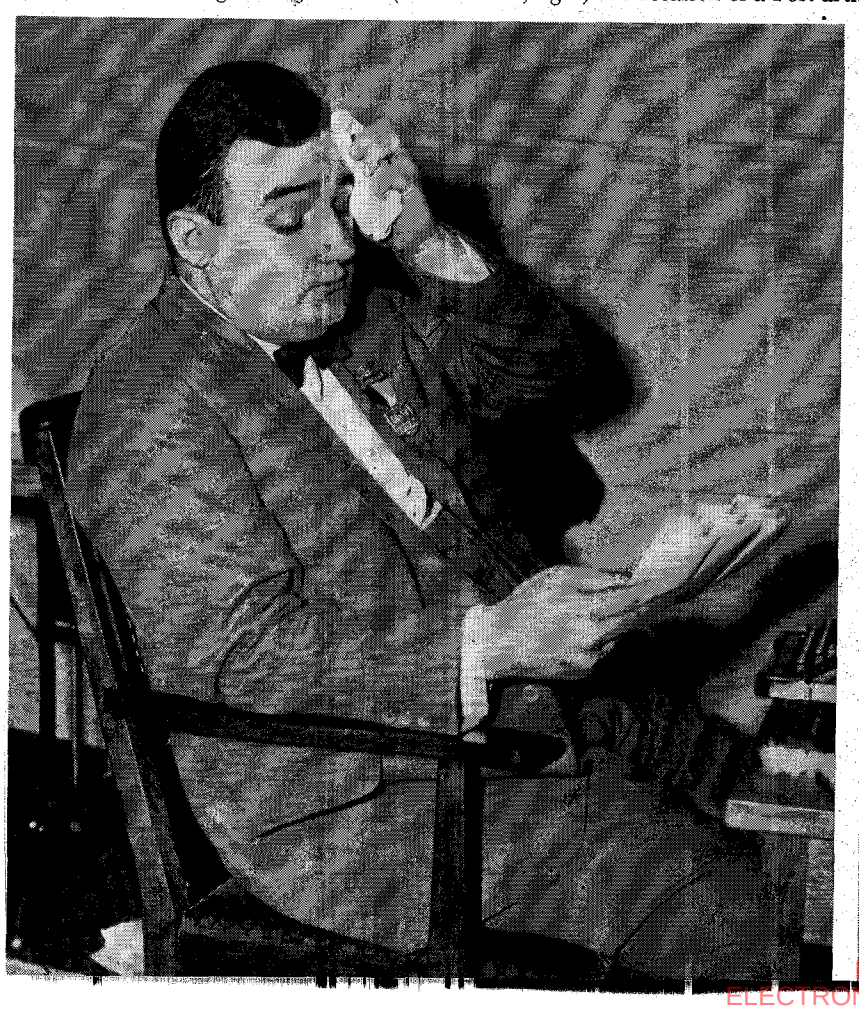
Joe the war correspondent as he looked on his way out of Korea.

Our Own Inside Story

The brothers describe their technique of gathering news firsthand at global trouble spots. They also reveal the truth about their mysterious "sources."

By JOSEPH and STEWART ALSOP

At one time Joe weighed 240 pounds (left) and was ordered by his doctor to reduce. He made the ensuing weight readjustment (down to 175, right) the occasion of a Post article in 1937. Now he's a slim 162-pounder.



Conclusion

One of the most instructive legends in the senatorial folklore of the older Washington concerns the walk and talk of Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, and Frank Brandegee, of Connecticut. The posturing, relentlessly oratorical Beveridge belonged to the Bull Moose wing of the Republican Party. Brandegee was everything Beveridge was not—bitter, taciturn, neurotic (he ultimately killed himself) and an extreme Republican right-winger. One day, the ebullient Beveridge offered to walk home with Brandegee from the Capitol; and as Brandegee did not actively object, Beveridge duly accompanied him. Beveridge spouted unceasingly all the way, about the need for a rejuvenated, progressive, forward-looking Republicanism, and Brandegee answered never a word. When they reached Brandegee's door at last, Beveridge wound up a little lamely, "But, senator, you haven't told me what you think of my ideas." Brandegee replied, thin-lipped, "I think you ought to keep them to yourself."

The legend is apposite for two reasons. For one thing, Beveridge and Brandegee are not dim figures from the distant past. They were

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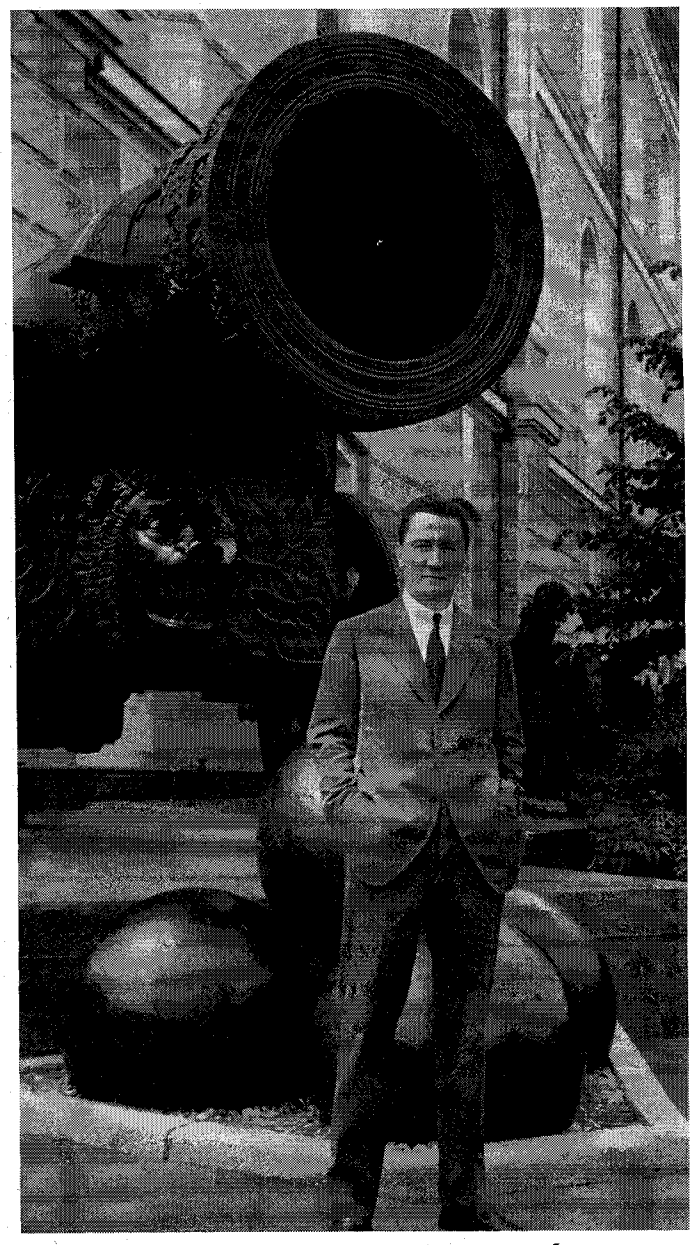
Last year Stewart (the younger) learned firsthand what it's like to fly faster than the speed of sound.



Stewart in Moscow. The Russian press has called the Alsops "running dogs of the imperialists."

alive and functioning during the lifetimes of the middle-aged readers of this article. And yet, how utterly our world has changed since that time that was, if not only yesterday, at least only the day before. In that placid time, the task of a political reporter in Washington was almost wholly confined to reporting the activities of such men as Beveridge and Brandegee, and the not very bitter contest between different views of government which they represented. Even at a much later period, in the years before the Second World War, a Washington reporter was mainly concerned with such matters as the annual struggle over the New Deal budget or the Supreme Court fight, or even the internal politics of the Securities and Exchange Commission. Now, all that is changed.

In the twelve postwar years during which these reporters worked together as Washington-based correspondents, there were only two great issues which could be considered wholly domestic—labor and civil rights. Nowadays, if you are a reporter writing about national affairs, you cannot avoid writing about foreign affairs, and about the great issues of defense which are bound up with them. You have no choice, because the foreign relations and the defense posture of the United States now influence every internal relationship.

They dominate the budget. They make or break the reputations of the most conspicuous men in government. They are the subject of tense, continuous negotiations between the White House and Congress. They most intimately affect the pattern of our domestic politics. Dwight D. Eisenhower was, of course, quite right, for instance, when he remarked in 1952 that he "guessed he had become a candidate" because Robert A. Taft was an isolationist. And if Taft had not been an isolationist, he would surely have been the Republican Presidential nominee in 1952.

The Beveridge-Brandegee legend is apposite for another reason. In our twelve years together, we specialized more than most Washington-based correspondents in the related topics of foreign affairs and defense. One or the other of us—and more often both—went abroad every year to study the problems of foreign affairs at first hand. And both for The Saturday Evening Post and for our column, we wrote a great deal—a great deal too much, some of our editors thought—about the national defense and, above all, about the new weapons which have made our world as different from the world of Beveridge and Brandegee as that world was from the paleolithic age.

We have, moreover, certain ideas about the business of reporting defense and foreign affairs which, despite Brandegee's excellent advice, we do not wish to keep to ourselves. One of our ideas is that, if you want to write about foreign affairs, there is no substitute whatsoever for going out and seeing for yourself.

The older member of our partnership learned this lesson the hard way, in the early days of the last war. In those days he was involved, as a journalist, in most of the arguments and intrigues from which our wartime policy toward China rather haphazardly evolved. He was in frequent touch with all the American governmental experts on China. He dutifully read all the available literature on China's current problems. So he wrote about those problems, and about America's proper approach to them, with lordly self-confidence.

To this day, for that very reason, he cannot recall his arrival on the actual Chinese scene, in the late spring before Pearl Harbor, without a prickle of mingled excitement and intense shame. On the first evening of his arrival in the dirty, bomb-scarred, anthill city of Chungking, the (Continued on Page 92)

For his Post article, The Mystery of Richard Nixon, Stewart spent many hours with the Vice President.

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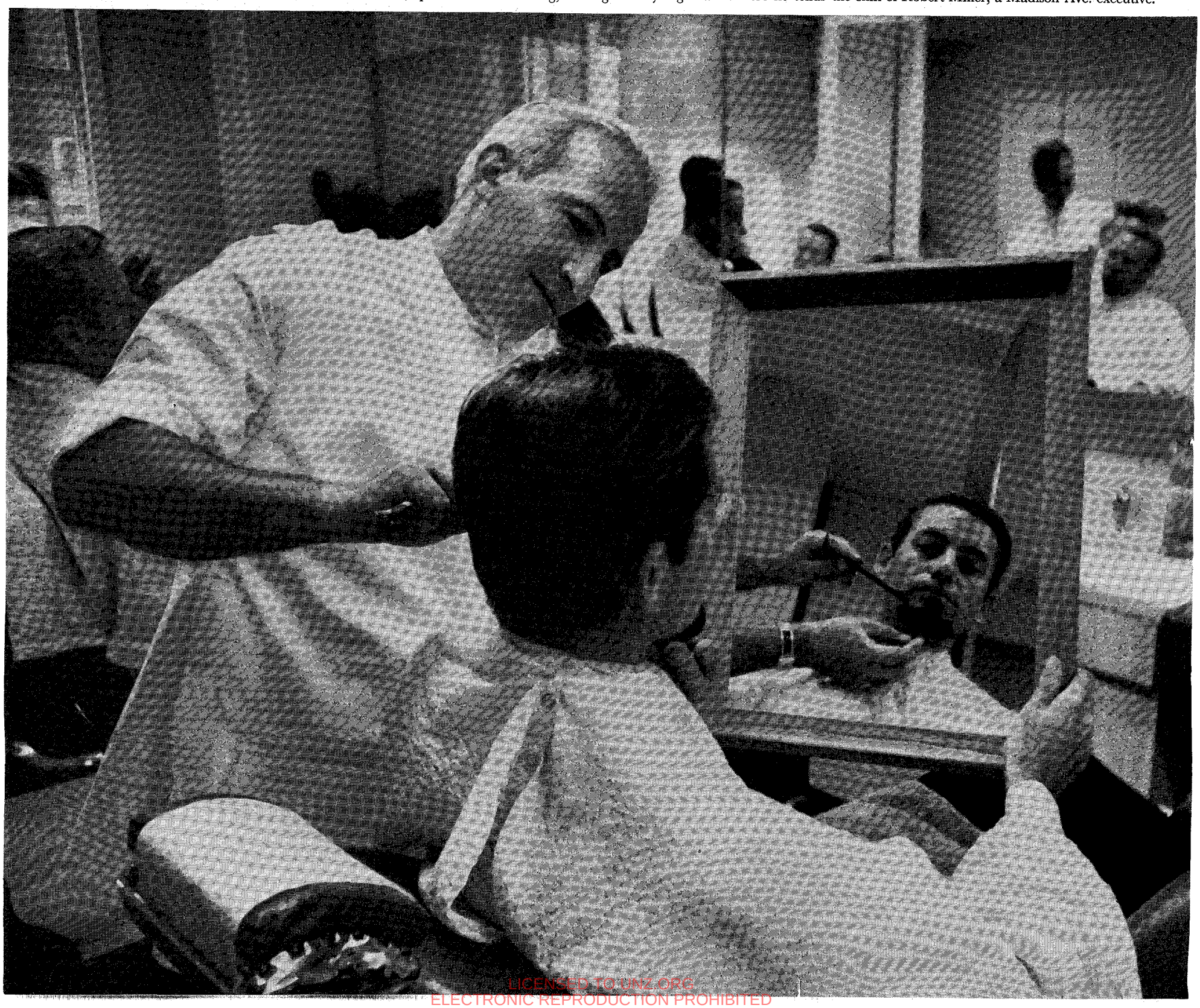
Five famous beards. They belong to (bottom row): Composer-arranger Mitch Miller and actor Burl Ives; top row: "Schweppes man" Commander Edward Whitehead and orchestra leader Skitch Henderson; center: novelist Rex Stout.

Beards Stage a Comeback

Whiskers are sprouting on many surprising faces. Here is one convert's argument that a bearded man is more of a man among men—and among women too.

By RICHARD GEHMAN

Eddie Pulaski, a clean-shaven New York barber, specializes in trimming, waxing and dyeing beards. Here he tends the chin of Robert Miller, a Madison Ave. executive.



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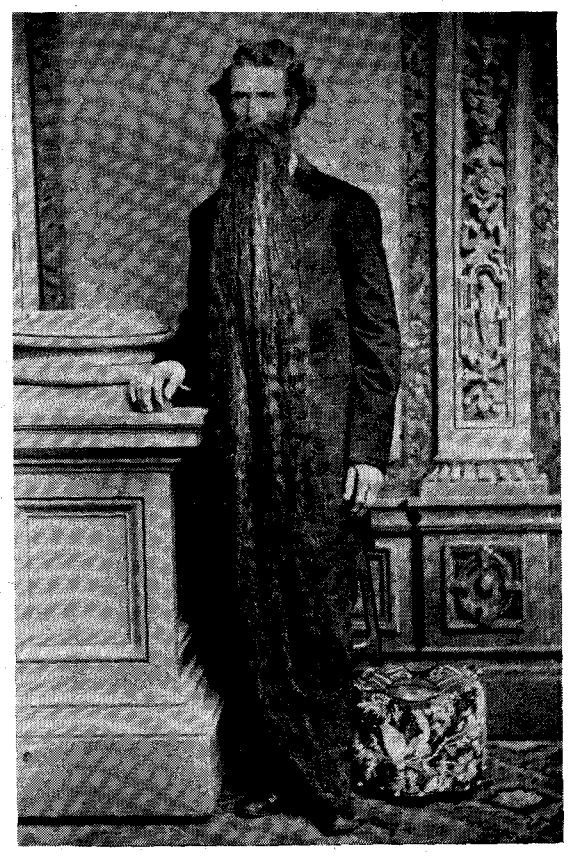
"A beard represents a revolt against sameness," says Gehman (above, wearing glasses). The rebels with him are (left) Post author Gerald Kersh, silversmith Sam Kramer (Post, June 18, 1955), and Nat Hentoff, a jazz critic.



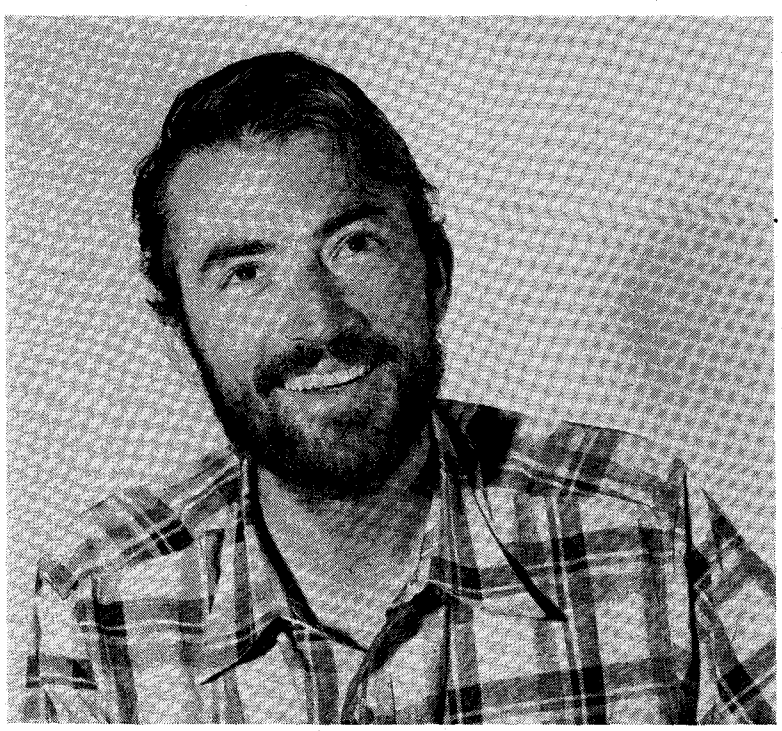
In 1878, Edwin Smith's beard was a pacesetter. But the all-time champ (in 1567) had an 8-foot, 9-inch beard.

The world of men is divided, somewhat unevenly, into two types—those who wear beards, and those who don't. Currently the latter outnumber the former, but history shows that beards appear in cycles, and there is a great deal of evidence to indicate that we may be about to enter another Age of the Beard, or Period of Pogonotrophy (the word comes from the Greek *pogon*, beard, and *trophe*, nourishment; it means beard growing). Beards are burgeoning everywhere, all over the United States.

Not so long ago, when a Sam Kramer (the New York silversmith who wears a black, piratical beard) or an Al Hirschfeld (the caricaturist, who wears a short, Assyrian spade) ventured into a public place, he was likely to be marked as an eccentric, stared at, and even ridiculed. Tony Scott, the jazz clarinetist, shaved off his beard after five rides on the New York subway; he could not endure the mirthful and wondering gazes. But times are changing. Beards are sprouting on the chins and cheeks of conventional, proper and respectable men, as they did in previous ages. The truth of this may be observed by anyone who strolls in the neighborhood of the one-hundred block of East 95th Street in New York City, for in that block, or near it, live the afore-mentioned Hirschfeld; the set designer, William Riva; the actor, Alfred Drake; the producer, William Spier; the writers, Leo Lerman and George Tabori—all pogonotrophists, all impressively pogoniate.

As nearly as I can determine, the present trend began in World War II, when men grew beards because the killing of other men gave them no time to shave or because they were on cold duty and needed extra protection for their faces. After the war, many men shaved immediately, but others found that they had grown quite attached to their beards, or vice versa. A friend of mine who grew a beard in the Navy once told me how he had worn it into a night club in London, where by chance they seated him next to another bearded man.

The second stared at my friend fixedly, then finally leaned (Continued on Page 106)



Actor Gregory Peck's beard has been called "Lincolnesque." Here he wears the whiskers he grew for his role as Captain Ahab in the 1956 film, Moby Dick.

Actress Natalie Wood apparently approved of Robert Wagner's beard: she married him after he grew this one. "A beard makes a rugged man look even more so," says Gehman.

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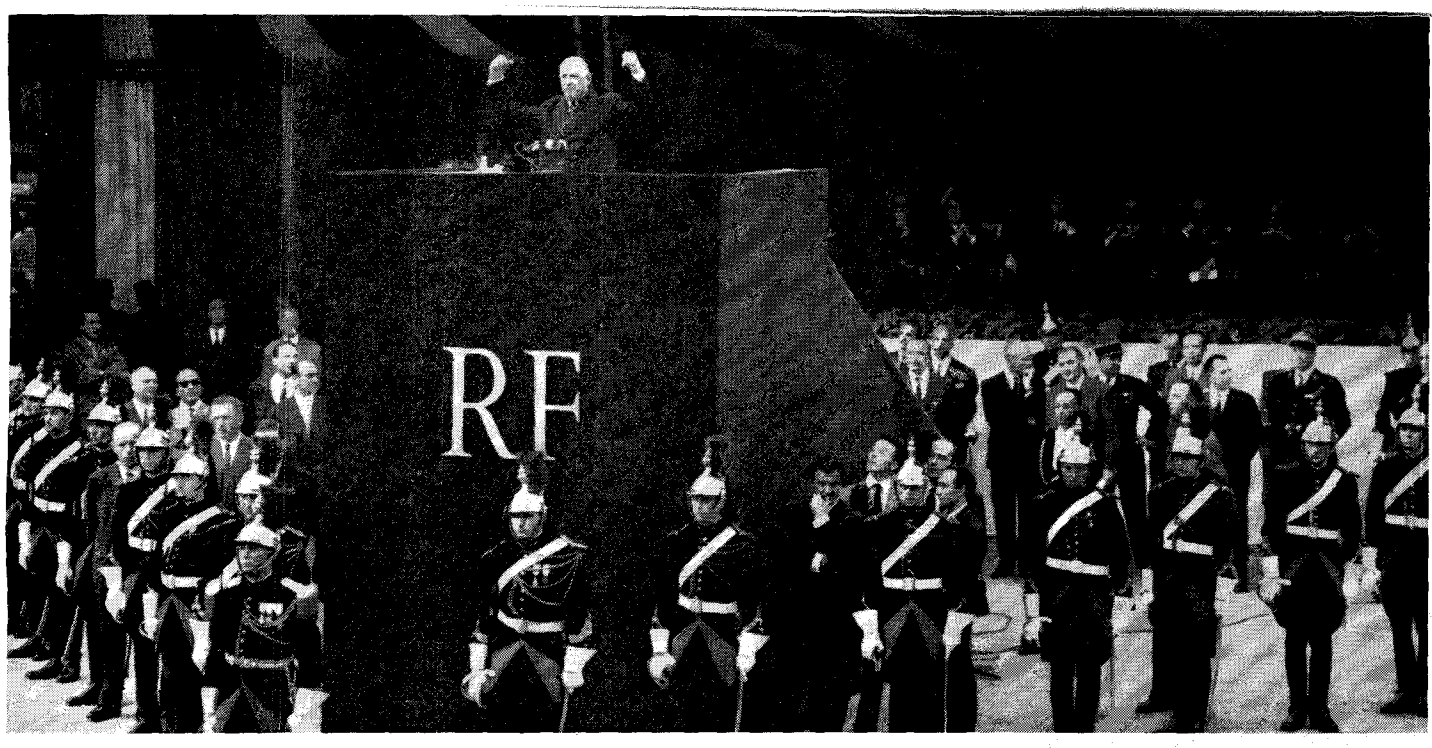
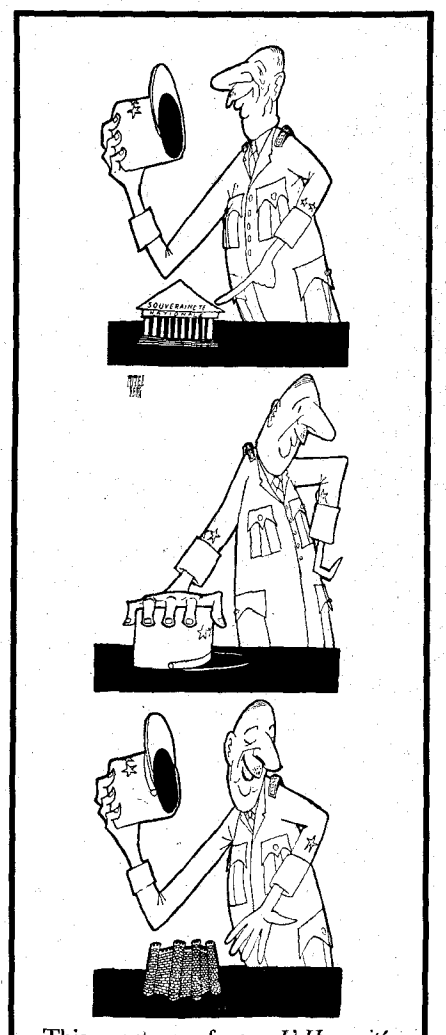


Left: On September 4, 1958, Premier De Gaulle, under heavy military guard, presented his plans for a new constitution.



This cartoon from *L'Humanité*, French Communist daily, accused magician De Gaulle of changing the French parliament into a prison.

FRANCE STARTS OVER

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Next week French voters go to the polls in the first parliamentary elections under De Gaulle's Fifth Republic. A Post editor reports from the scene.

PARIS.

The sweeping majority with which the people of France adopted their new constitution in the referendum of September twenty-eighth was, in effect, a vote of confidence in the man Charles de Gaulle. With 79.25 per cent of those who had voted giving him the go-ahead, the general emerged as the most popular leader the French had had in many decades. Moreover, he was not beholden to anyone. He had no political debts to pay off, no rewards to hand out. No group or party could claim him as its man. He was more powerful than any Frenchman since Napoleon—and he has since surprised France and the world with the first vigorous indications of how he meant to use that power.

He had not promised anything. Called in as arbiter after the May thirteenth "revolution of the colonels," he had announced that he would try to give his country a strong, stable government, and end the four-year-old Algerian war. The rest was silence—he did not say how he would get the country out of its predicament. He had no political or economic program. And though there were, all of a sudden, innumerable Frenchmen who revealed themselves as "Gaullists," there still was no such thing as Gaullism. You had to take De Gaulle on faith, and France was ready to accept him on his terms—with 17,667,000 "yeses" against 4,625,000 "noes."

What made it easy for a democratic people to put its trust in him was that he lacked the attributes of the proverbial man-on-horseback. No one—probably not even the Communists—took seriously cartoons such as the "hat-trick" one published in the Communist daily, *L'Humanité*, in which great Charles, the prestidigitator, placed his large general's cap on the building of the National Assembly, removed the cap, and—presto!—the columned house of parliament had turned into a turreted Bastille.

Well-groomed and dressed in dapper gray, the flesh-and-blood De Gaulle looked rather like a senior executive—the chairman of the board of a substantial corporation. He talked in slow, deep, measured tones, stressing each syllable. And he discharged his task, in his official role of Prime Minister, with circumspection and considerable wisdom.

Instead of trying to court-martial the rebellious officers, he promoted them. Instead of chasing the exponents of the bankrupt Fourth Republic out of Paris, he gave them top jobs in his cabinet. He moved within the frame of strict legality. And he took pains to show that he was not the cold, remote and brittle soldier's soldier as the world remembered him, but a new, humanized De Gaulle, capable of a smile and a spontaneous bit of humor.

(Continued on Page 91)

During his Sept. 4 speech De Gaulle's Communist foes rioted against his proposed new order.

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HIGH TERROR

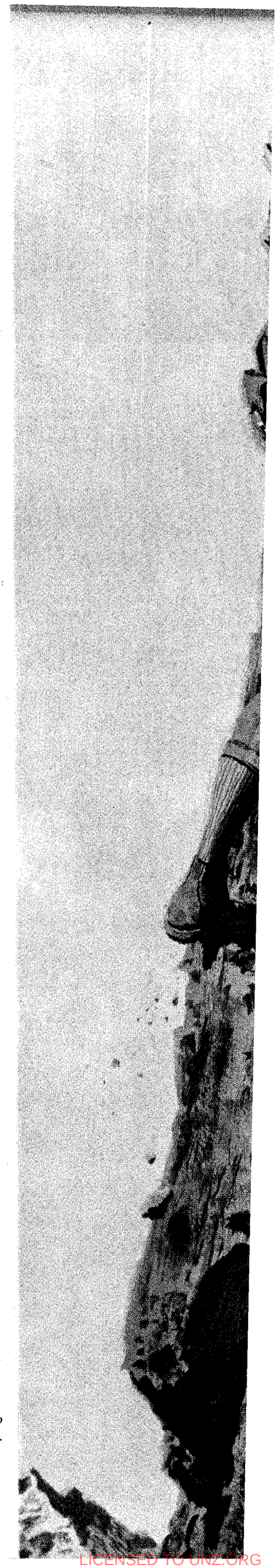
By BRIAN CLEEVE

They were bitter enemies. And one held the other's life in his hands.

He was a big, shambling boy of a man that no one in the valley ever took much notice of, for good or bad. Blue eyes under flint-pale eyebrows, that never seemed to be looking quite at what anyone else was looking at. A soft, straggling fringe of beard on his chin that somehow made him seem more of a child than if he'd shaved it off, and a mouth as gentle as a woman's who's in love. It was hard, though, to think of Bruno Holtzmann's ever being in love. He seemed too far away. Not an idiot, now. Hans Trott, the schoolmaster, said that if he'd only have applied his mind to things he'd have been as clever as any boy he ever had through his hands. But just far away.

You'd see him sometimes sitting on a fallen log at the edge of the forest, thick shoulders stooping, huge hands hanging between his knees, blue eyes gazing at nothing; at the moss under a tree, maybe, or a line of ants climbing the bark. Nothing at all. And if you asked him what he was doing he'd smile and say, "Just looking." Or else he'd be carving things with a knife. He could carve quite well, too, and the schoolmaster tried to help him, showing him how to make bottle corks with funny heads to sell to the summer visitors. But he'd never do what Hans Trott showed him—only foolish things out of his own head, or that he'd seen in the woods; things that no one would ever buy. And so even Hans left him alone after a while, and we never thought about him in connection with the real life of the village.

He drifted through his schooldays, and out of them, as aimless as a cloud in the summer sky, hardly seeming to realize that he'd become a man. He did what his mother told him about their small bit of a farm, his father being dead, God (Continued on Page 84)



Bruno inched close enough to Konrad to touch his shoulder.

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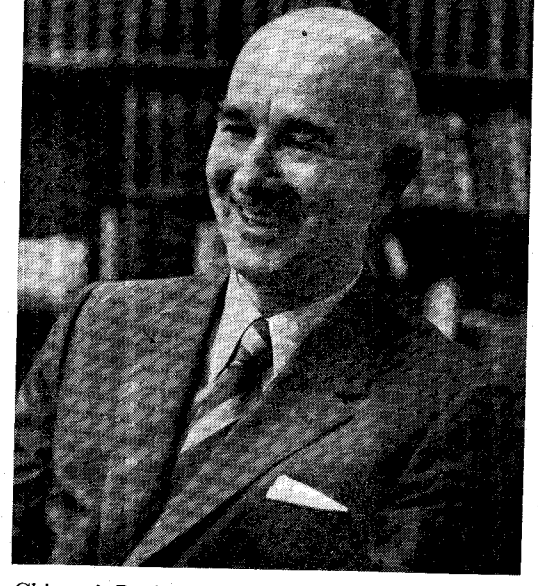
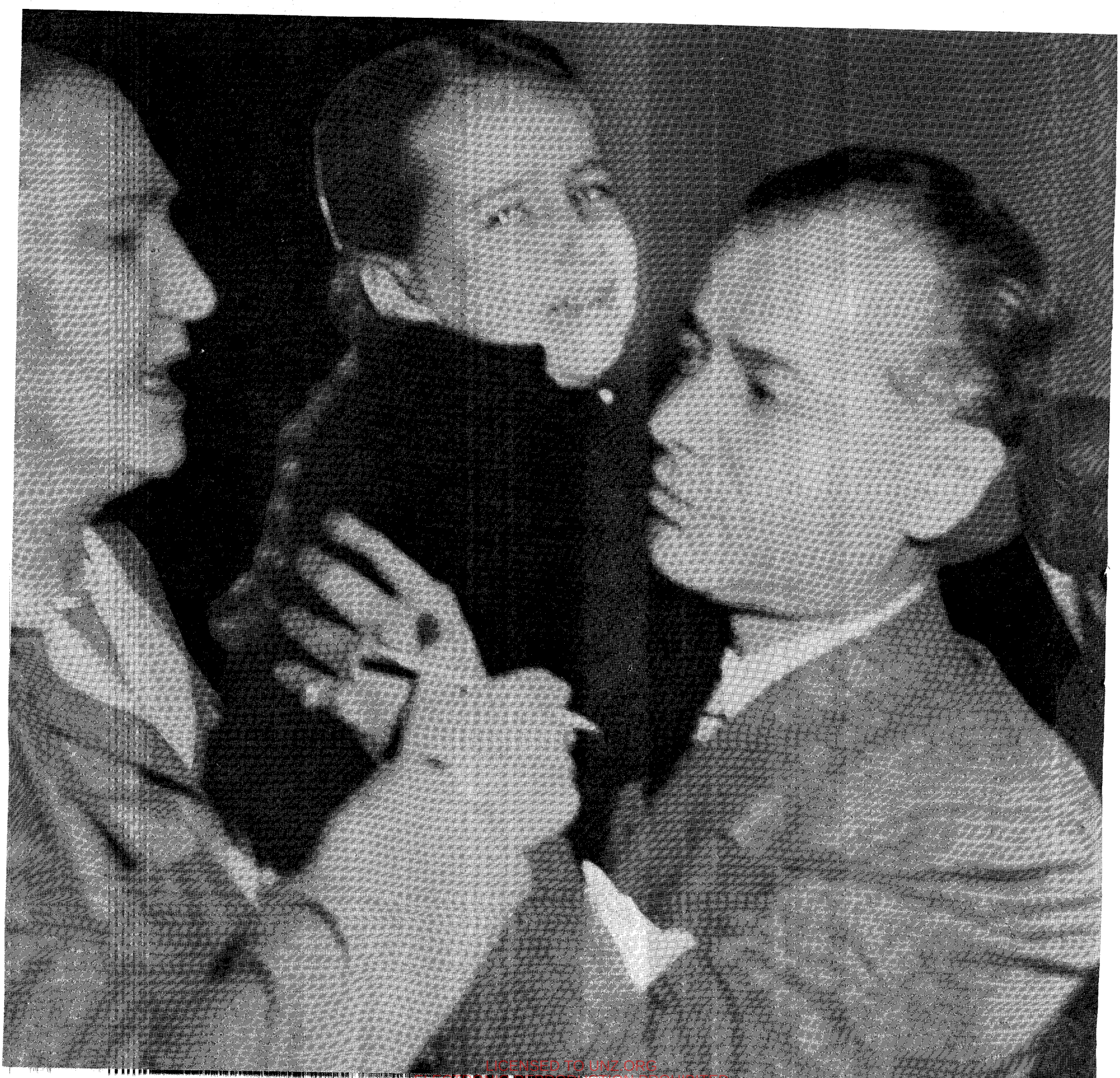
Harry X. Cole (above, with a client) is a big-volume divorce lawyer. He files about a divorce a day under Illinois law.



Chicago's Benjamin Davis handles big-fee cases. He has been called "the Tiffany of divorce lawyers."

Jerry Giesler (center) represents screen-star clients in many of Hollywood's most sensational cases.



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DIVORCE

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

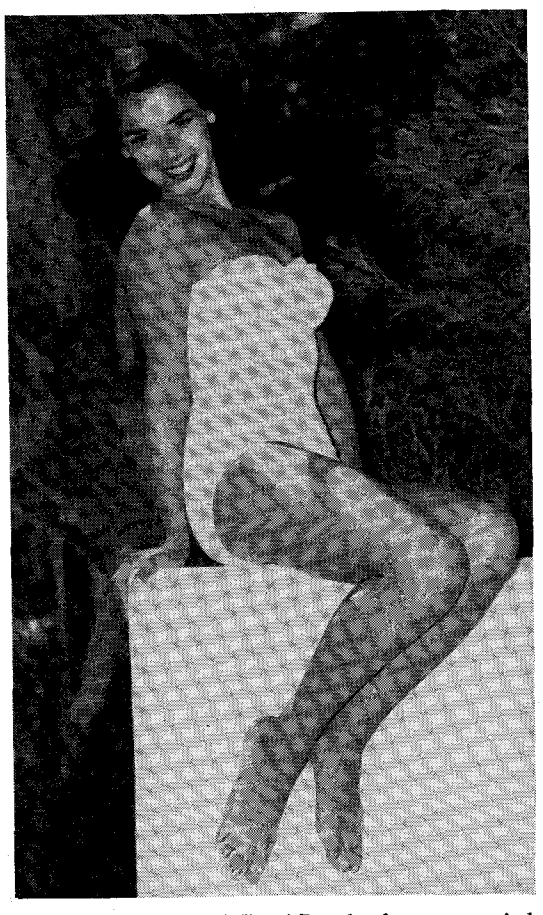
PART THREE

THE DEPTHS OF SCANDAL

In the search for legal reasons to dissolve marriages, husbands and wives sometimes fall to shockingly sordid tactics. Take the Battling Borins and their 125 times in court.

1947: Bonnie Joy Borin, then 7, clings to her father, Nate, as her mother, Claire, screams, "I want my baby!" The Borins staged a spectacular 15-year legal war, during which the beauty queen above was once named as Nate's inamorata.

What does a lawyer do when a woman comes into his office and says, "I want a divorce"? All lawyers maintain that they attempt first to persuade her to reconcile with her husband. It is good business; no lawyer wants to waste his time talking divorce to a woman who doesn't really want one. Many wives "see a lawyer" only to scare their husbands into behaving; a lawyer interviews five wives for every one who actually files suit. Moreover, lawyers think it becoming to attempt reconciliation; for society, though it provides for divorce, regrets it, and divorce lawyers feel some of the uneasy guilt that hangmen feel: Their services are needed, but not applauded.



Pepper Donna, Miss Miami Beach of 1947, married Borin in 1949. They were divorced a few months later.

Actually, however, few lawyers spend much time trying to reconcile couples. Many handle hundreds of cases a year and grind them out like sausages. They charge low fees and operate on volume. They are interested primarily in clients who are determined on divorce and bring them cases ready for trial. If a couple reconcile, they get no fee except a retainer. One lawyer has said, "When people go to a divorce lawyer, they're mad, they want a fight, and if one lawyer won't help them get it another one will."

A lawyer may spend anywhere from a few hours on a divorce case to several months—or even years, if it is appealed, and a few cases go all the way to the United States Supreme Court. The more time he spends, the higher his fee. His fee also depends upon whether he wins and how much his client can afford to pay. The minimum fee for a routine default divorce today is about $250 in Chicago and New York. In difficult cases, fees of $1000 are rather common and even $5000 is not unusual. Fees of $50,000 or $60,000 are rare, but by no means unheard of. In most cases the husband pays both his own and his wife's attorney. People who cannot afford to pay lawyers can get them free from the bar associations or legal-aid bureaus, though such organizations are more interested in helping people defend themselves against divorce suits than in helping them start them.

In popular mythology, a successful big-city divorce lawyer is an urbane gent who wears a flashy, expensive suit with a carnation in the buttonhole, squires beautiful divorcees, usually show girls, to fashionable restaurants, appears regularly in the gossip columns and is hard-boiled and cynical about marriage. Such lawyers exist in every big city. Benjamin B. Davis is a successful divorce lawyer—probably the most successful in Chicago—but he bears no resemblance whatsoever to this image. He dresses conservatively. He is a tall slender man, getting bald, with wisps of white hair and dark, kind eyes. He lives quietly with his family on Astor Street, traditionally the home of "old" and "good"

(Continued on Page 76)

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Post Scripts

Introductions

What I Hope For

"Miss Saunders, I take very great pleasure in presenting—Mr. Parke Cummings!"

The Kind I Usually Get

"Here's the guy I was telling you about that disconnected the faucet without first turning off the water."

"Oh, yes; I almost forgot—this is Virginia's husband."

"What's-his-name here says he'll be glad to make a fourth."

"Well, I suppose we ought to have a word or two from our treasurer."

"This is Patsy's dad. See what I mean?"

"I guess you know everybody here, huh?"

"This is the bird I was playing with when Tom and Hank licked us, 6–1, 6–0."

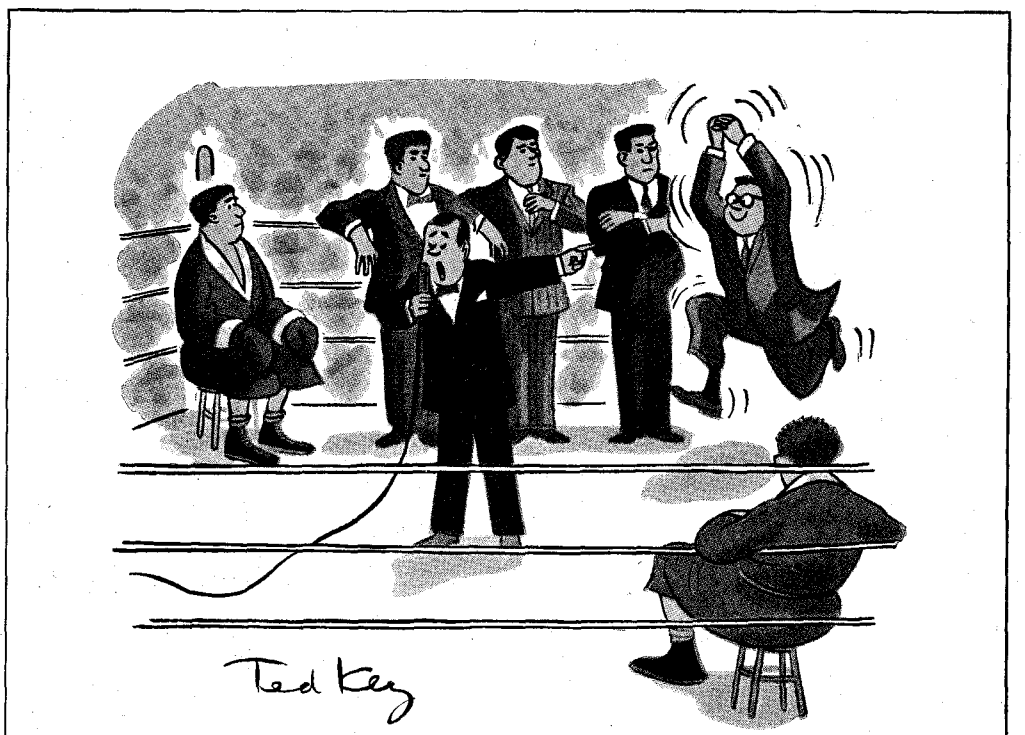
"—— Mr. Trimble, *Mrs.* Trimble, Miss Carter, Mr. Atkins, Mrs. Walters, Mrs. Atkins, Mr. Blake over there by the door, and—let's see? Have I forgotten anybody?"

"Sally, this is Parker Cunningham."

PARKE CUMMINGS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When I was a boy my father fed a family of six on what you've got in that sandwich!"



"... and from the Bureau of Internal Revenue!..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Don't Play With Strangers

Good men and true
Are far and few.
But ah! the iniquitous
Are ubiquitous.

ETHEL JACOBSON

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"Darling, that was a wonderful kick-off speech you made for the Right-Living-Means-Deep-Down-Giving Civic Salvage Drive! And what you said about the hypocrites who talk a good fight, but don't give anything —— Well, you're right! It's hard to believe some people can be so small."

"John, here's an interesting little item in the paper. It says 99 and 44/100 per cent of all winter driving accidents could be avoided if people would just use chains!"

"Dear, I was talking to little Enid Walters yesterday and she said she hoped Bob would be as understanding a husband as you are when they're married. And I just told her what you always say—that, after all, there has to be lots of give and take in a marriage or what have you got?"

"You know, honey, I've decided something! I'm not going to get a new winter coat this year. After all, as you were saying the other day, all the signs point to an awfully mild winter, and that thin old thing I've been wearing is plenty warm enough!"

And the fast break:

". . . and so, when the Right-Living-Means-Deep-Down-Giving Salvage Truck came yesterday, I told them they could have all that junk in the corner of the garage, only I forgot that your snow tires were there and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

Hail Fellow

He's neither debonair nor gay,
He lacks the gift of gab,
But has a most delightful way
Of picking up the tab.

RICHARD F. ARMKNECHT

On Making a Spectrum of Myself

Though it makes me blue when I'm in the red
And long green's what I lack,
It's nice to think I'll be in the pink
Once I get back in the black!

PENNY PENNINGTON

Did You Bring Your Guitar?

"Good morning, Mr. Postlewait. I'm Dawson Ainslee, president of Alert Music Publishers. They tell me you have an idea for a new song."

"That's right, Mr. Ainslee. It's called Pumpkin Pie, and I think it has a real beat to it."

"Well, we're certainly looking for songs with real beats. How do the lyrics go?"

"Pumpkin pie, pumpkin pie, pu-uh-uh-uh-humpkin pie! Pumpkin pie, pumpkin pie, pu-uh-uh-uh-humpkin pie ——"

"Nice! How do the next two lines go?"

"Well, actually, the same as the first two."

"How about the second and last verses?"

"Same as the first."

"I see. And how about the middle?"

"In the middle we get into something a little different. It goes: First you put some pumpkin in, add a little cinnamon; then you add some other spice, just to make the flavor nice."

"I like that. It sort of tells a little story."

"Then, of course, the last verse follows: Pumpkin pie, pumpkin pie, pu-uh-uh-uh——"

"How about the tune, Postlewait?"

"The tune? I was singing the tune. I mean ——"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were just saying the lyrics."

"Well, what do you think of the song, Mr. Ainslee?"

"Frankly, I like it. I think that the first, second and last verses are equally good, and the middle part —— By the way, would you mind singing that middle part again?"

"Not at all. First you put some pumpkin in, add a little cinnamon; then you add some other spice, just to make the flavor nice."

"I think I like it even better the second time! There's something really catchy about the song, Postlewait."

"Thanks, Mr. Ainslee."

"Pumpkin pie, pumpkin pie ——"

"Pu-uh-uh-uh-humpkin pie!"

"Pumpkin pie, pumpkin pie ——"

"Pu-uh-uh-uh——"

RAYMOND HOWARD

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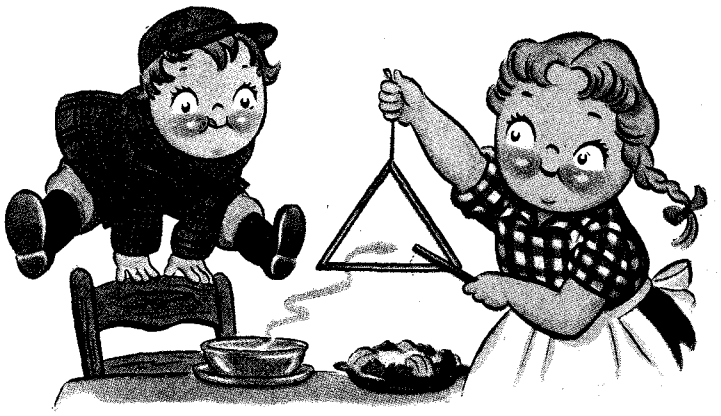
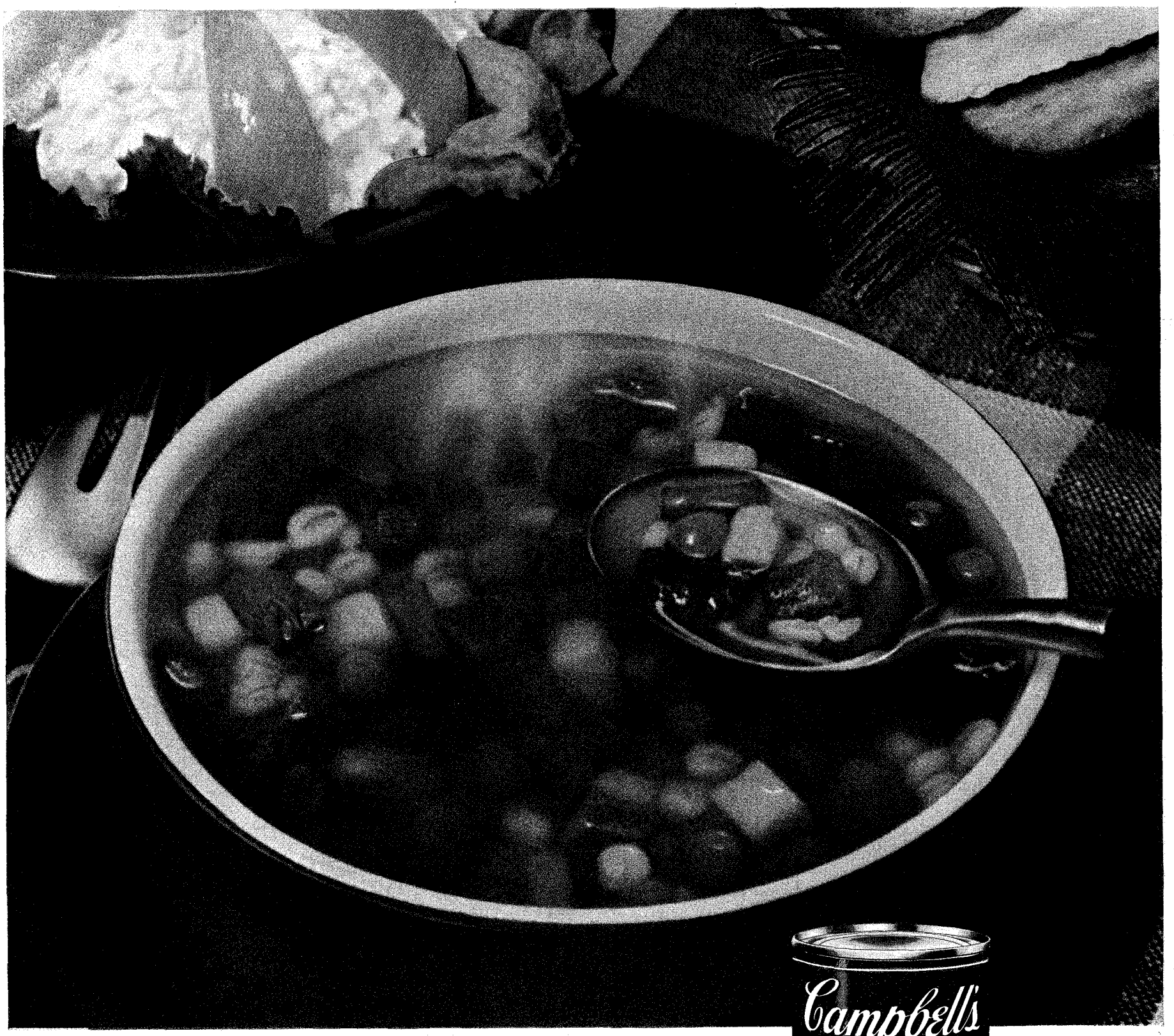


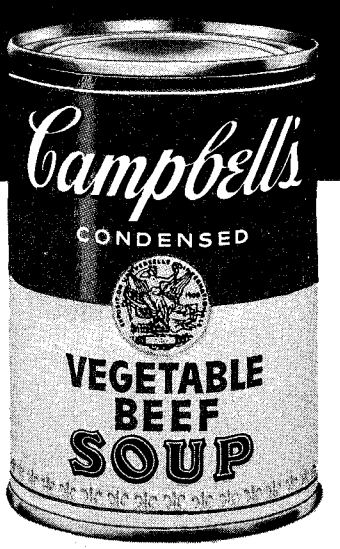
Every lunchtime . . . dinner, too . . .
Campbell's Soups are <u>good</u> for you!



DELICIOUS WAY TO SATISFY A MAN-SIZED APPETITE! Juicy chunks of fine lean beef and prize Campbell vegetables, simmered tenderly in sturdy beef broth! That's Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup. A meal-in-a-bowl soup. A hearty soup that's packed with nourishment. A soup that tastes delicious every time, because it's Campbell's. It's ready in 4 minutes; costs less than 7¢ a serving. Makes a pleasure of the happy habit. . . .

ONCE A DAY...<u>EVERY</u> DAY...SOUP!

Have <u>you</u> had your soup today?



Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup gives you Vitamins, Proteins . . . Minerals, too!

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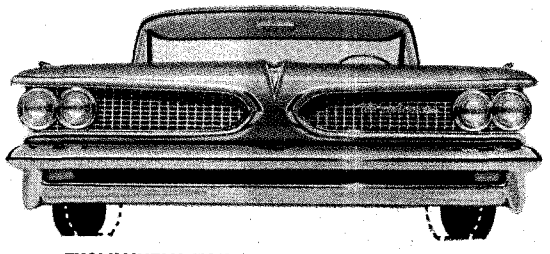
You get the solid quality of Body by Fisher.

Gorgeous new way to save as you go!

Pontiac's new V-8, the Tempest 420E, gives you phenomenal extra mileage—up to 20% saving on gasoline bills!

The same engineers who developed the new Tempest 420 V-8 to give you the ultimate in *action* have also developed a companion power plant with unbelievable gasoline economy! This new engine is a big, easy-breathing V-8 . . . yet it uses *regular gas* and delivers *better mileage* than many of the smaller cars with so-called "economy engines"! Result? *You save up to 20% on gasoline bills!* The secret is in its amazingly efficient design . . . perfected by the industry's hottest engineering team to give you the extra gas mileage you want *without sacrificing* V-8 *vim and vigor!* So if you have the idea that economy and action just can't go together you're in for a wonderful surprise!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



EXCLUSIVELY YOURS—*WIDE-TRACK* WHEELS

The widest, steadiest stance in America—better cooling for engine and brakes, better grip on the road, safer cornering, smoother ride, easier handling. *You get the most beautiful roadability you've ever known—in America's Number ① Road Car!*

See Victor Borge on Pontiac Star Parade, Nov. 29—CBS-TV

PONTIAC!

America's Number ① Road Car!

3 Totally New Series • Catalina • Star Chief • Bonneville

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Hannah Bass slowly seated herself. "So this was all a plant."

The Case of the GREEDY GRANDPA

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Had the seven-year-old boy who played with real guns killed his own father? Perry Mason began to wonder.

The police had plenty of evidence that Norda Allison had murdered Mervin Selkirk, her ex-fiancé. Motive: Norda had accused Selkirk of writing certain anonymous letters. Weapon: A gun was found in the room Norda used during her visit to Lorraine Jennings, Selkirk's former wife, and her new husband, Barton Jennings.

But Perry Mason believed that his beautiful client was innocent. Norda told him that, in the Jennings house, she had found the press used to print the unsigned letters. The Jennings' neighbors told Mason that they had spotted Barton washing bloodstains from the sidewalk in front of his house. They also said that a baby sitter often allowed young Robert Selkirk, Lorraine's son by her first marriage, to play with real guns. Mason persuaded his secretary, Della Street, to pose as his wife, with a borrowed baby. Then Hannah Bass, Robert Selkirk's baby sitter, accepted "Mr. Street's" offer of a profitable job.

IV

A few moments later chimes sounded and Della Street opened the door. Hannah Bass was in the middle forties, a matronly appearing, muscular woman whose body appeared thick rather than fat. Her eyes were small, restless and glittering. (Continued on Page 110)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

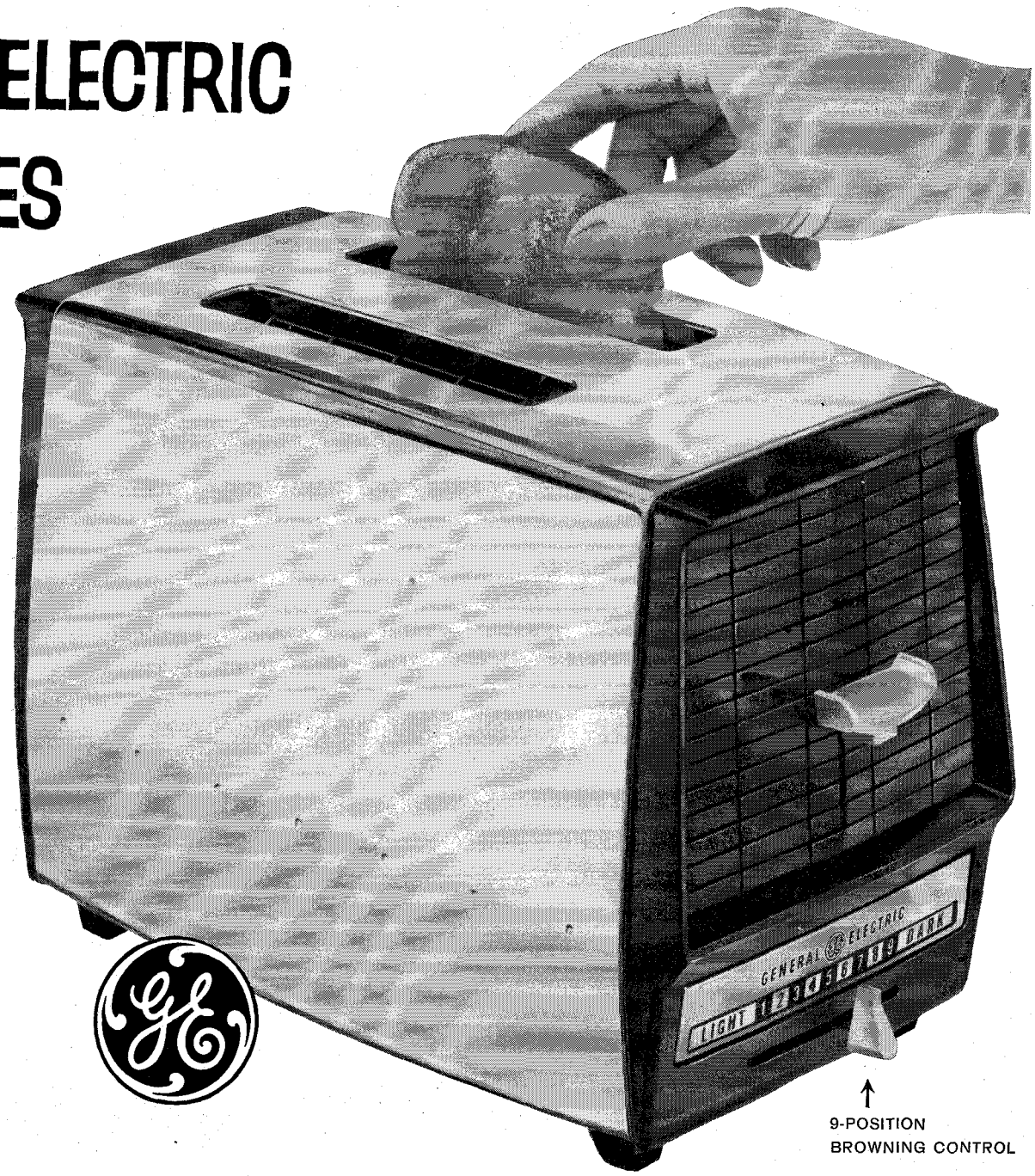
NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC TOASTER MAKES 9 KINDS OF TOAST!

From pale golden to crisp-crisp toast exactly the way you like it. **PLUS** classic design to match today's "straight-line" trend!

What a wonderful way to say "Good morning!"

This new General Electric Automatic Toaster has an exclusive 9-position browning control to satisfy the most finicky toast-lover. The extra-high pop-up lets you remove hot toast easily. The snap-out tray cleans in seconds.

Fresh, clean design makes it a bright addition to any breakfast table. Be sure to see it at your General Electric dealer's. (The low price will delight you!) General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



↑ 9-POSITION BROWNING CONTROL

There's always a PLUS in General Electric!

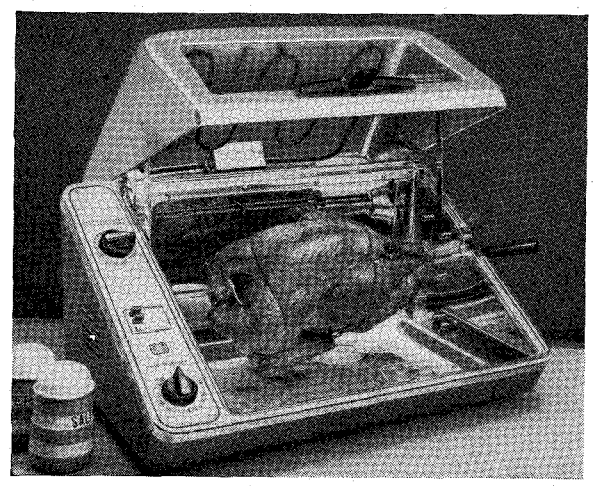
It's a steam and dry iron!
PLUS a built-in sprinkler, too!

General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron sprinkles as you iron! Erases stubborn wrinkles in a jiffy—gives you knife-like creases, makes all ironing easier. Switches instantly to steam or to dry.

**Trade-mark of General Electric Company*

Brews delicious coffee automatically!
PLUS shows how many cups are left!

New General Electric Peek-A-Brew* Coffee Maker is *first* with a built-in level that shows how much water to use *as you fill it*—then shows how many cups of coffee are left *as you serve it*.



It's a rotisserie!
PLUS it's a second oven, too!

New General Electric Rotisserie Oven gives you the accuracy of a fine range oven! Rotisserizes, roasts, broils, bakes like a *second* oven. New tilt-top design for easy access, easy cleaning.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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Hard-Luck Regiment (Continued from Page 33)

They'd jumped off five days before and the first day's fight hadn't been too bad. The regiment, leaving its second battalion to guard its north flank, had sent its two other battalions in column down the Zweibrau Trail, third battalion in the lead and first following. They had slithered through the mud of the steep, winding trail—which now was their only link with division—and forded the swiftly rushing Zweibrau Wehr and started their slow climb out of the gorge to the two towns on the Abenschendt-Kolm ridge.

First battalion had been in Abenschendt by dark that night; third battalion had reached Kolm, the regimental objective, a mile farther along the road to the southeast. The Germans had been caught off balance and resistance had been light, but the Germans had reacted later with swift violence. That night Abenschendt—the twenty-odd deserted houses sitting vacant-eyed astride the road to Kolm—had taken a brutal shelling; with first light the next day, German armor and infantry had come surging in with counterattacks that had been increasing steadily in weight and viciousness. The Roer dams lay vulnerable behind these two villages on the ridge, and the Germans did not mean to give them up.

Colonel Smith had died of wounds near the evening of the second day and Clay Daggett, in his first fight, succeeded to command of the battalion. For two more endless days he'd clung to his perimeter here while casualties mounted and ammunition ran low because the weasels—tracked supply vehicles that tried to come along the almost impossible Zweibrau Trail—were either destroyed by shellfire or they threw their tracks or they fell off into the gorge. Since day before yesterday, the first and third battalions had been orphans on the ridge.

And now the first battalion was an orphan here alone, because the third had been kicked out of Kolm yesterday afternoon. Shot to pieces, with the battalion commander dead and the rest of the battalion broken into little knots of beaten and scared men. They'd been drifting back into Abenschendt during the night—taking refuge in the town's cellars or slogging along heads down, toward the rear. No longer soldiers; just tired, whipped men. So Clay's somber thoughts ran.

The CP was in the cellar of a blasted house, crouched at the edge of what once had been an orchard before the shells had scythed down most of the trees. Most of that shelling had died away for a little while now—only an occasional round crumped down to send its wicked "varoooom" through the town. *Just enough to keep tired men awake and uneasy in their holes*, Clay thought bitterly.

He went down the broken steps and past the blanket that was hung as a door. A lantern dripped sickly light across the cellar—there was a table with a map and a couple of stools and a field telephone standing on an ammunition box. Master Sgt. Ed Feldstone, acting as telephone guard, got up from the table as Clay came in. Ed Feldstone had worn the Army's cloth for a long time now—he'd already had ten years of service behind him when he'd fought with the regiment back in the 1918 war. A sober, grizzled man.

"Everything quiet, sergeant?" Clay asked. His voice was curter than he'd meant it to be—he liked Ed Feldstone. "Any messages come down from regiment?" he added more civilly.

"Yeah to both, major," Feldstone said. "We got orders to jump off at 0800—the Old Man wants Kolm back."

Clay turned his head slowly and stared back at Ed Feldstone with eyes that held incomprehension for a moment; then his face began to get red. "Did you say 'orders to attack,' sergeant?"

Feldstone nodded and began to make a cigarette out of brown paper and sack tobacco. "That's right, major," he murmured. "The colonel is on his way here now. We attack at 0800."

The flush deepened in Daggett's thin face. "The man's stark, raving crazy!" he said violently. Then he stopped and recovered his temper with an effort—you didn't gripe about orders to your noncoms. He added more quietly, "Forget that I said that, Feldstone. You think you could get some hot coffee somewhere?"

"Yeah," Feldstone said. "I'll be back."

He went on out, thinking as he started into the fog: *The boy's right about this—Dan is off his nut if he thinks that we've got anything left here in this stinking town to attack with.* But if Dan Sharkey said they'd attack, they'd attack—even if there was nothing but a squad left to follow Dan into Kolm. Sgt. Ed Feldstone had soldiered with old Dan Sharkey for a long time now. The two had been noncoms together in this regiment back in 1918.

Clay Daggett sat tiredly down on the stool after Feldstone had gone; he propped his elbows on the table and stared at the acetate overlay which covered the map. The overlay was marked with small symbols to show where the battalion lay—Clay needed no map to tell him that. He could close his eyes and see the foxholes where bearded, muddy men, starved for lack of sleep, had been crouching as he'd walked the perimeter an hour ago. Men, too few of them now, with their ammunition belts almost empty and nothing but guts left to meet the fury of the German armor.

Attack! That was a laugh!

Boots scraped on the stone outside, but Daggett, busy with his grim thoughts, didn't look up. It would be Ed Feldstone coming back with the coffee, he guessed, and suddenly he didn't want any coffee—why should he be sitting here drinking hot coffee when the men had no coffee out there in the foxholes? . . .

A Fine Small Blanket

By Maude Rubin

She sits by the loom through
the sun-long day
Of this ageless desert land,
Weaving a blanket as bright as
play—
As soft as a baby's hand.

She has carded and spun the
lamb-soft wool
Till it shines like ripened wheat;
She has dipped it in colors of
desert dawn
To warm a small one's feet.

Her design is the rainbow, the
moon and the sun;
She weaves till shadows are
thinned—
But she longs for the day when
the blanket is done
And lullabies ride on the wind!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Big news on the road today is Quaker State! Skillfully refined from only the purest Pennsylvania oil stocks, Quaker State Motor Oil lasts longer, keeps engines cleaner, protects against costly repairs. In the long run, this top quality lubrication means greater economy for you! Always ask for Quaker State . . . *it's the best motor oil money can buy!*

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

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"Put it down, sergeant," he said. "I've changed my mind."

It wasn't Sgt. Ed Feldstone—it was Dan Sharkey, shoving the blanket impatiently aside and coming on into the cellar. The yellow light of the lantern washed across the old man's flinty face as Daggett got slowly to his feet.

"Did you get my attack order, major?" Sharkey snapped. "I saw little sign of it outside, if you did! Stragglers all over the place! Why?"

The words caught Clay off balance as he felt resentment run through him. It wasn't fair. "Sir," he said, "those are men from the third battalion. They've been drifting back here since dark. They're not my men."

Old Dan Sharkey stalked across to stand in front of the table, his muddy overcoat pushed back and thumbs hooked in his pistol belt while he glared at Clay. "What difference does it make whose men they are?" he demanded in a voice edged as torn tin. "They've got two arms and two legs and they can still shoot, can't they? Use 'em to fill up your companies, man! Do I have to tell you that?"

Clay felt a little thread of confusion run through his tired mind—he should have thought of that, he guessed. He'd just considered that those men belonged to someone else; that someone else had the responsibility for them. Beyond the colonel's slight figure he saw Ed Feldstone come back through the door with two canteen cups of coffee in his big hands. The steam rose in the cold air.

"I guess I didn't think of that, colonel," he heard himself saying. "I had no authority . . . the men didn't belong to me. . . ." The angry glare in Sharkey's eyes was like a slap across Clay's face. "Major," Sharkey was saying, "in war you do what has to be done and to hell with the authority! In a little while now enough Kraut armor will be coming up at us out of those draws to gobble the last of this regiment up. There's only one thing we can do about it! Beat them to the punch! Do you get that?"

Clay said, "Yes, sir," in a hoarse voice, badly shaken now.

"Then get out there and start kicking men out of holes and putting them into your rifle squads, man! Do I have to lead you by the hand? This regiment is going back into Kolm and, when it goes, every man that can do so much as crawl is going with it!"

Clay said, "Yes, sir," again in a dead voice and picked up his helmet as he moved toward the door. His hand was on the blanket when Sharkey's voice halted him again.

"I'll be out on the perimeter in a half hour, major, to see how you're doing. Pass the word to your company commanders that I'll issue the attack order here at 0700. All of you will be here!"

When Daggett had gone, Feldstone brought the two steaming canteen cups to the rickety table and put them down beside the map. "No need to waste good java," he grunted. "Get that coffee into your belly, Dan. It'll do you good. You were pretty rough on the boy."

When the two of them were alone Ed Feldstone didn't bother to stand on ceremony with Dan—they'd known each other too long. Sharkey sat on the stool Daggett had vacated.

"Because I was, maybe he'll still be alive tomorrow morning," he said grimly. "Well, don't stand there with your finger in your mouth, Ed. Spit it out! You think I'm crazy to talk about an attack!"

"Yeah," Ed Feldstone said thoughtfully. "I guess I do, Dan. We ain't got very much left to attack with—no tanks, no artillery, the ammo's about run out. . . ."

"We've got the fog, Ed," Dan said.

Feldstone looked back at the other with puzzled eyes. "Yeah," he said. "We got the fog—I wish somebody else had it."

Sharkey gulped a long swig of the hot coffee, put the canteen cup down and his voice was milder now. "Ed," he said, "can you think back about twenty-six years? If you can, maybe you remember how a whole division marched right through the middle of the German lines one night in 1918. When morning came, there they were sitting on the Krauts and the war was over."

"Yeah," Feldstone said dryly. "It was the prize foul-up of that war, as I remember."

"It worked," Dan Sharkey said harshly. "It worked because the Krauts weren't expecting that anyone would pull such a fool trick. Well, it's going to work for us! Only we'll use the fog. At 0800 what's left of this regiment is going to form up on the road. Then we're going to march back down the middle of the road to Kolm. When we get there, we're going to stay this time, Ed!"

Ed Feldstone allowed his breath to go out in a faint sigh as he started to build another cigarette for himself. "It's crazy, Dan," he said finally. "They'll hang you for it back at division if the Krauts don't kill you first. But I reckon I'll go along."

"The hell with division," old Dan said violently. "And maybe they'll hang me, maybe they won't. If we get back into Kolm the Krauts will no longer have direct artillery observation on the river road. Division can open it up then—get ammo and supplies up here to us. Help, if we need it, Ed."

"Yeah," Feldstone said. "If we get Kolm an' hold onto it. If we don't we're all dead, Dan."

"What do you want to do—live to be a hundred?" Sharkey asked sourly. "I'm going out to see how Daggett is doing!"

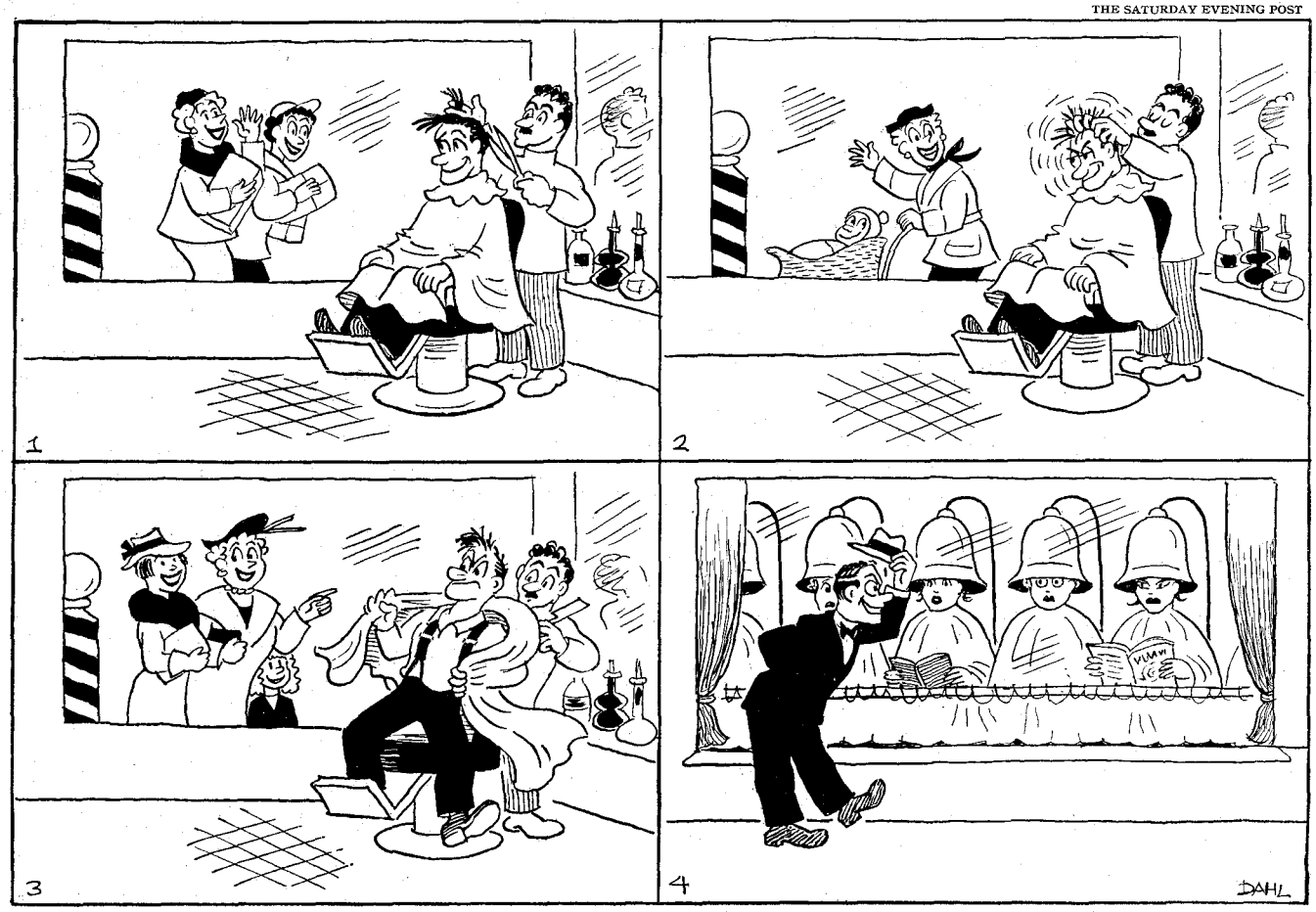
Sgt. Ed Feldstone finished his coffee, staring moodily at the map after Dan Sharkey had gone. There was just a chance—a wee, small chance—that Dan might get away with this, Feldstone was thinking. Dan was a tough rooster—always had been. Feldstone's mind drifted back to that day in 1918 when a battalion of this regiment had come out of the Argonne with two thirds of its rifle strength gone and a sergeant commanding it because all of its officers were casualties. Old Dan Sharkey—it had been young Dan then—had been that sergeant. So Ed Feldstone knew the affection that Dan had for this hard-luck regiment—Dan would not sacrifice it unless he felt that it had a chance. So the crazy scheme might just work.

(*Continued on Page 57*)

THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

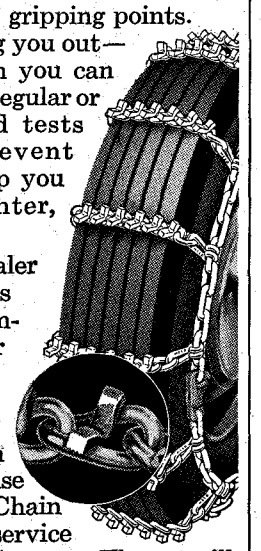


Keep them safe–

GET CHAINS FOR SNOW- AVOID A TOW

Ask your service station man—or any other expert on bad weather driving. He'll tell you that Weed V-Bar Tire Chains are better than a tow...keep you moving safely and surely, when *no* tire tread can get you through.

You see, Weed V-Bar Chains have 288 or more steel gripping points. They dig in to dig you out—give you traction you can trust with either regular or snow tires. And tests prove they prevent many skids—stop you shorter, straighter, safer.



So see your dealer now — while his stocks are still complete. Get your Weed V-Bars . . . carry them with your jack and spare tire. When you need them, use the handy Weed Chain applier—or any service station will put them on. Then you'll keep going when other drivers are getting stuck.

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That's the way the Teleregister Corporation's "Magnetronic Reservisor" saves time, obviates the need for a huge staff and endless cross-communications, insures against seats being sold twice.

In each one of these fantastically complex installations, over a thousand Automatic Electric Switches and Relays play their unfailing parts.

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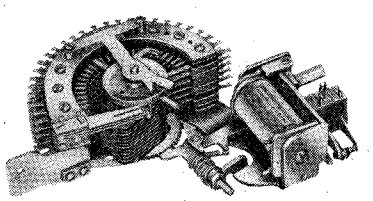
We believe that among our thousands of types and variations of dependable switches and relays, you very well may find a happy solution to one of *your* problems.



AE ROTARY STEPPING SWITCHES find many applications in Teleregister's Magnetronic reservation systems. If you'd like to know more about these versatile switches for all types of control devices, write for Circular P-1698.

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Meal brighteners by the basketful!

Pour it or drink it, heat it or cook with it—

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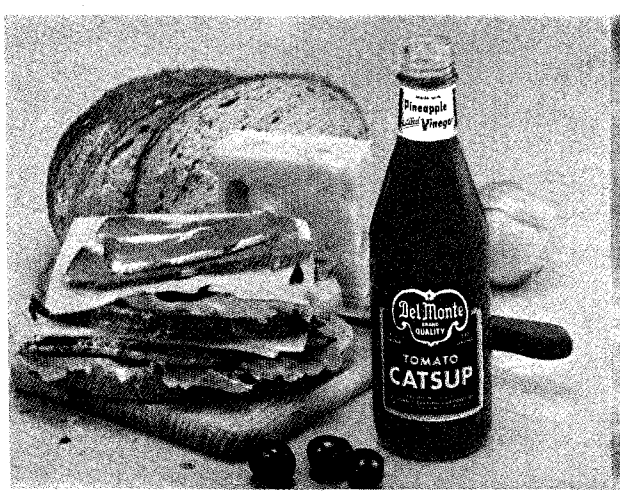
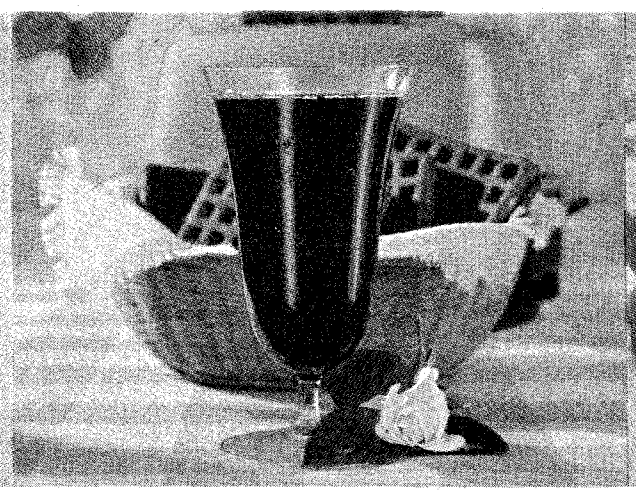
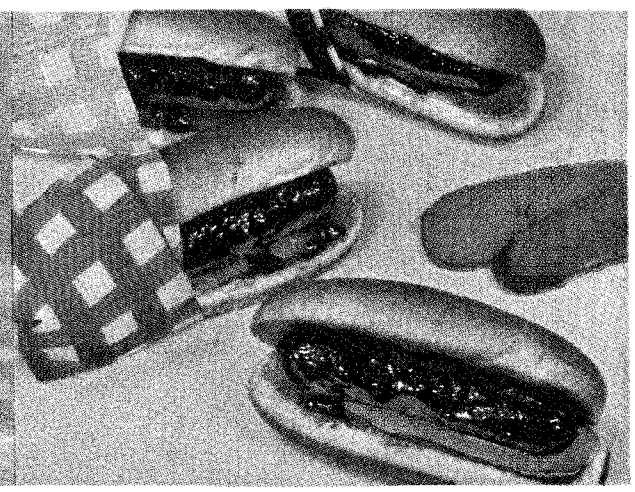
Enjoy exciting DEL MONTE® TOMATO FLAVOR all these different ways!



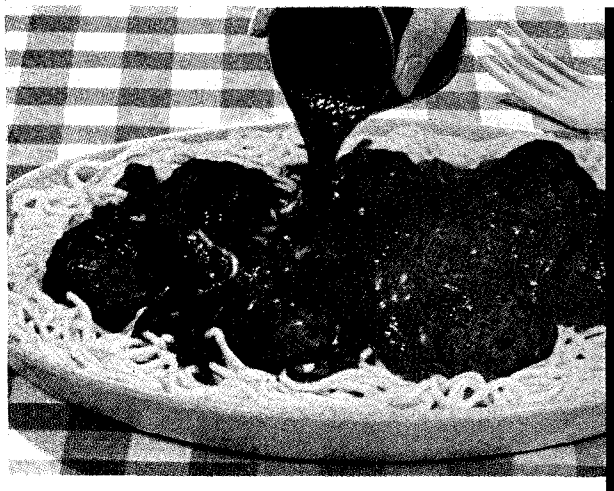
Let this livelier-tasting catsup perk up sandwiches, hamburgers, beans! DEL MONTE Catsup is made with pineapple distilled vinegar to coax the best from tomatoes—so even the flavor goes farther!



Rich red color, refreshing yet satisfying flavor—you've never tasted finer tomato juice than DEL MONTE. Great for breakfast—as a lunch or dinner prelude, too. Thrifty way to get your Vitamin C!



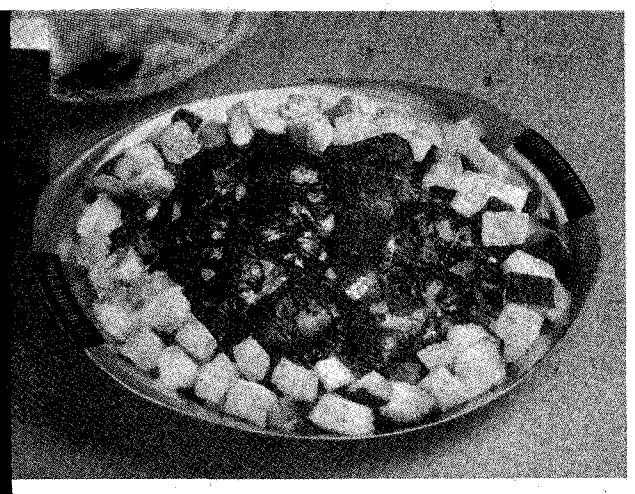
Spunky, chunky DEL MONTE Chili Sauce makes even a hot dog exciting! Try it in salad dressings, chip dips and spreads. And pep up plain meats with this big bright DEL MONTE tomato flavor.



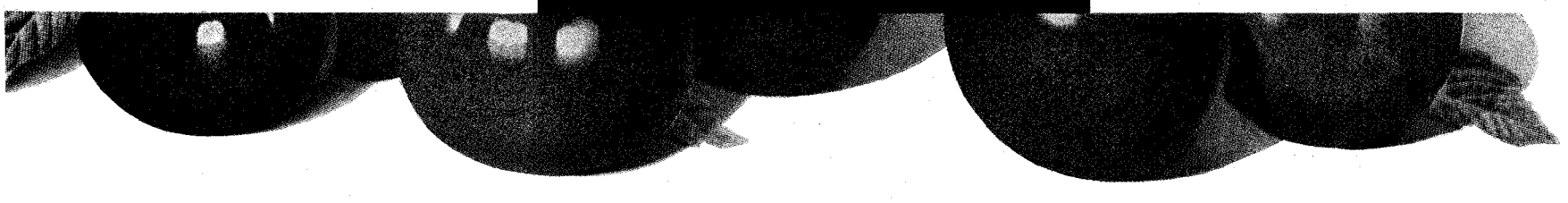
For spaghetti, pizza, casseroles, stews—there's no flavor like DEL MONTE tomato flavor, and both DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce and Tomato Paste make it easy to come by. Rich, thick—dependable!

Try all 7 DEL MONTE Tomato Products

Catsup
Chili Sauce
Tomato Juice
Stewed Tomatoes
Peeled Tomatoes
Tomato Sauce
Tomato Paste



Vegetable news! DEL MONTE Stewed Tomatoes are ready-seasoned with onion, celery, green pepper. And don't forget that the best whole Peeled Tomatoes come under the DEL MONTE label, too.



DEL MONTE tomato flavor always comes through!

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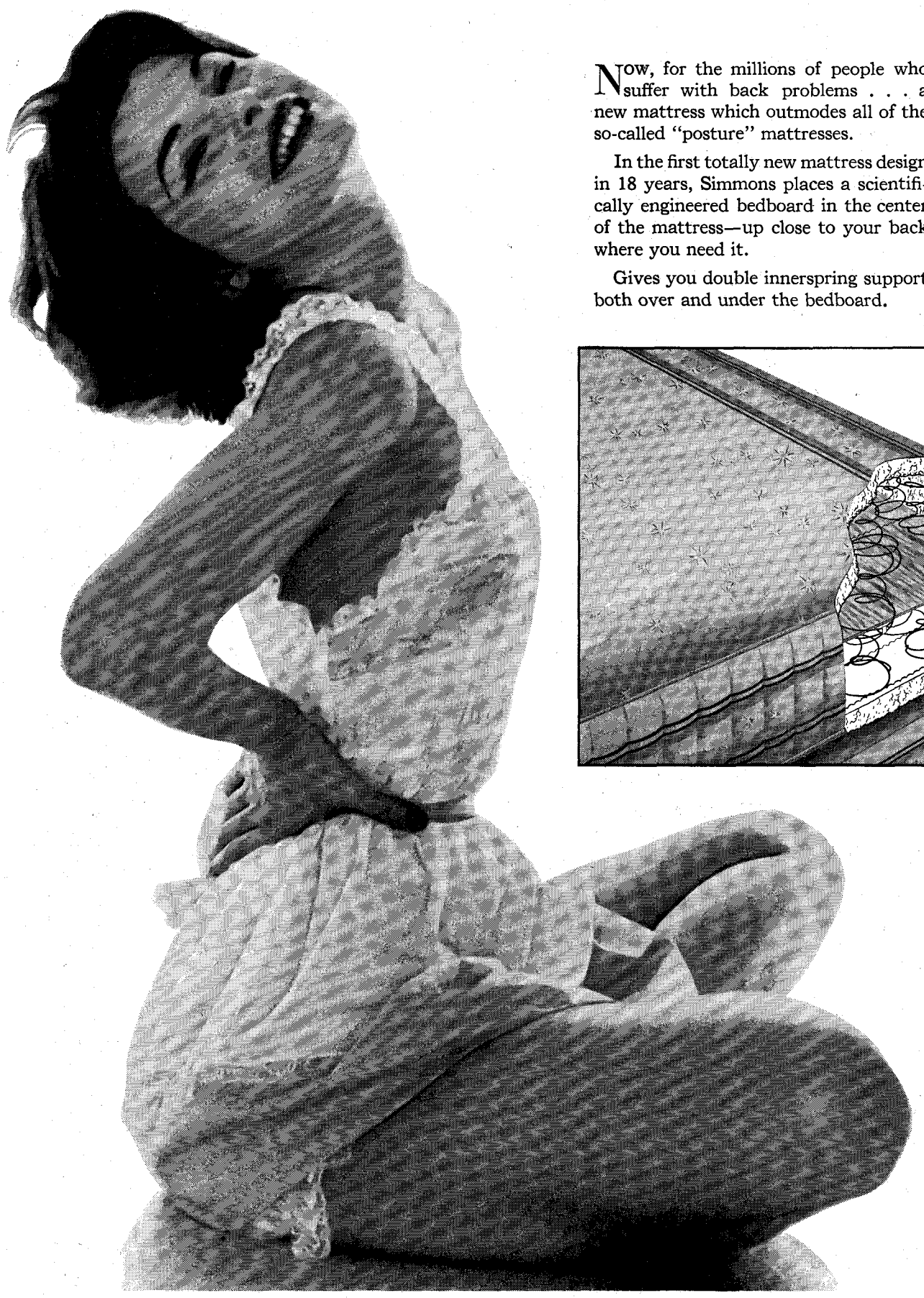
New BACK CARE mattress by SIMMONS

First and only mattress with a Built-in Bedboard



Now, for the millions of people who suffer with back problems . . . a new mattress which outmodes all of the so-called "posture" mattresses.

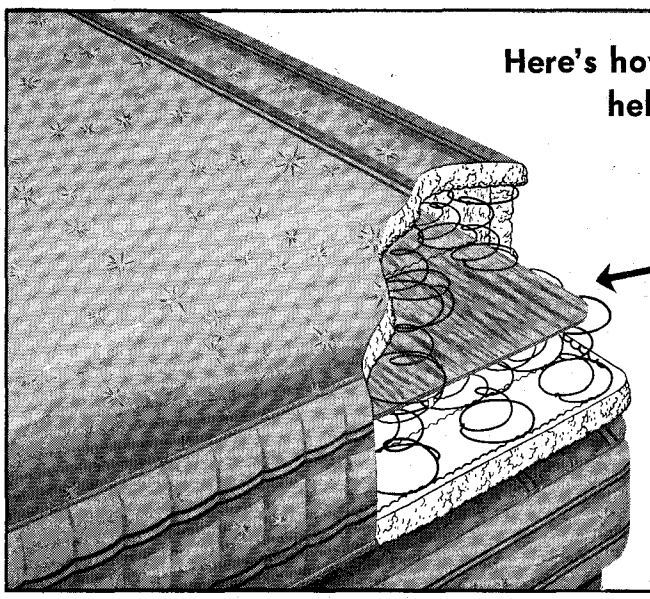
In the first totally new mattress design in 18 years, Simmons places a scientifically engineered bedboard in the center of the mattress—up close to your back where you need it.

Gives you double innerspring support both over and under the bedboard.

Requested...supervised...approved by doctors. The Back Care® was designed as a result of medical demand.

Orthopedists were consulted on its construction . . . and a panel of orthopedists tried it for themselves and their patients . . . gave it complete approval.

Despite costly construction, Back Care costs only $79.50, fully guaranteed. Once used to Back Care, you'll never be comfortable on any other mattress.



Here's how Built-in Bedboard helps your back:

1. Resilient coil support adjusts to your body contours . . . smooth, button-free surface.

2. Built-in Bedboard of plywood keeps your spine level and straight. Scientific corrective action up close to your back where you need it.

3. Extra floating spring support. Bedboard floats on extra layer of springs . . . equalizes weight over all coils. Prevents sag.

BACK CARE

PATENT PENDING

WITH BUILT-IN BEDBOARD

by SIMMONS

Makers of the famous Beautyrest® mattress and Hide-A-Bed® Sofa

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(*Continued from Page 52*) The "burr" of the field phone broke into Feldstone's thoughts and he reached for the handset, identified himself and recognized the voice at the other end. It was Heine Schmidt, the message center chief at the command post of the regiment's rear echelon still north of the Zweibrau Wehr. "I got a message for the colonel," Schmidt said. "He there, Ed?"

"He ain't here," Feldstone said. "Give me the message, Heine. I'll see he gets it."

"Like you seen that I got back that ten bucks you owe me," Schmidt said sourly. "You can't hide up there in the boondocks forever, you debt dodger. Well, I got news for you—you're working for a buck general now. How do you like them apples?"

"Never mind the clowning," Feldstone said. "Just give me that message. I got better things to do than beat my gums with the lousy rear echelon."

"I ain't kidding you," Schmidt told him. "Radio just come from division. It says Dan's promoted to buck general and for him to turn command over to the next senior officer and shag back to the division CP. The regiment's being pulled back across the Zweibrau tonight, since it seems you birds up there can't take Kolm anyway."

"I don't believe it," Feldstone said flatly, his mind still on the first part of the message. "Why would anybody want to ruin a good colonel by puttin' a star on him?"

"I wouldn't know," Schmidt grunted. "But I got an idea you can use. Get old Iron Pants to make you his aide—then you can come back with him and pay me that ten bucks."

Feldstone heard Schmidt's snicker as he cut off. *Well, now that is a switch,* he thought as he put the handset down. *Usually, you get your regiment shot up and you find yourself back in Paris counting blankets and beans. You don't get a star pinned on you—not even a buck general's star. Maybe the division commander we got ain't as dumb as I thought. I better go tell Dan.*

Age seems to decide whether men pursue women or a hobby.

KENNETH J. SHIVELY

It was a little before 0700 when Dan Sharkey got back to the CP in the smelly cellar and went in through the blanket door. A lieutenant that Dan didn't know was bending over the map on the table and making new marks on the acetate overlay. He straightened as he saw the older man come into the light.

"Sir," he said, blinking, "I didn't know the colonel was up here. Major Daggett's out on the perimeter somewhere and ——"

"Let it go," Dan Sharkey said gruffly. "Think you can rustle me up a coffee somewhere, son? I'm getting too old to be paddle-footing it around in the rain."

The lieutenant grinned faintly and said, "Yes, *sir!* I'll get some coffee," and went on out thinking: *With the Old Man up here hell's going to pop today, I'll bet. I feel good he's here, though.*

He came back with the coffee after a little and Dan growled his thanks and got a cigarette out of a crumpled, muddy pack—smoked between gulps of the hot brew. It was good—it put new life into a man. Daggett and his company commanders would be here soon. Young Daggett hadn't done too bad a job in getting the battalion reorganized, he decided. The boy would probably make a good troop leader once he'd had his tail kicked into it a few times.

Boots, scraping against the stone beyond the blanket, told him that they were coming now and he put the canteen cup away and got to his feet. "Come on in, damn it!" he snapped.

They came with Clay Daggett in the lead, his company commanders behind him—all of them muddy and with the whipped look showing in their drawn faces. Dan's thin mouth tightened. He had seen that look on men's faces before. It wasn't going to be easy to take what was left of the hard-luck regiment back into Kolm. For a moment he stood there, putting his hard stare onto each of them.

"Gentlemen," he said then, biting at his words, "this is going to be a short field order—you will not need to take notes. At 0800 the regiment will attack in column down the Kolm road. It is now 0710—set your watches. I will move at the head of the column. Are there any questions?"

The shocked silence that greeted his words could be cut with a knife, he thought absently. Ed Feldstone had come into the cellar now and was making frantic gestures from where he stood behind the others. Well, Ed would have to wait because it looked as though Maj. Clay Daggett had something to say—all of the color had gone out of the younger man's face, leaving it a dirty gray.

"In column down the Kolm road, sir?" he said in a choked voice. "That's suicide! We wouldn't have a chance!"

Sgt. Ed Feldstone was pushing forward now, coming up to the table to stand close to Dan. He made his voice a hoarse whisper, but his words carried into the close room.

"I been trying to find you, Dan," he said urgently. "The attack's off—division says we're to pull back across the Zweibrau tonight. Orders are you're to turn over command to the next senior officer an' report back to the division CP. Right away ——"

Daggett's voice, suddenly relieved, cut off Feldstone's words. "I am the next senior officer here, Colonel Sharkey. I'm sorry, but I'll take the regiment back across the river tonight."

For a moment Dan stood there looking back at the other, his face settling into harder lines. But, when he spoke, his voice was almost kind—as though he spoke to a child who didn't understand.

"By tonight, major," he said, "there will be no regiment left to take back. The attack orders stand—we jump off in just forty minutes. That is all, gentlemen."

"No!" Daggett said violently, color flooding into his gray face now. "You've butchered this regiment, colonel. Being relieved and sent to the rear is the price you're paying for that! I'm taking command as of now—there will be no attack!"

"Major," Dan said, still with that terrible softness in his voice, "we move down the Kolm road at 0800. Argue any more about that and I will stand you in front of a wall and shoot you!"

Stark silence hung again in the smelly air of the cellar as the officers in front of Dan avoided one another's eyes. Then Ed Feldstone said heavily, speaking as though he and Dan were alone now, "You ain't being relieved to go back and count beans in Paris, Dan. They're pinnin' a star on you."

"What difference does that make in anything?" Dan demanded harshly. "Get back to your commands, gentlemen!"

The company commanders filed out. Clay Daggett hesitated for a moment, an unbelieving look in his eyes. Then he shook his head and turned and followed the others. (*Continued on Page 61*)

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HAROLD E. CHURCHILL, *Studebaker President*, with new Lark 4 Door Sedan

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YOUR NEW DIMENSION IN MOTORING BORN IN SOUTH BEND

BY HAROLD E. CHURCHILL

Like millions of others, you have probably been looking to Detroit for a new kind of car—something that strikes a smart, sensible balance between the 5/8 size foreign imports and the oversize U.S. makes. ➤ Among 1959 models, already announced or about to be, you will at last find one such car. ➤ It is the newest concept in automobiles—a whole new dimension in motoring—brought to you, happily, by the oldest name in the industry. ➤ It comes to you not from abroad, not from Detroit . . . but *out of South Bend—by Studebaker.* ➤ And not surprising—for only an independent manufacturer, flexible in operation and centralized in management, could move this quickly to meet the needs and tastes of the times. ➤ It is the only car of its kind. It is smart, sensible, smooth, solid and spirited. It is as fresh and full of life as the Indiana countryside where it was conceived and is being made today. ➤ This new car is full six-passenger size inside. It has comfortable big-car width and headroom and footroom, all of it cradled within a wheel base nearly equal to the largest selling car of the day. ➤ But outside, it is almost 3 feet shorter than most of the so-called "low-priced" three models. Unnecessary nonfunctional overhang has been eliminated. As a result, the car handles with exceptional ease, parks without effort, corners beautifully. ➤ In styling, it is smart and simple, even classic, and completely individual, in a friendly, happy way. It is not a utility car, a sports car or a show-off car, but a perfectly balanced design that incorporates the best virtues of all. The interiors are simple but tasteful, with fine pleated fabric and vinyl upholstery. Their fashion rightness has been commended by Harper's Bazaar. ➤ In power (you can have a six or an eight) this car is far more than adequate—is, in fact, wonderfully spirited and lively, but not wastefully excessive. It operates with amazing economy, needs regular gasoline only, and delivers more than 30 m.p.g. in many cases. ➤ All this for prices starting under $2,000. We think you'll agree with us, it's the most rewarding car value available today. ➤ At any rate, when it comes your way this week (on display at your Studebaker Dealer's), try it, won't you? You knew it had to happen. You've been wanting it to happen. And when you drive this one—you'll be glad it did.

By the way, the name of the car is The Lark by Studebaker. ➤

READ MORE ABOUT IT ON THE NEXT PAGE

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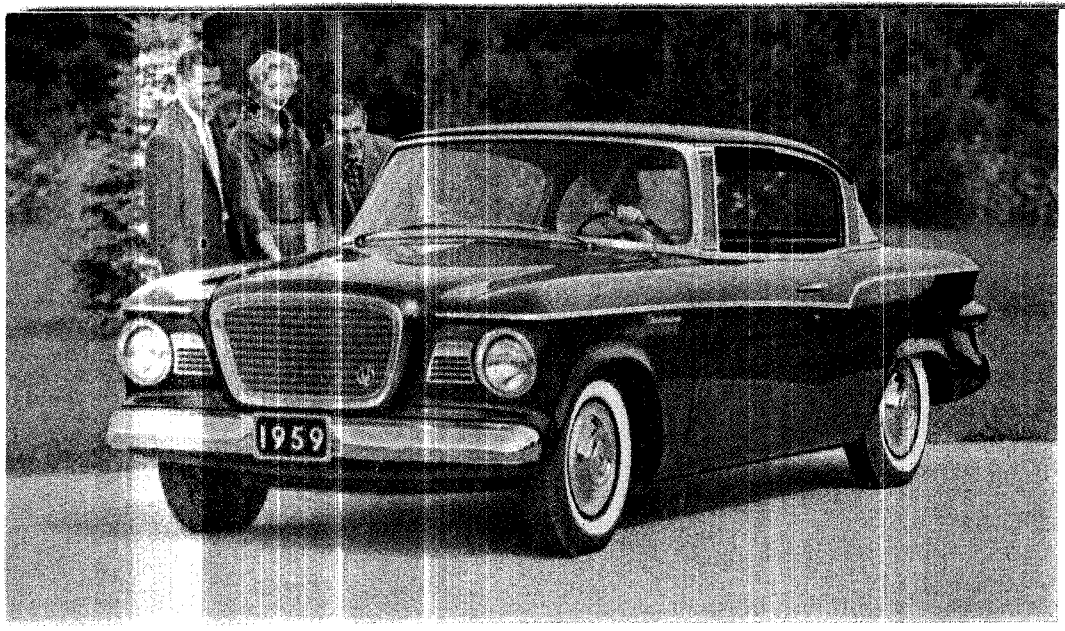
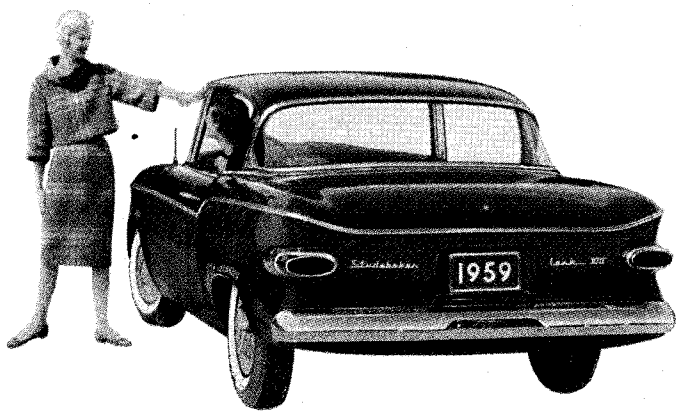


THE NEW DIMENSION IN HARDTOPS—a haughty little aristocrat that combines regal style for the richest taste with youth for the youngest spirit. Smartest hardtop of them all, this sparkling gem will be a family showpiece.



THE STATION WAGON—fam'liest car in town. Large cargo capacity. 113-inch wheel base. Far more economical to run than conventional station wagons, considerably lower in price, and far easier to park and turn.

(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)

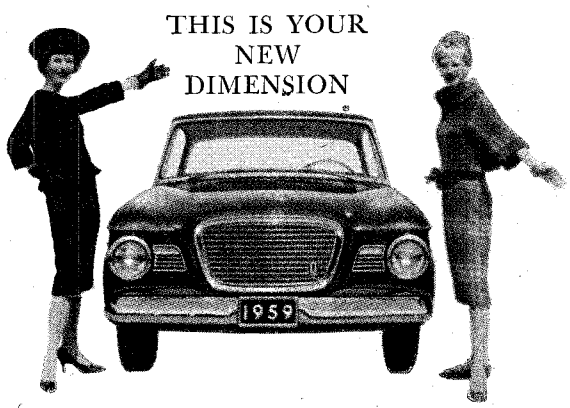
MORE ABOUT THE *LARK* BY STUDEBAKER

The Lark is engineered and built by the famed craftsmen of Studebaker.

THE SEDANS—2-Door (right) and 4-Door (preceding page) the perfect "beautility" models. Youthfully styled, built for service, designed for amazing economy and driving ease. Family cars with a flair all their own.

All models beautifully appointed, with fashion-approved interiors. Most with pleated fabric and vinyl upholstery, handsome panel, padded dash and pile carpet.

THIS IS YOUR NEW DIMENSION



Seats six with headroom, footroom and width comparable to conventional full-size U.S. cars.

And this seating space is cradled entirely between the axles. Yet nearly three feet of unnecessary, nonfunctional overhang has been eliminated.

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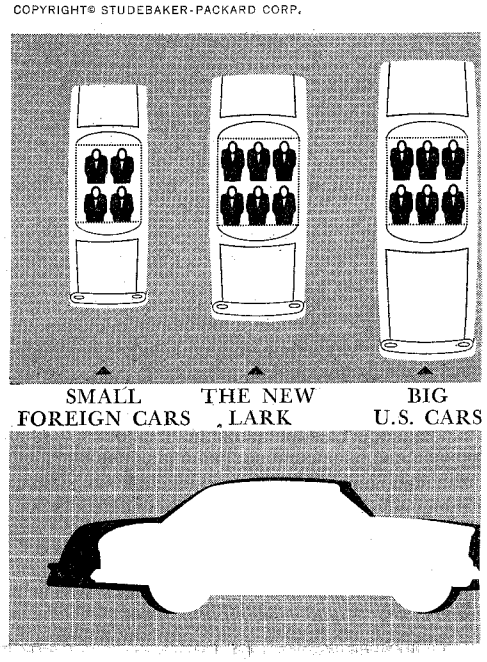

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(*Continued from Page 57*) Dan Sharkey reached down and picked up his helmet from the floor; he jammed it down over his ears as he gave Feldstone a hard look.

"I ought to tack those stripes of yours up on the barn door," he said sourly. "Find me a carbine somewhere—then form the command group up and wait for me at the head of the column, Ed."

Ed Feldstone knew that this was no use but he might as well make the try. "Damn it, Dan," he said, "why can't you stay back where you belong? I'd like to be able to tell my grandkids that I once hobnobbed around with a live general."

"You got no grandkids that would own up to you," Dan grunted with a note of affection in his voice. "Get going, Ed."

The sky was a dirty gray and the rain was snow now—fat flakes drifting down like the petals of white roses. Fog closed off the rest of the world as the word passed and the regiment began to leave its holes and form up on the road. Men moved with the unprotesting obedience of automatons—not surprised, not angry. Anything was better than to lie beneath the weight of the German counter-attacks for another endless day. Anyway, this was the hard-luck regiment.

The command group came out of the fog, boots making a hollow clump against the cobbled road. Clay Daggett, his head fuzzy with the events of the last hour, came up as Feldstone halted his little party at the head of the forming column.

"Where's the colonel?" Clay asked.

"He'll be along," Ed said.

"He must hate this regiment," Clay said as though he spoke to himself.

"Major," Feldstone murmured softly, "Dan Sharkey is proud of this regiment—he's felt every bullet it's taken in this fight. That's the reason he's taking it back to Kolm. He figures this regiment belongs to him ever since that day he brought one of its battalions out of the Argonne twenty-six years ago. Dan was a sergeant then."

Clay Daggett started a little and an odd expression came into his face. He had heard of that; his father had told the story a thousand times, always ending with: "That sergeant was the best soldier I ever saw, Clay. I never learned his name."

"That was Dan Sharkey?" Clay asked.

"That was Dan," Ed Feldstone said.

Then Dan Sharkey came tramping out of the fog and took his place at the head of the column, a salvaged carbine slung from his shoulder. "Come on," he growled. "What are you waiting for? An engraved invitation?"

This was crazy and it wasn't war! A phalanx of muddy, red-eyed men had risen out of the ground and was marching down to Kolm—a ghost army moving through the fog. And presently the sheer insanity of it—its bravado and its mad audacity—began to infect the column with an excitement that was heightened by memory of the misery in the foxholes that had been left behind.

This was the hard-luck regiment, was it? This was the regiment that wore a jinx around its neck? Well, try this on your fiddle, bud! How many other regiments have stood up on their hind legs and have marched smack into the middle of the Kraut army? How many other regiments have got a tough old rooster like Dan Sharkey marching with them? And the old buzzard a general now, for the word of that had passed along the grapevine.

Spud Haskins, a BAR man marching in Able Company just behind the command group, put that into words above the tramp of boots which was beating out a steady "slap-thud" now. "Who'd ever thought this lousy outfit would rate a general for a C.O.?" he asked and his words carried up to Clay Daggett stumping along beside Ed Feldstone. "Maybe we ought to pass in review for him."

"Never mind about no passing in review," a sergeant named Kovacs answered roughly. "You're passing in review now up on your way to Kolm. Pick up the step, boy! Hup, two, three, four!"

A snicker started and ran back down the column and presently the song started—not loud at first but growing louder, until Clay felt it blowing on the back of his neck as he marched into the fog. A fighting man's song that had been born of another war.

"The general got the Croix de guerre,
parlez-vous. . . ."

The chant grew, swinging in time to the stamp of boots and the creak of gun slings. The hard-luck regiment flinging its defiance into the teeth of the world. And Clay Daggett, hearing it, knew that this was a hard-luck regiment no longer; that this had never been a hard-luck regiment at all.

"Oh, the general got the Croix de guerre. . . .
"And the SOB was never there,
"Hinky-dinky parlez-vous."

So, the hard-luck regiment went back into Kolm on a foggy November morning and it took the town again without firing a shot because panic—the deadliest of an army's enemies—seized the town's defenders and they fled as they heard the crazy singing and heard the solid tramp of a ghost army coming at them out of the fog. Presently the Germans came back, but it was too late now—the regiment had found itself. It had its tail up and it fought with cold ferocity.

It was near 1530 when the heaviest German attack came in. The rocket-launcher teams, burning up the last of their rounds, stopped the German tanks cold, but the German infantry—S.S. troops and hard-fighting men—surged forward in a final desperate bid for Kolm. They penetrated to the town's edge and there old Dan Sharkey, already twice wounded, met them at the head of the counter-attack that he personally led.

Men fought there, growling deep-throated curses and killing with naked steel and with rocks and with bare hands. But the Germans could not match the savage fury of the regiment now and presently this attack, too, began to ebb toward the woods looming dimly through the fog and the falling snow. The regiment still owned the town but it had paid a price. Ed Feldstone had taken the bullet that had waited for him for twenty-six years. Old Dan Sharkey had been burp-gunned through the belly—Clay had seen him go down.

Now that the town was clear once more, Clay came back, dodging the shell-fire which was crumping down to cover the German withdrawal. He brought Dan with him, carrying the older man tenderly in his arms. A hasty aid station had been set up in another smelly cellar in another ruined house and Clay left old Dan there, then went back to the street where the shells were falling faster now.

He was in command.

Two more attacks came in before the afternoon began to die, but they were weaker—not pressed home as the earlier ones had been. By 1700, with dark coming down and the snow still falling, Clay sent a radio message to division that the regiment had Kolm and that the river road could be opened. Got word back that ammunition and food and help were on their way. He carried that word to Dan Sharkey, lying in the cold cellar with the rest of the wounded.

Dan still lived, grunted as Clay gave him the message. Dan's eyes were as flinty as ever as he stared up, but a faint satisfaction eased the deep lines of his leathery face.

"The regiment's yours now, boy," he said, the familiar rasp still in his voice although his words came more slowly now. "You're doing O.K. Not bad, to go from battalion exec to regimental commander in five days' time. No, not bad."

"Not as good as from platoon sergeant to battalion commander, sir," Clay said gently and saw Dan's eyes soften.

"So you know about that," he murmured. "I'm turning a good regiment over to you, major. A good regiment."

Clay could think of no answer to that. He blinked and frowned and put a hand on Dan's shoulder. "Division radioed 'Well done,' sir," he said huskily. "The division commander says for you to get back there before you get your fool self killed."

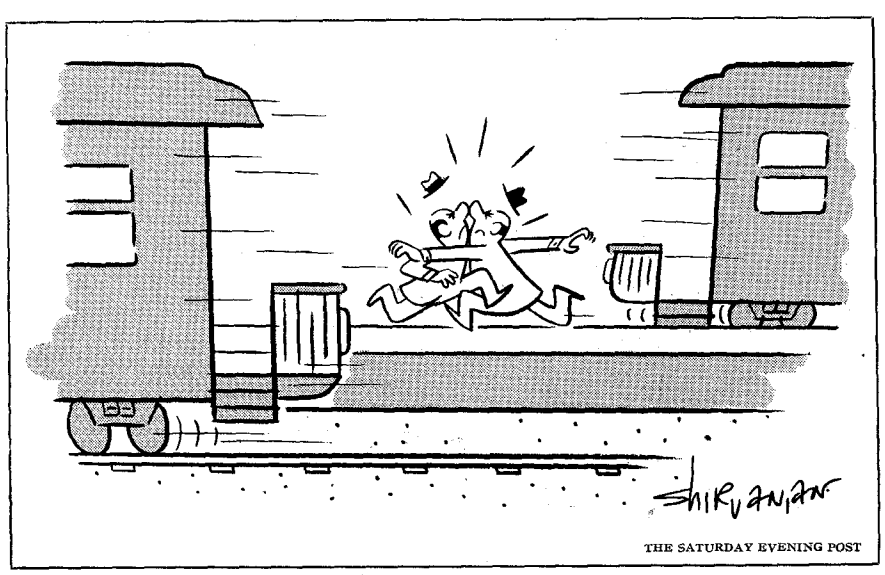
Dan Sharkey thought of that for a moment, the light falling across the gullies of his face. Then his lips twisted into a tight grin that did not hide the pain running in him.

"Tell him nuts, boy," he said, so low that Clay barely heard the words. "Who the hell ever heard of a dead general?"

Presently Clay got back to his feet and went on into the deepening night. Falling snow was soft against his face as he turned toward where his makeshift CP lay. He had left something of himself behind in that cellar, he knew. He would never be quite the same again. Off somewhere a man was singing softly:

"Oh, the general got the Croix de guerre. . . .
"The SOB was everywhere,
"Hinky-dinky parlez-vous."

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

New "Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!

With new Shinola you shine *once*—the shine *stays on*! You just "re-buff" away water-spots, dirt and scuff marks *between* shines—in seconds!

. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

Exclusive Easy-Open key!

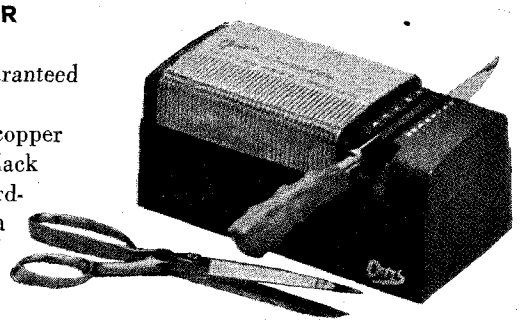
Also Shinola Liquid in Colors—and Whites

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IVE BETTER...
Electrically
Give up the tired 'n true and give something new —something they'll enjoy for many Christmases to come — something electric! There's an electric gift to fit every person and purse! Be star-bright this Christmas . . . take your gift list to your local appliance or department store today!
LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

OSTER

DE LUXE ELECTRIC KNIFE AND SCISSORS SHARPENER



Exclusive two-wheel action guaranteed to hollow-hone even your finest cutlery without scratching . . . copper automatic switch slide — jet-black housing . . . features special cord-storage compartment . . . use on counter or mount on wall . . . comes complete with Cutlery Care and How to Carve book.

NORELCO

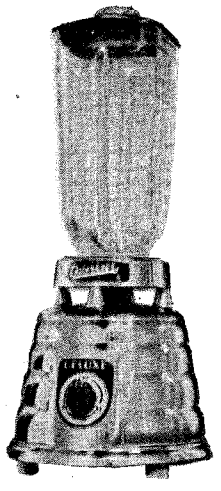
ROTARY ACTION SPEEDSHAVER

Completely new . . . contoured skin-smoother rim holds whiskers erect for rotary blades to stroke off . . . blades are self-sharpening . . . push-button, flip-top shaver head affords fast, easy cleaning . . . *permanently lubricated* motor runs cool and quiet . . . two-tone shaver . . . matching travel case . . . AC/DC.

YOU PLEASE WITH EASE.

OSTERIZER

ORIGINAL LIQUEFIER-BLENDER



Chops, blends, grinds, grates, churns, mixes, liquefies, purées . . . many exclusives: glass container opens at both ends for easier cleaning . . . container cap fits standard canning jars . . . removable cutting blades . . . fully enclosed motor base . . . tapered cutting well permits continuous feeding.

You'll find all the wonderful electric gifts shown in these pages — and many more, too — in stores with "Give Better Electrically" displays. Look for them for easy, pleasant Christmas shopping.

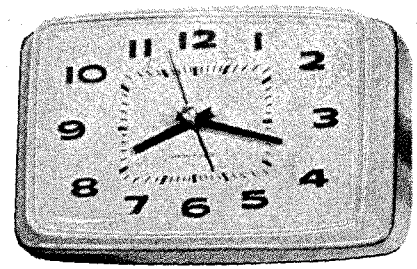
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GENERAL ELECTRIC
SUNLAMP

Give a summer suntan now . . . this gift wins compliments the year round—is the next-best thing to giving a winter vacation in Nassau . . . it lets the whole family enjoy a handsome, healthy, head-to-toe tan in the privacy of their home . . . fits ordinary AC lamp sockets.

GENERAL ELECTRIC-TELECHRON
KITCHEN CLOCK—TRIM

Thinnest, trimmest electric wall clock . . . features wall-hugging case, easy-to-read dial . . . accurate to the minute . . . never needs winding . . . comes in sparkling color combinations of copper with white or yellow, or chrome with white . . . adds a beautiful touch to any wall.



WHEN YOU GIVE THESE!

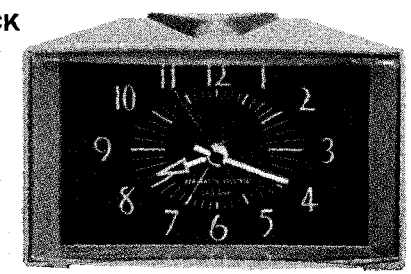
TURN PAGE

GENERAL ELECTRIC
PEEK-A-BREW COFFEEMAKER

Lets you see at a glance how much coffee is left . . . takes guesswork out of measuring water . . . brew selector assures just the right coffee strength . . . just set and forget—it turns off automatically when coffee is brewed the way you want it—and keeps it hot . . . brews 3 to 10 cups.

GENERAL ELECTRIC-TELECHRON
ROYAL "SNOOZ-ALARM"® CLOCK

Most popular electric alarm idea ever . . . wakes you—lets you snooze—then wakes you again . . . striking modern design . . . fully luminous dial . . . comes in three attractive colors—Beige, Pink or Sea Mist.



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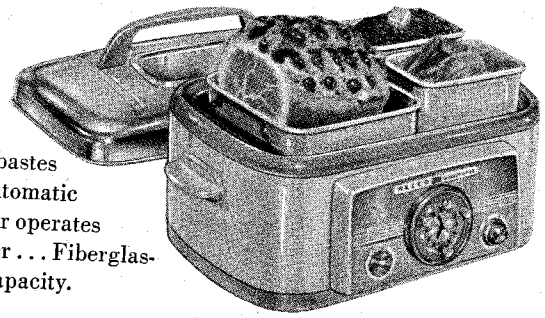
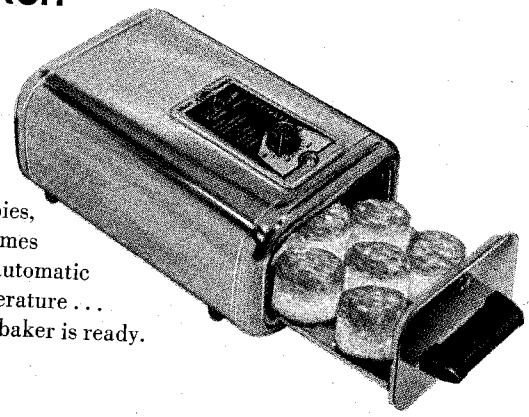
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NESCO
ROASTRYTE



"Select-A-Recipe" control gives you perfect results every time . . . polished aluminum lid features see-through Pyrex window . . . bastes automatically . . . built-in automatic "dinner-watcher" clock timer operates like an automatic range timer . . . Fiberglas-insulated . . . full 18-quart capacity.

KNAPP-MONARCH
REDI-BAKER

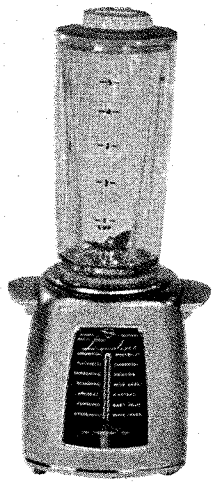


The modern, handy way to bake right at the table . . . bakes frozen foods, meat loaf, full package of biscuits, potatoes, 2 frozen pies, full package cake . . . four times faster . . . "Dial-A-Recipe" automatic control assures proper temperature . . . indicator light signals when baker is ready.

TURN PAGE

YOU PLEASE WITH EASE

KNAPP-MONARCH
MULTI-SPEED LIQUIDIZER



Most versatile food and beverage appliance . . . beats, blends, chops, grinds, liquidizes, pulverizes, shreds, purées, shaves ice . . . has a speed for every need, each easily selected by new "Dial-A-Speed" control switch . . . 44-ounce capacity — largest mixing jar of any blender . . . attractively styled in chrome and four decorator colors.

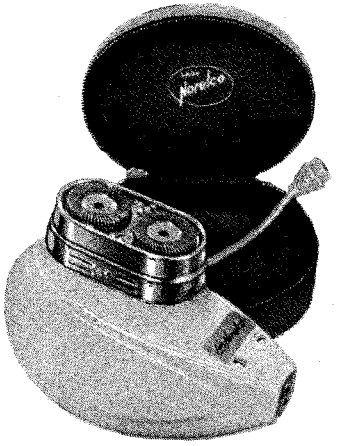
KNAPP-MONARCH
CORN POPPER

Just plug in and watch corn pop automatically to full, fluffy kernels . . . no scorching — no burning . . . no shaking — no stirring . . . four boxes from each popping . . . automatic control switches off current when corn is popped . . . heat-proof glass top and stay-cool plastic handles and feet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

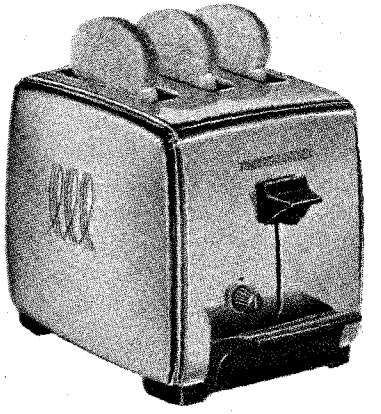
LADY NORELCO
DE LUXE ELECTRIC RAZOR

For "powder-puff" feminine grooming . . . not a sharp edge anywhere . . . rounded surface fits contours of underarms and legs . . . doesn't dig in, scrape, or irritate delicate skin . . . twin rotary blades and new, quieter AC/DC motor . . . luxurious travel case . . . also new Norelco Debutante model.



TOASTMASTER
TRIPLETTE TOASTER

Toasts 1, 2 or 3 slices at a time—automatically . . . makes perfect, golden toast faster—every time . . . special control lets you select just the right shade of light or dark . . . designed to fit the needs of today's larger families.



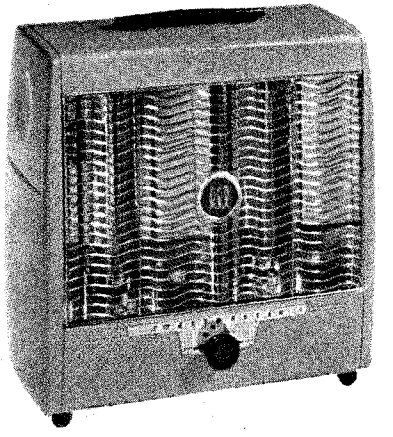
WHEN YOU GIVE THESE!

TURN PAGE

For quick, courteous and helpful attention to your gift-shopping needs — and quality products at reasonable prices — look for stores with "Give Better Electrically" displays.

TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC HEATER

Superfast heating element gives cheerful warmth the instant current is turned on . . . dependable thermostat assures constant warmth . . . quiet-running motor drives positive-pressure blower . . . safety switch turns unit off automatically if knocked over . . . plug in any AC outlet . . . rose-beige enamel.



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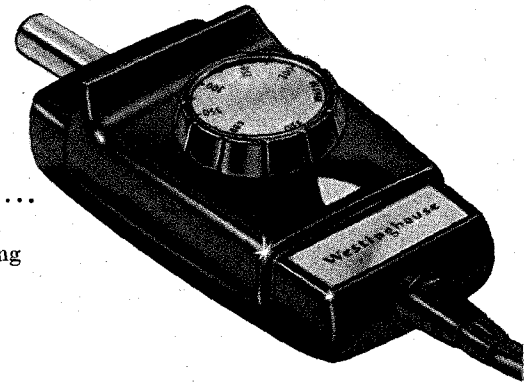
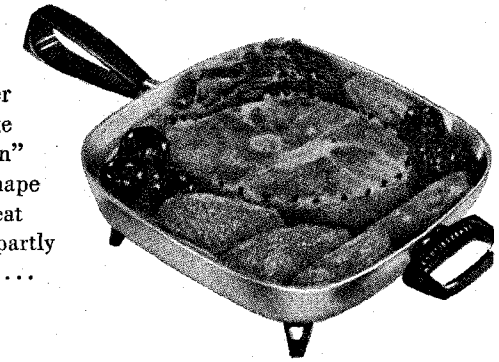
WESTINGHOUSE
AUTOMATIC CONTROL



One control fits all Immerse-A-Matic appliances . . . signal light shows you when selected temperature has been reached . . . temperature range from warm (125°) to 425° . . . smart styling in cool ebony plastic with gleaming gold trim.

WESTINGHOUSE
IMMERSE-A-MATIC 12-INCH FRY PAN

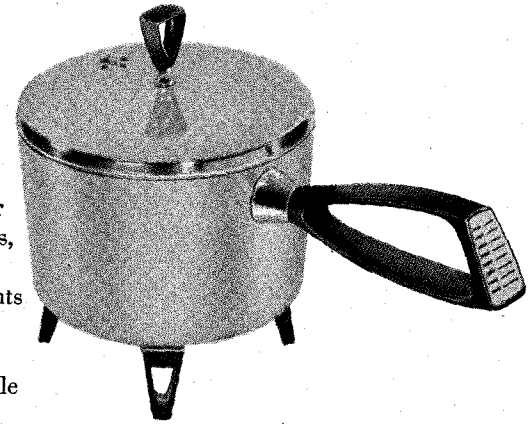


Entire appliance washes under water . . . giant size cooks large family meals . . . "Spread-Even" heating elements follow the shape of the pan for even, over-all heat distribution . . . food is never partly done, never scorches or sticks . . . two handles for easy lifting.

TURN PAGE

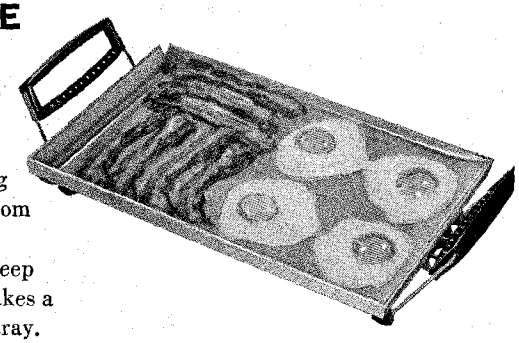
YOU PLEASE WITH EASE

WESTINGHOUSE
IMMERSE-A-MATIC 3-QUART SAUCEPAN



Completely washable under water . . . you'll find it ideal for creamy desserts, smooth sauces, just-right vegetables . . . "Spread-Even" heating elements are cast in to assure even heat distribution . . . polished aluminum cover with adjustable steam vent comes with pan.

WESTINGHOUSE
IMMERSE-A-MATIC ELECTRIC GRIDDLE



Washes under water like a cookie sheet . . . huge grilling surface provides plenty of room for an entire family meal . . . generous grease well helps keep cooking surface clean . . . makes a wonderful portable warmer tray.

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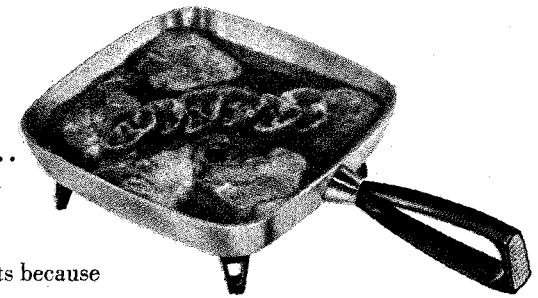
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTINGHOUSE
IMMERSE-A-MATIC
11-INCH FRY PAN



Completely washable under water . . . it fries, bakes, simmers, stews, and roasts . . . open safety handle is always cool . . . exclusive "Spread-Even" heat cooks everything better — eliminates cold spots because heating element follows the square shape of the pan.

WESTINGHOUSE
IMMERSE-A-MATIC
5-QUART DUTCH OVEN

Entire unit washes under water . . . cooks everything from soups to desserts . . . it stews, roasts, deep-fries foods . . . comes complete with steam-vented cover . . . fry basket available as an accessory.

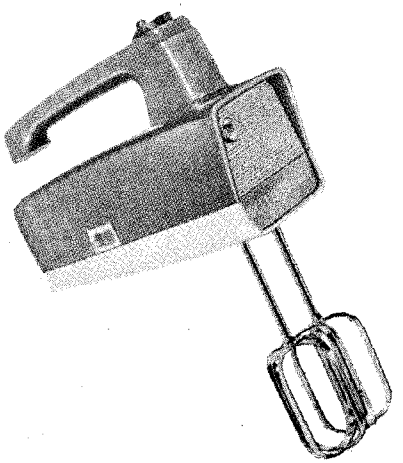
WHEN YOU GIVE THESE!

TURN PAGE

WESTINGHOUSE
SPOUTLESS COFFEE MAKER

No spout, so stale oils can't collect and spoil real fresh coffee taste . . . wide mouth and smooth interior make cleaning easier . . . Selector Dial lets you brew coffee from mild to strong . . . 2- to 8-cup capacity . . . completely automatic . . . keeps coffee hot for hours . . . attractive, modern design.

WESTINGHOUSE
PORTABLE MIXER

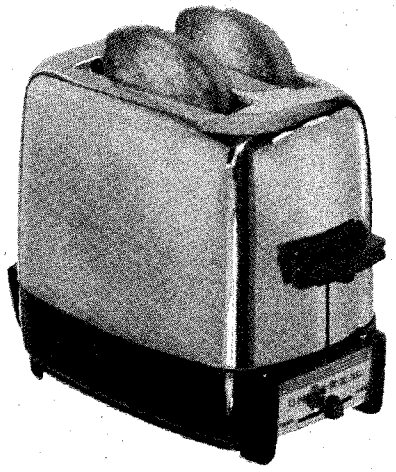


Comes in white, aqua, pink, or yellow . . . takes even the heaviest doughs right in stride . . . completely portable and lightweight . . . open handle has controls up front to let you change speeds, eject beaters, stop and start . . . detachable cord . . . you can hang mixer on wall or rest it on heel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

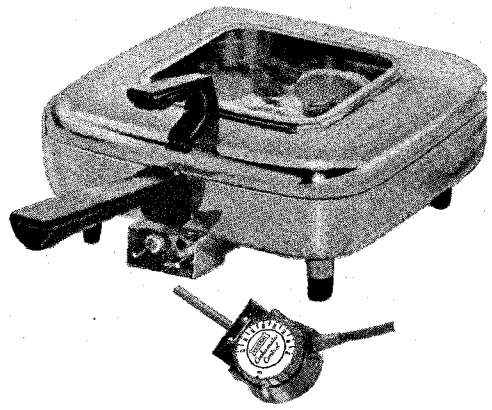
UNIVERSAL
AUTOMATIC TOASTER

New Reflector-Control browns any type of bread without special adjustment . . . slide switch selects proper shade of brownness . . . toasts extra-fast . . . Hi-Rise racks put even muffins within easy reach . . . easy to clean . . . available in either shiny chrome or glamorous copper finish.



UNIVERSAL
FRYING PAN

Gives you better thermostatically controlled heat on your cooking surface than you have in your oven . . . just set the Cookamatic control to desired heat for perfect results every time . . . detachable control allows you to wash unit under water like an ordinary pan.

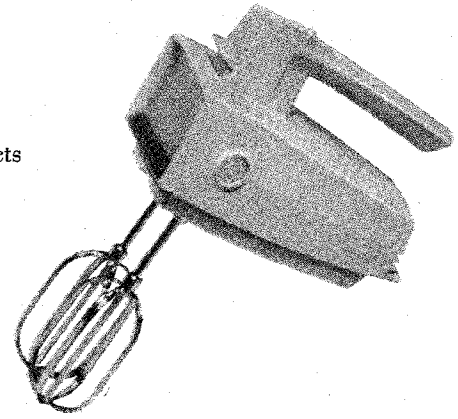


TURN PAGE

YOU PLEASE WITH EASE

UNIVERSAL
PORTABLE HAND MIXER

Lightweight, easy to use for any mixing job . . . easy-to-read dial selects any one of three different speeds . . . new, improved beater release simplifies cleaning . . . mixer stands on special heel rest, can be stored compactly in small space or drawer . . . available in pink, turquoise, yellow, and white.



UNIVERSAL
COFFEEMATIC

No guessing . . . no watching . . . no reheating . . . set magical Flavor-Selector to choose your favorite brew . . . starts perking immediately . . . stops when coffee's brewed just right . . . gives you perfect, full-bodied coffee every time . . . comes in gleaming chrome or copper finish.

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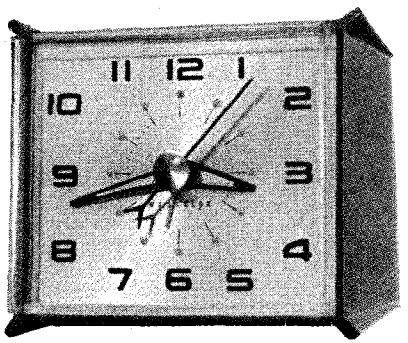
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

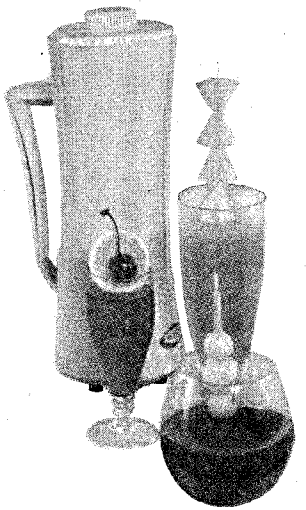
WESTCLOX
ANDOVER

The clock with the sculptured look—attractive in any room in the house . . . beautifully embossed metal dial . . . luxurious hour marks and hands . . . comes in stylish driftwood luminous or black luminous . . . sweep second hand . . . buzzer alarm . . . stands four inches high.



WARING
DRINK MIXER

Completely portable, electric fun center for the whole family . . . mixes hot or cold drinks and soups . . . makes milk shakes, fruit drinks, sodas, and sauces quick and easy . . . has 24-ounce capacity . . . cleans itself in jig time . . . the handsome pouring container comes in five beautiful decorator colors.

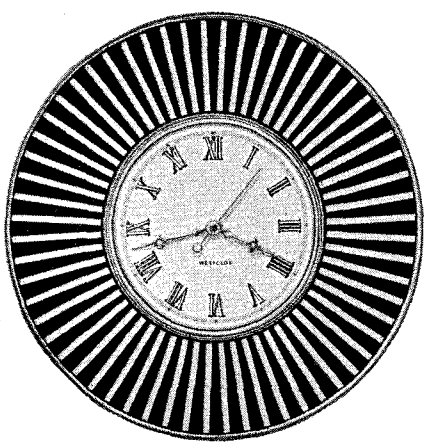


WHEN YOU GIVE THESE!

TURN PAGE

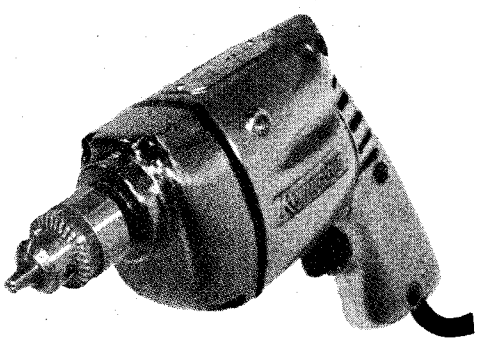
WESTCLOX
ORBIT

An entirely new approach in a decorative wall clock . . . high-styled cartwheel design with white dial face, black "spokes," and solid brass rings . . . available also with black dial face and white "spokes" . . . sweep second hand . . . 12″ diameter.



REMINGTON
DE LUXE ¼″ ELECTRIC DRILL
MODEL 149DL

Unmatched power: delivers up to ⅓ horsepower — more work without stalling or overheating . . . elegant triple-tone styling — copper-plated gear case, black trim and trigger, polished aluminum housing . . . has precision-geared chuck with key and 3-conductor cord with adapter.



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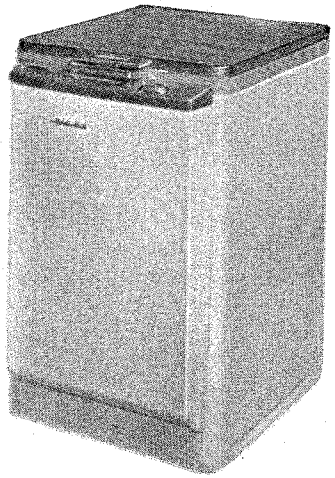
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

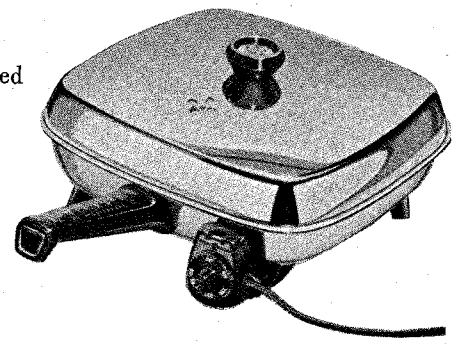
GENERAL ELECTRIC
MOBILE MAID® DISHWASHER

Gives you more time for your family . . . needs no installation . . . rolls easily . . . new "Flushaway Drain" power-scrubs dishes, eliminates hand rinsing . . . fully automatic with finger-tip controls . . . built in pump and automatic detergent dispenser . . . holds service for 10 . . . Textolite® top provides extra work surface.



GENERAL ELECTRIC
DE LUXE AUTOMATIC SKILLET

Bakes, fries, stews . . . silicone thermostat provides even, controlled heat for every kind of cooking . . . cooks foods just right . . . no smoking — no burning — no need to keep watching and adjusting . . . removable thermostat lets you wash unit like an ordinary pan.



TURN PAGE

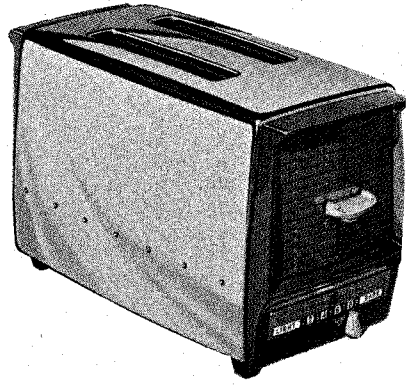
YOU PLEASE WITH EASE

GENERAL ELECTRIC
SUPER-GRIND DISPOSALL®

The housewife's greatest friend . . . gets rid of food *before* it becomes garbage . . . grinds up all kinds of food waste faster than ever before and washes it down the drain . . . needs no sharpening . . . permanently lubricated . . . Safety Twistop control keeps unwanted objects out . . . fits most *any* sink, old or new . . . works on septic tank or sewerage systems.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
AUTOMATIC TOASTER

For toast with your personal touch . . . easy-to-read, 9-position control lets you select exact shade of toast . . . extra-high toast lift ends groping for hard-to-get short pieces . . . snap-out crumb tray assures quick, easy cleaning . . . heavy chrome finish shines bright with a wipe.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How well are you doing your Christmas Stock-ing?

CHECK THE "GIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY" SCALE AND SEE HOW YOU RATE!

How many of these electric appliances are you giving?

____baker
____blender
____clock
____coffee maker
____corn popper
____dishwasher
____drink mixer
____Dutch oven
____fry pan
____griddle
____knife-scissors sharpener
____portable mixer
____power drill
____roaster
____room heater
____saucepan
____sewing machine
____shaver
____sunlamp
____toaster
____vacuum cleaner
____waste disposer

(0-3)

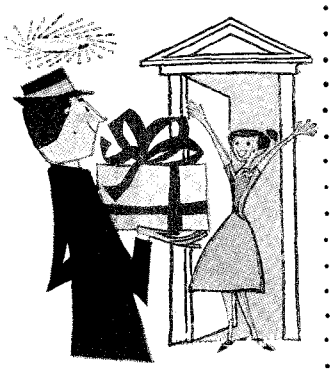
You're green as a Christmas tree!

You're just *not* in the know. Still "old hat" about Christmas stock-ing—you haven't yet learned it's smart... and easy, too...to *give better electrically!*

(4-6)

You're an angel without wings

You're not all the way off the ground yet. But watch your wings get longer and longer... as your electrical list for giving gets longer, too!



(7-9)

You're welcome as mistletoe

Nobody's going to avoid *you* if he can help it! You're on the Christmas-tree ball... but give even *more* and you'll give even *better* electrically!

(10 or more gifts)

You're Santa Claus ...in person

You can climb into *anyone's* chimney this Christmas! Your glad sack of electric gifts will help everyone on your list *live better electrically!*

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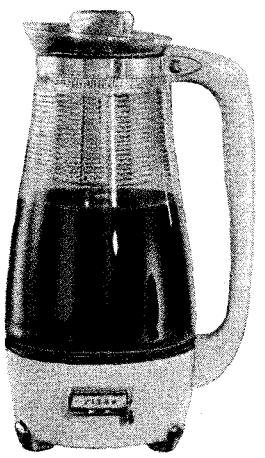

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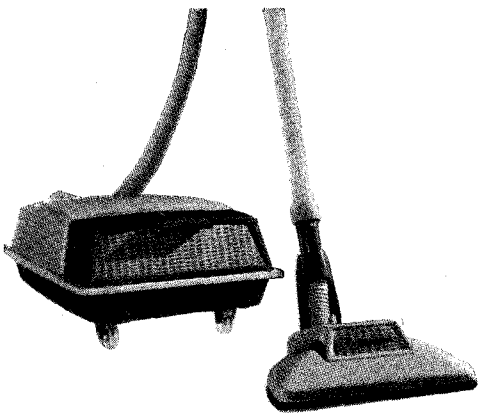

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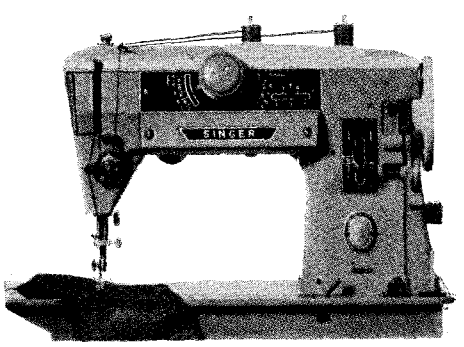

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Mamma Needs New Shoes (Continued from Page 26)

Tony Curtis?" Tom asked later as he undressed. I knew she had hurt him.

It was clear that she wanted anybody but us, at the moment. And until two years ago she had been our "Lamb Pie"—loving and lovable.

I sat there thinking longingly of those good old days. To bring them closer I opened a desk drawer and got out the photograph album. There she was: a plump, precious four-year-old in a chair in the yard, a pan in her lap and a pod in her fingers, and beneath the picture her words quoted: "Mommie, lemme help you unbutton the peas!" There was another one I loved of her, at about seven, hugging her daddy, the loser in a badminton match. And one at eleven, proudly wearing the skirt she had made. Well, basted and hemmed, anyway. And what a good time we had had on that job.

Here was a picture Tom had taken with his flash camera, of Sister in jeans, lying on the floor, her feet on the sofa, and the telephone receiver at her ear. I had labeled the picture, "Dial M for Mutiny"—giving the family's viewpoint. For a long, weary, quarreling time she had monopolized the phone with her muffled and endless conversations.

I had to admit that the case of telephonitis was definitely on the mend. They actually called each other now to say something; nothing momentous, but something. That phase, and the phase of running in a closed pack—ten or more thin-legged, budding little women skittering around in their flats like a covey of partridges—had passed. Maybe this, too, would pass—this ashamed-of-parents phase. It was worse than the others, more hurting, more serious.

Looking again at the eleven-year-old snapshot, I decided to have another try at a cozy mother-daughter sewing session. I changed my dress and dashed down to Thompson's store, where I picked out a dress pattern—easy, but smart, with a low-enough waistline to be almost a sack. Then I went through piles of material until I found just the right thing: pink polished cotton, fresher than springtime.

Sister was late getting home from school. I didn't ask any questions, but she volunteered.

"Goony old Daughters of the Revolution kept us late, talking about their old essay contest."

"Oh? What's the subject?"

"The Founding Fathers. You know: Washington, Jefferson, the Constitution—all that junk."

I winced.

"Will they give the same prize this year? A trip to Washington?"

She nodded.

"Honey, that's worth working on!"

"Not to me, chum."

I bit my tongue and took her into my room, where the pink material was spread out.

"Do you like it? I thought we could make a dress for you out of it."

"Make a dress? Us?"

"Wait till you see the pattern. *Le dernier cri.*" I pulled it out of its bag. She took one look at the picture and went through the motions of throwing up.

I began to get mad.

"This is no dime-store pattern, young lady. It came out of Mode's newest book. But I might have known you wouldn't like it, just because I picked it out." I could feel my voice getting high-pitched.

"You've got something there," said my polite, sweet sprout, going over to the mirror and trying her hair up, back, down, behind the ears, page-boy.

"You think I have no taste—no style whatever?"

"Oh, your taste is O.K. about some things, I guess—like decorating a room, maybe. But when it comes to clothes, mother, you—well, you're the medium-heel type."

After a minute I asked, "Is that base calumny?"

"What?"

"Is it a terrible thing to be the medium-heel type?"

"Oh, well"—she got close to the mirror, examining a microscopic blemish—"it's not a crime. Means you're out for comfort, not kicks. In other words, you've had it. The only others that wear 'em are goony thirteen-year-olds who don't have enough sense to stay in flats until their mothers let 'em wear real heels."

"In other words, it's flats or four-inch. Nothing in between?"

"But nothing."

"Of all the crazy, the asinine notions you've had! And for you to be so scornful, after I spent all morning, trying so hard to find something. . . ." My voice had gotten high again. Sister gave me a look of pity mixed with disdain, and calmly left the room.

She was neither so superior nor so calm when she came home from Charm School the next afternoon, Thursday. I knew at once that something or somebody had cut her down. A soft drink and two pieces of cake did nothing for her pique.

Usually on Thursday afternoons she came home so charming we could hardly stand it: voice sweet, tummy in, shoulders straight. It would last through supper, during which she would sit with knees together and eat sparingly, entering the conversation with well-modulated comments.

The Charm School was started last fall by Paula Gregg, an ex-model who moved to Drayton with her husband and two children about a year ago. It's a good thing that Paula is a genuinely nice gal; otherwise her eyes would have been scratched out long before now, by one town matron or another. Every male head, no matter how bald, turns when she comes into a room, and stays turned.

We want our daughters to have it too—this fly-catching charm—so we were delighted when she started her school, and secretly sorry that she limits it to teen-agers.

I looked now at Sister, sprawled on her spine in a chair, knees apart uncharmingly.

"How're plans coming for the fashion show?" I asked.

"I'm sure I wouldn't know."

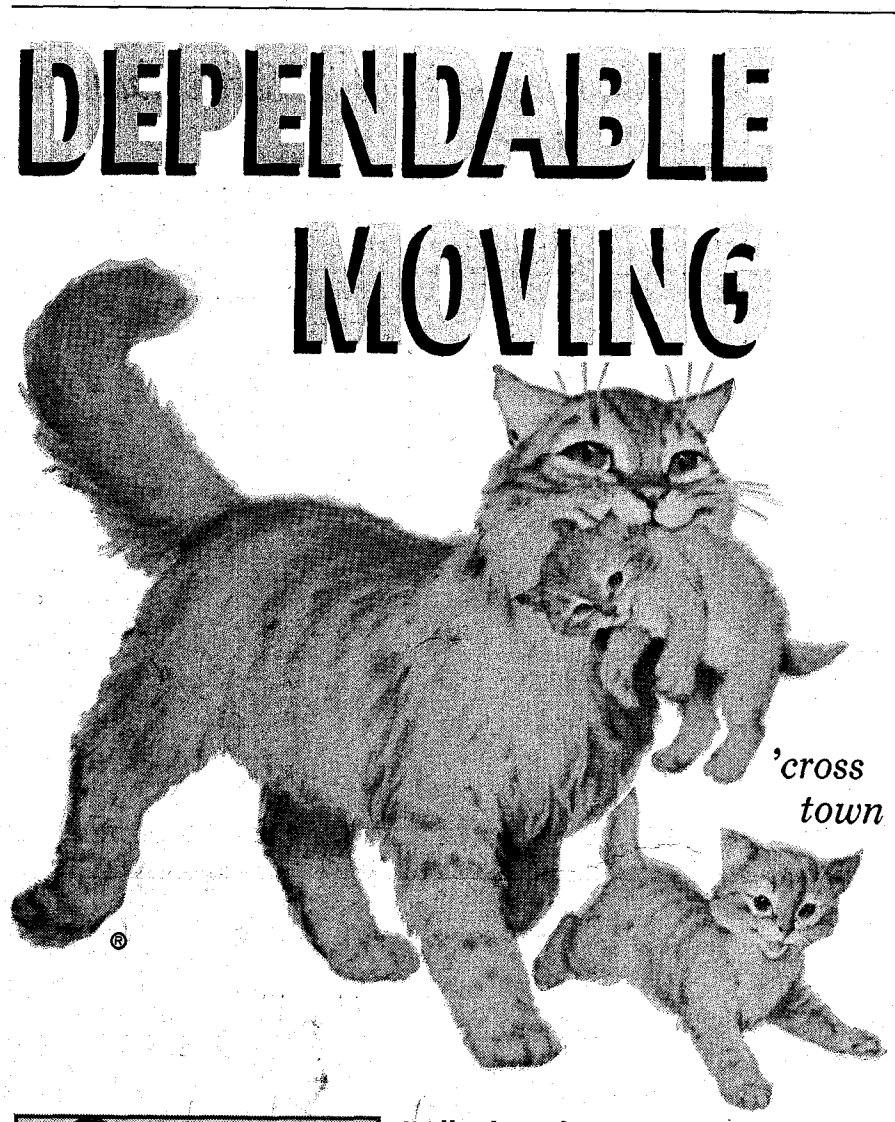
I had to pull it out of her. Paula had selected nine best-postured girls to be models, and our Lamb Pie was not one of the nine. It was to be a big thing—a polio benefit—and dresses were coming from the biggest stores in Cape City. Sister was crushed with disappointment.

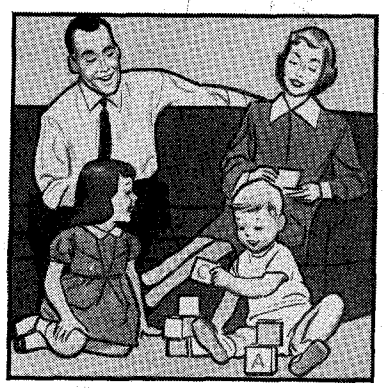
As I went about my work, aching with sympathy for her, an idea took shape. That morning about three o'clock when I was giving my pillow another beating, I had decided that our present tactics were getting us nowhere. Gentle attempts at persuasion she seemed to scorn. Criticism led only to tears and defiance. One thing seemed (*Continued on Page 74*)

Mid-November

By Geraldine Ross

I greeted the new day
happily,
But the sky was a gray that
scowled at me,
And the wind was a voice
that turned away,
A sigh that hoped that I
couldn't stay.
I saw a cloud with a ragged
edge,
And a rumpled tree and a
rusty hedge
And drifts of leaves, and I
almost wept
At the cluttered scene, at
the world unswept,
At a season tired and old
and grieving,
Grumbling, "Excuse me,
I was just leaving!"





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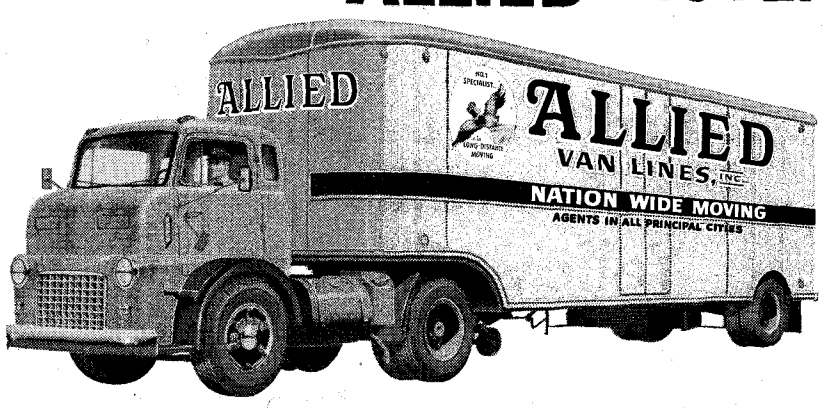

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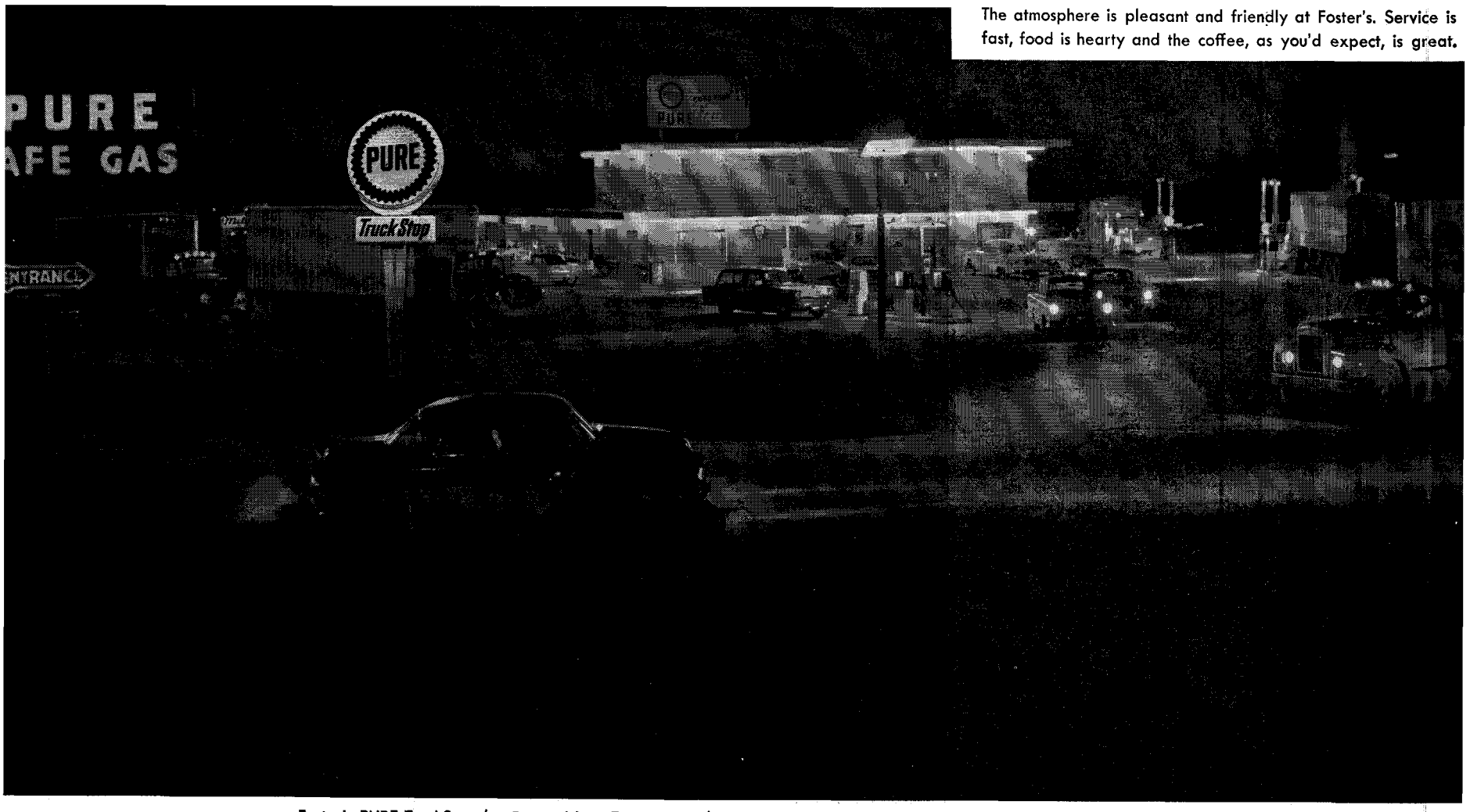

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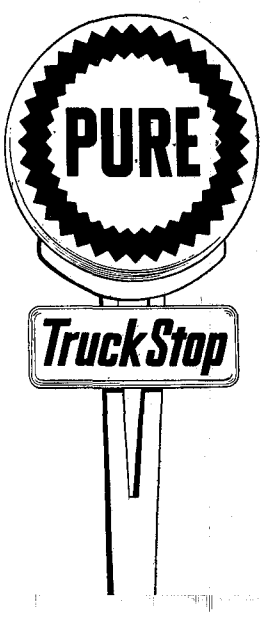

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BE SURE WITH PURE

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(*Continued from Page 72*) significant: when her Charm School teacher told her something, it was gospel; when we told her the same sort of thing, she all but held her nose in disgust. So I admitted at last that until I did something to change her attitude toward me, to gain her respect, all arguments would continue to be futile. But what to do?

Maybe now I had a lead. As soon as I finished the dishes that night I slipped out and drove to Paula Gregg's house. She came to the door in a dressy sweater and tight pants, looking about nineteen. My confidence took a nose dive. She asked me in sweetly, and something I saw behind her, through the dinette door, made me feel better: a milk bottle on the supper table!

"Don't let me keep you from your supper, Paula. I can wait."

"No, I've finished, really. The others are having dessert, but"— she sighed— "I don't want to be tempted."

"Paula, didn't I hear that there were going to be people in the fashion show besides girls? Women and children?"

"Oh, yes—and some teen-age boys too." (No wonder Sister was crushed.) "Why?"

I stood up, held my breath, pulled in my middle and *derrière*, and took a few steps in front of her.

"Now don't laugh," I begged. "If you think I'd break up the show, just say so. But if you think I could model two or three numbers without falling on my face —— Oh, Paula, I've got to get out of the medium-heel set!" I told her a little of what we had been going through, and of the brand Sister had put on me.

She laughed, of course. Who could help it? But then she nodded understandingly.

"I remember that phase," she said, "when my friends could do nothing wrong and my parents could do nothing right. Didn't you go through it, Lucy?"

"I remember for a while there I thought mother was pretty dumb," I admitted. "But I wouldn't have dared tell her so. We had some reticence—some respect—some manners."

"Children are more direct these days, I suppose. Sister is polite as can be, at Charm School. Sweet, amenable ——"

"That's what the Dunbars and the Bentons say. She baby-sits for them. Oh, I know she's all right, basically, but her scorn for 'the old folks at home' is hard to take. Now if I could do a job that she was turned down for ——"

Paula had been looking me up and down with a practiced eye. "Stand up again, Lucy. Walk to the door. . . . Now turn slowly. . . ."

Every night for the next two weeks my aching muscles seemed to protest out loud: *You can't tighten us up, old girl. We've been with you, too loose, too long. Face it. You're no WAC trainee.*

No, a WAC trainee never had it so hard. For while she was busy toning up and tightening, and getting rid of extra pounds and things like a Lord-help-us backline, she wasn't fretted by having to cook, do the marketing, the ironing, chase a five-year-old rascal, answer the phone, make the beds, feed the dog. . . . Whew!

The furniture sprouted a thick layer of dust, and the family complained of so many TV dinners. They also had trouble understanding my sudden frenzy, my walking back and forth in front of mirrors, and my taking up with things like chin straps, mud packs, glint shampoos.

Tom asked if, like the pussycat, I was going to London to visit the Queen.

Tommy said, "You runnin' for Miz America or sump'm?"

Paula and I had decided that the element of surprise would add to the impact (if any) on my girl child. I didn't even dare tell Tom or the boys about the fashion show.

"You sick, mamma?" Grady asked on Saturday.

"No, honey. Why?"

"You jest ate one cracker and a cuppa soup for lunch."

Didn't I know it! I was perishing. Every night in bed I would ball up my fists and press them down on my poor stomach, to help the empty ache. But my clothes were getting loose! I'd make those Size 14 measurements or starve trying.

Paula restyled my hair, and helped me select a foundation so small that she had to zip a little skin to get me in it. Then we went to Thompson's and picked out a pair of shoes that almost made me blush, they were so sexy. Next day I had a workout in secret, teetering on my toothpick heels. Medium-heel type, indeed! I'd show her! If I didn't fall flat.

The day before the show, Paula brought around boxes of clothes for me to try on, since I wasn't to rehearse with the others. We locked my bedroom door, giggling like schoolgirls over our conspiracy, and over some of the dresses.

One was of lilac silk. "Paula! As I live—it's a hostess gown! No—a tea gown! I haven't seen one since 1938."

"They're coming back in," she said, "for fashionable 'at homes.'"

I swept around the room, trailing yards of misty chiffon. "Just what I need for late, elegant afternoons in the kitchen," I said.

"That's all right. It makes a glamour-puss out of you."

"But why show anything too dressy for church or the bridge club? In Drayton?" I asked.

"Because people want some make-believe, even at a fashion show. They can see everyday dresses in the windows downtown. Oh, look at this!" She pulled a delft-blue two-piece dress out of a box.

"Not a knitted suit, Paula! I haven't worn one since my first baby. They accentuate the positive!"

"Your positive is all right now. It's in the right places. Now try it on. Hold in and up."

Hold in and up. Smile. Don't look at your feet. Relax. Keep your chest high and your shoulders low.

And your powder dry, I added silently the next afternoon, trying to make myself smile as I came down the improvised stairs on the stage of the auditorium. I was wearing the blue knit, with a navy breton. What with fear and lastex, my stomach was taut as a drum. My knees had tightened up too, and I only hoped my trembling hand could hold on to the navy calf bag.

I walked to the front of the stage and heard a girl's squeal from mid-audience, "Mamma!"

I stopped in my tracks for a second, just long enough to think: *That's right, Lucy. Break up. Be the old fool she thinks you are.*

So I pulled in and up some more, winked in the direction of the squeal and made a brisk pivot—so brisk that I'm afraid my "positive" gave a slight wiggle in the tight skirt. I hope it was a ladylike one. The audience applauded generously as I left the stage, and I could picture Sister, in the midst of her teen-age crowd, openmouthed in amazement. *Dear Lord, please let this do some good—for both of us. And please keep me on my feet in the next round!*

I tried to cheer the other amateur models, lined up, scared, in the wings.

How to feel 100%

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"Buck up, you all! They're a good group!"

When my turn came again and I was tripping about the stage in a real silk print, with brown linen duster and large brown Milan hat, I had to wink again, for I spied four familiar faces grinning at me from the third row! I had broken down that morning and told Tom about the show. He had vowed he would break a trace to get there. I thought he was going to leave the boys at a movie, but here they all were—a home-grown claque!

I got a little flustered, taking off the duster to show the sassy back bow of the dress. A sleeve and the strap of my handbag got wound up, but I managed to get straightened out, and I heard Grady say, "Attaboy, mom!" There were tremendous claps and whistles from the third row as I went off. Bless their hearts!

A few minutes later I was on for the last time, trying hard to look like a countess-at-home in the lilac tea gown. It had a fairylike loveliness, no doubt about it. And just as Paula predicted, the audience liked it. I thought Tom would blister his hands, clapping. I raised my arms, one at a time as ordered, to show the full, flowing, graceful sleeves. That's when Tike nearly broke me up.

"Look at mamma's nightgown!" he sang out. "It's got wings on it!"

I managed to exit without the catastrophe I had feared—a tangle-up between spike heels and trailing chiffon train. Paula hugged me and helped me shed the layers of cloudlike silk. Whew! It felt pretty good to get back into my trusty old green suit.

"Now don't slouch!" ordered Paula. "Don't let it all be wasted. Remember, Sister's got something—wear high heels or flats. Barring back trouble, of course."

"I know. Our gym teacher at college made us think we'd be hopeless cripples at thirty if we wore anything higher than a Baby Louis. But look at you!"

"And a blue million other gals on spikes! Now run on home, Lucy, and let me know if there's an improvement in family relations."

"I'll do it." I kissed her cheek. "You're a sweet thing, Miz Gregg. Tom can light your cigarette any time he wants to—and I mean that as a compliment." I made a mental note: *Buy Paula a present tomorrow—as fine as the budget will allow. Maybe a little finer.*

I beat Sister home. When she came in she looked at me a little shyly.

"You were O.K., mamma."

"Thank you, honey." *I mustn't expect miracles.*

"Why didn't you tell me Mrs. Gregg had asked you to model?"

She'll never know who asked whom, I hope. "I didn't think you'd be especially interested."

She walked away, and I wondered if I had spoken aright. Seems to me I spend about half my time wondering that, these days. And I can remember when I used to think that if I could just raise them up to the age of twelve, the worst would be over. Ha!

That night as we did the dishes together, Sister said, "I like your hair this new way, mom." She hadn't called me "mom" in two years! "It gives your face more character."

Well!

"I wish you could buy that blue knit dress. It's neat. We could both wear it."

Well, again! She wouldn't have been caught dead in anything from my closet, yesterday.

"Wasn't it dreamy!" I said, and sighed. But I'd got two things out of the deal—a new foundation and a pair of spike heels. I looked down at my shoes admiringly. They did do something for me. Gave my legs character, maybe!

Now that my muscles and bones had got used to the change in posture, I liked the spike-heeled feeling. Oh, I'd wear flats around the house—after tonight. But I made a vow: *No more medium heels till I'm ready for the old ladies' home.*

There was a period of quiet as we washed and dried. Nice, intimate quiet—not hostile silence.

"Mom," Sister said after a while, "I've decided to enter that essay contest, after all. I probably couldn't win the trip to Washington, but the second prize is——"

> Too many politicians feel they must approach every problem with open pocketbooks.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

"You could win it, too! Don't talk that way. And learn a lot doing it."

"Well, maybe I could if you'd help me a little."

Praises be!

"I'll be happy to, dear. I won't write it for you, but maybe we can work out some ideas together."

My cup was full to the brim.

It ran over, the next night, when I saw Tom coming in, bearing a suit box with the words THE ELITE printed on top.

The darling heart. I ran to him and hugged him. *He bought me the blue knit! Now I can wear it to the Garden Club district meeting. And Sister can wear it to Washington!*

"I was in Cape City today, Luce," Tom said, "and I decided to get you that dress you looked so scrumptious in yesterday." He beamed with pride in himself.

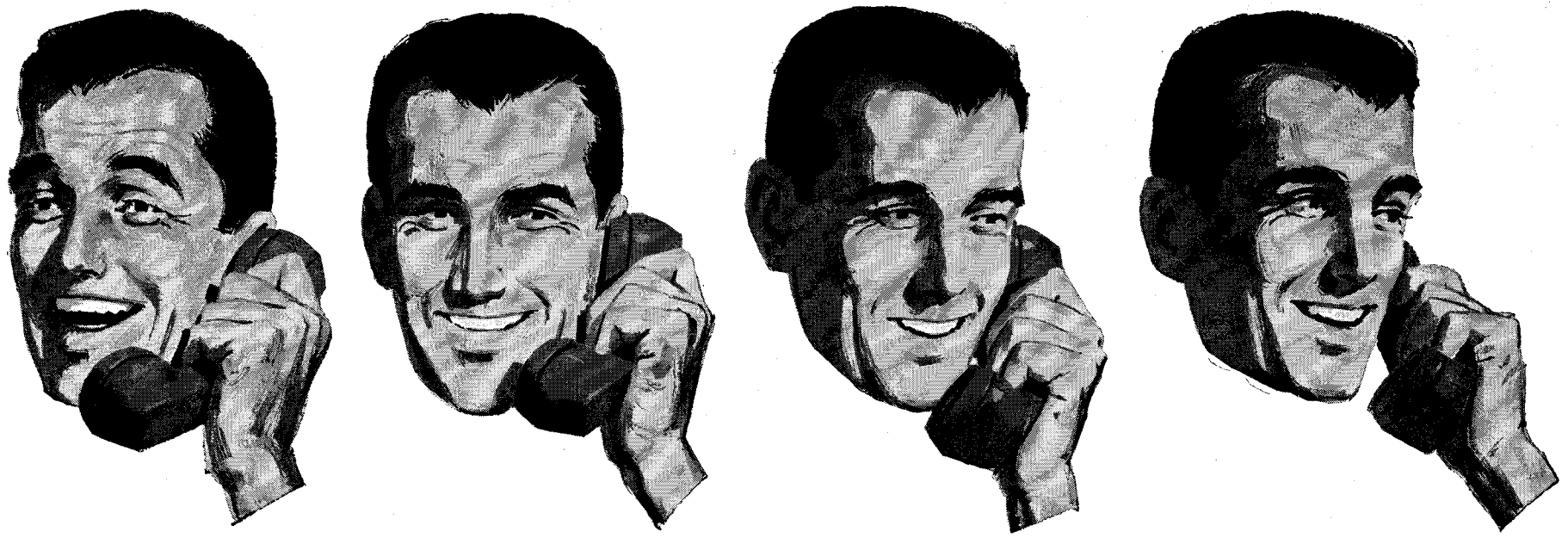
Thank goodness I was leaning over the sofa and he couldn't see my face when I opened the box; for there, under the tissue paper, lay folds and folds of—guess what? Lilac chiffon. The tea gown.

In bed, late that night, I sighed happily, thinking, *Scrumptious, he said . . . I'll find somewhere to wear it if it has to be a Cub Scout pack meeting . . . Sister and I put on a good act. We didn't let him know we were disappointed . . . Something in Sister's eyes made me know that she knew it's not every man who will go out and pay sixty-nine ninety-five for glamour for his wife—voluntarily . . . Of course, for that money I could have bought her a spring outfit, and one for me, and some blue jeans, and maybe a sack of fertilizer . . . But it wouldn't have been as nice. Now I can go to my closet and feel the soft beauty, and be uplifted . . . Hyacinths for my soul, or something . . . He said I looked scrumptious. . . .*

With that adjective as a soporific, I drifted off into sweet sleep. That was several nights ago. I'm glad to report now that relations *chez nous* are improving. No miracles; but I detect a faint odor of respect in the air—a lovely emanation. And having been given a boost myself, I'm more inclined to keep it gay—to soft-pedal the nagging, and play up the compliments. It's working!

Tom told me at lunch today that his club is to have Ladies' Night next week. I'm just wondering. . . . Maybe if I took out the flowing sleeves—carefully, so they could be put back—and found some way to tuck up the train. . . .

THE END



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Divorce (Continued from Page 45)

Chicago families. He represents few if any models or show girls. His name almost never appears in the newspapers. He says, "I've been married twenty-six years. I believe in marriage."

Davis has been called "the Tiffany of divorce lawyers." For more than twenty years he has handled nothing but divorce. He takes few cases—from fifty to 100 a year. Nearly all bring large fees. A while back, in his richly furnished office on LaSalle Street, a small world inhabited by stockbrokers and lawyers, Davis said, "It's hard to do corporate work and divorce too. Divorce drives other business away. There is a tendency to regard corporation lawyers as way up here"—he raised one hand above his head—"and all others, especially criminal lawyers and personal-injury lawyers and divorce lawyers, as way down here," and he stooped.

One young lawyer has said, "Divorce is not the best practice. You're dealing with human lives, and I like tax work better. The divorce courts are a rat race. And some cases turn your stomach." Divorce work is emotionally exhausting. One Los Angeles lawyer, Joseph L. Green, said a while back, "As I grow older I find it more and more difficult to handle divorces, especially where children are involved."

In some cities, because the best lawyers won't handle divorce business, it goes by default to the worst lawyers in town.

But Ben Davis has said, "Divorce work seems to me to be the kind of business that deserves to be handled by the highest-type lawyers. It deals with one of the most important things in the world, the family. When a woman comes in and tells me, 'I want a divorce,' she has first to satisfy me that there's no alternative. Any good lawyer explores every conceivable avenue of reconciliation—sends her to social agencies, marriage counselors, psychiatrists, clergymen. Then, too, divorce work requires great competence in a lawyer. You have to be skilled in tax law and real-estate law. You have to know the divorce laws of various states. You have to know wills. You have to be able to draw trust agreements—half of my cases involve setting up trusts to provide for children's education, so I'm involved in a long-range view of family problems. You've got to be a legal craftsman in drafting a sound document."

In big cities lawyers specialize. A judge has estimated that about 8 per cent of the lawyers handle 80 per cent of the divorce business. The cream of the big-fee business is handled by the Ben Davises. It comes to them from corporation-law firms. If a rich manufacturer's daughter wants a divorce, he is likely to consult his corporation's law firm; it refers the case to Davis or someone like him.

Most of the rest of the business is handled by a few big-volume lawyers. Harry X. Cole of Chicago files about a divorce a day. They spend less time negotiating property settlements than the Davises, for their clients have less property to divide. They are in court every day often with half a dozen cases. Their business comes in off the street, and it comes in because they are the best-known divorce lawyers in town. They stay on good terms with newspapermen, and their names and their clients' names appear in the papers frequently—whereas lawyers like Davis spend much of their time trying to keep their clients' names out of the papers.

Jerry Giesler probably is Los Angeles' best-known lawyer. Giesler's office, a small low building that looks like a house, is on the edge of Beverly Hills, a hilly region of brilliant sunlight, clipped hedges, creeping-bent lawns, palm trees and expensive shops. The aura of Giesler and his office, far from flamboyant, is genteel. His reception room resembles a simple but elegant drawing room, softly lit, decorated in green and gold, furnished with period furniture and an old-fashioned gold-and-mahogany grandfather clock. Giesler himself is an elderly man growing bald, with heavy shoulders somewhat stooped, piercing eyes, a small mouth. He speaks gently, courteously, softly. Giesler, born in Iowa, began practicing law in Los Angeles in 1910, inspired by the exploits of Clarence Darrow and Earl Rogers, a well-known Los Angeles criminal lawyer.

Most of Giesler's divorce clients are women. "When they come to me and tell me their troubles, I try first to see if there's any chance of reconciliation. If there isn't, I advise the wife to take the easy course—I write a letter to the husband, advising him she has consulted me and requesting him to ask his lawyer to call me so we can reach a property settlement. If it's a hard-boiled case and the husband is trying to cover up his assets, I prepare papers, file suit, get an injunction and serve him, all at the same time. After that the process of negotiation begins between the attorneys. I've found you can't get anywhere with the parties present."

Giesler usually begins with a suit for separate maintenance, not divorce. This is a bargaining tactic: If the wife gets a decree of separate maintenance, the husband must divide his property with her, but does not gain his freedom, and this puts pressure on him during the property negotiations. After he settles, the wife amends her complaint to divorce and quickly gets her decree by default.

Divorce is thought to be more common in Hollywood than elsewhere, but Giesler has said, "My opinion is that people in movies, especially if they have a big name, are always subject to the pitiless X ray of publicity. Marilyn Monroe and Rita Hayworth, any big star, is news. People don't stop to think of the great number of happily married people like Mr. De Mille, Joe E. Brown, Pat O'Brien, Glenn Ford. Of course, too much sudden success causes divorce."

Another Los Angeles lawyer has said, "Many of these people are thrown into prominence purely because they are emotional or have a large bust. They work hard. It's tough work, from six in the morning till seven at night. They don't have much time for home life, and when they are home they're tired, under tension." Another lawyer has said, "The very qualities that make them great actors and actresses—temperament, emotion—also make it difficult for them to have a successful marriage," and he talked about one of his clients, a well-known oft-married girl, "She is a sweet little youngster that just plain falls in love."

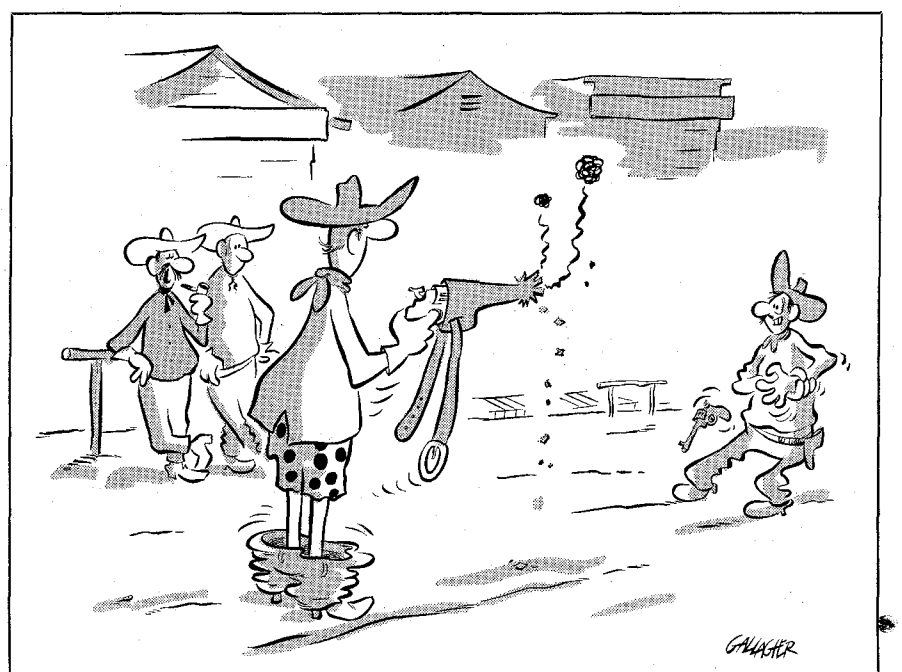
Lawyers are full of the lore of divorce. A while back a lawyer chatting in his office said, "When I was just starting out, an old lawyer told me, 'If you have a wife-beating case, don't move too fast—they'll forgive and forget.' It's true too. I don't know why." Lawyers have noticed that many divorced people who remarry tend to marry the same kind of person they divorced. A society woman who divorced a drunk promptly married another—but she puts up with the second. No doubt psychiatrists would discern a neurotic pattern in such affairs.

Divorcing couples argue endlessly. They argue over the division of the wedding gifts and over the custody of cats and dogs. One couple argued through several court sessions over who should have the wedding photograph; the judge cut it in half. They file foolish divorce complaints. Wives have complained that their husbands wouldn't *rumba*, wore overalls when taking them out to dinner, spanked them. One woman said she was allergic to her husband—every time he got near her she broke out in a rash. One couple was separated thirteen times and divorced four times in fourteen years, and the judge remarked that they could have built a home with the money they spent on attorneys' fees.

How long it takes to get a divorce depends upon the place, the grounds and whether it is contested. In Illinois, a lawyer once obtained a divorce for a client in twenty-four hours, but from one to three months is more common. If the case is contested, it may take a year. Francis S. Lorenz, clerk of superior court in Chicago, ascribes delay less to the backlog of cases than to lawyers' maneuvering.

The grounds for divorce are numerous and vary greatly from state to state. South Carolina, alone among the states, permitted no divorce at all—except between 1872 and 1878—until 1949, when, after a state-wide referendum, the constitution was amended. In New York State, the only ground is adultery. At the opposite end of the scale are such "liberal" states as Nevada and California, where divorce is granted on numerous grounds including mental cruelty, which can be almost anything. In between are such states as Illinois, where grounds are numerous but cruelty must be physical and must have occurred more than once. Adultery is ground in every state.

Other common grounds include cruelty, desertion, nonsupport, habitual drunkenness, impotence at the time of marriage, conviction of a felony. All these involve, in the eyes of the law, some fault or guilt on the part of one partner. Only two grounds do not, the law holds, and they do not exist in all states—physical separation for a stated period, and insanity. The most common ground probably is cruelty. Outside New York only about 3 per cent of divorces are for adultery, many persons being reluctant to charge it even though they can prove it.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It is because of the difference in grounds among the states that people seeking divorce go to Nevada, Alabama, Mexico and other "liberal" jurisdictions. The trouble with migratory divorces is that they may be invalid. Mexican "mail-order" divorces are no good, most American authorities agree. And, although many New York lawyers send couples to Alabama, where divorces have been obtained after a residence of only one day, many authorities believe such divorces are invalid.

Nevada is still the safest, quickest state for divorce. But even there a man—or woman—must watch his step. If both parties submit themselves to the court's jurisdiction, the decree is good anywhere. But if only one does, it may or may not be. If, for example, a husband from Ohio goes alone to Nevada, stays the required six weeks, obtains a divorce and then goes back to Ohio, his wife may sue in the Ohio courts, and if the courts decide that he went to Nevada not to establish a bona fide residence but only for the purpose of getting a divorce, then the decree is worthless in Ohio—he is still married. It is, however, still possible for a man to leave his wife, go to Nevada alone and get a divorce valid anywhere, even if she doesn't want him to have it. The key to it is establishing a bona fide residence. Louis Wiener, a leading Las Vegas lawyer, has said, "We make him stay on here for five, six, seven months at least, buy a home, get a job, open a bank account, join lodges, go to church, pay taxes, register to vote, stop transacting business back home. Then he's got a good divorce." It is no easier to get a contested divorce in Nevada than in most states, unless the couple have been separated three years. The minimum attorney's fee is $250, plus fifty dollars costs.

For many years Reno monopolized the Nevada divorce bonanza. But that was before the rise of Las Vegas. Most people who go to Las Vegas for divorce—to "take the cure"—have little to do with the glittering resort hotels. The hotels don't want them as guests—they would merely take up rooms that could be rented to gambling guests—and they can't afford the hotels anyway. Most are middle-class people, living on a tight budget. During their six-week stay they live in apartments, private homes or motels, paying from fifteen to thirty dollars per week. They probably spend an average of $700 or $800, including attorneys' fees; $500 is a minimum. Half of them have to find jobs—as waiters and waitresses, bus boys, bartenders, salesgirls, baby sitters. Few find work in the hotels' gambling casinos; it takes months to train a croupier. (*Continued on Page 80*)

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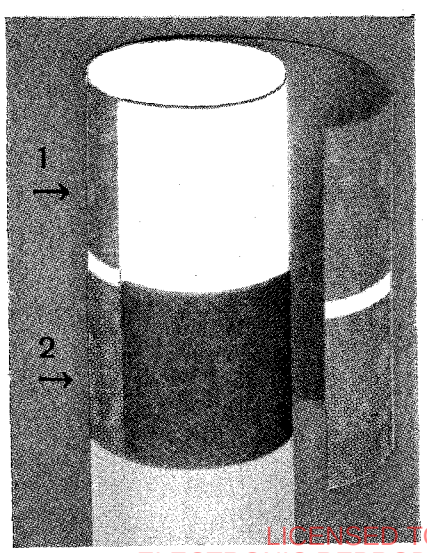

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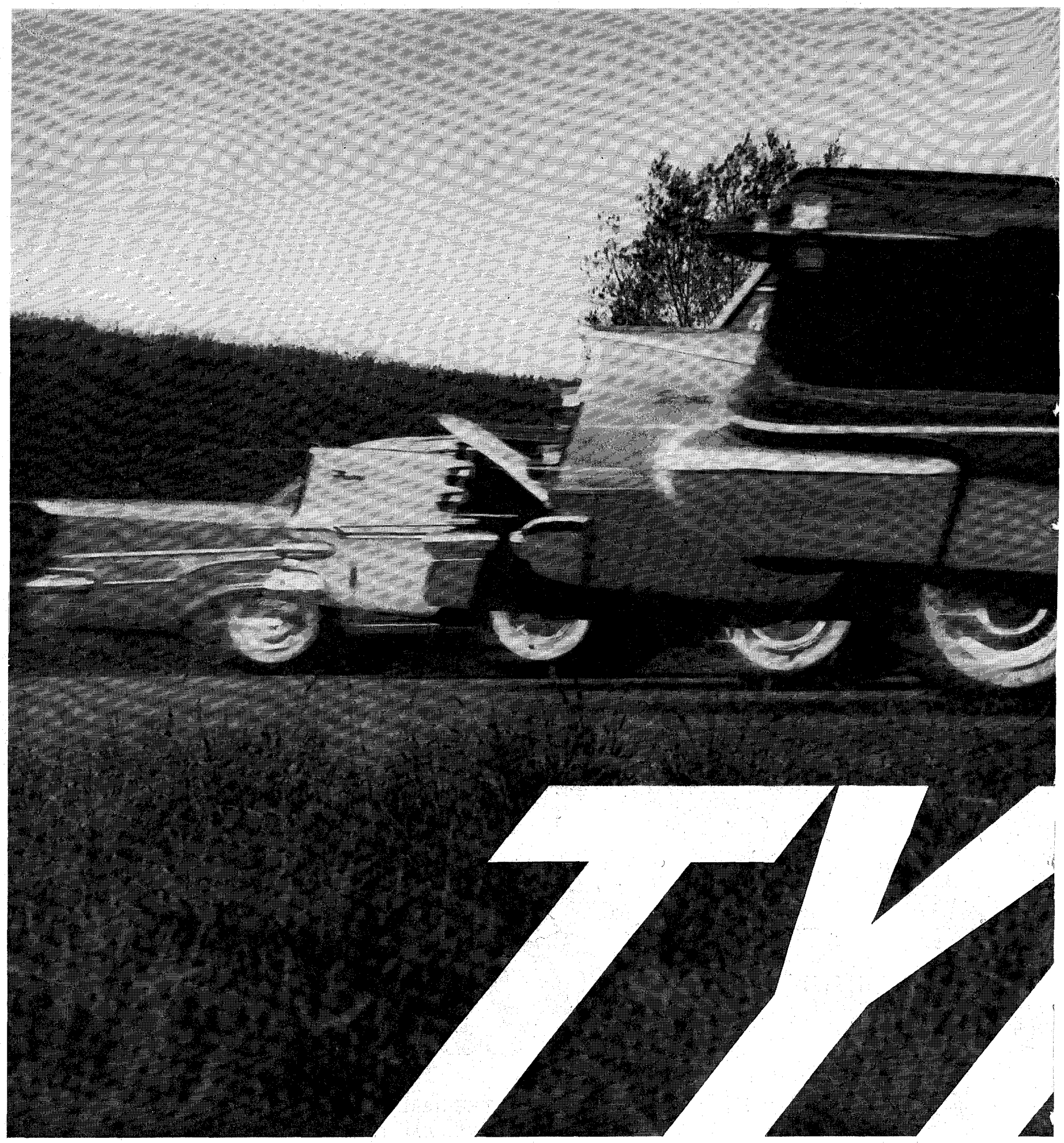

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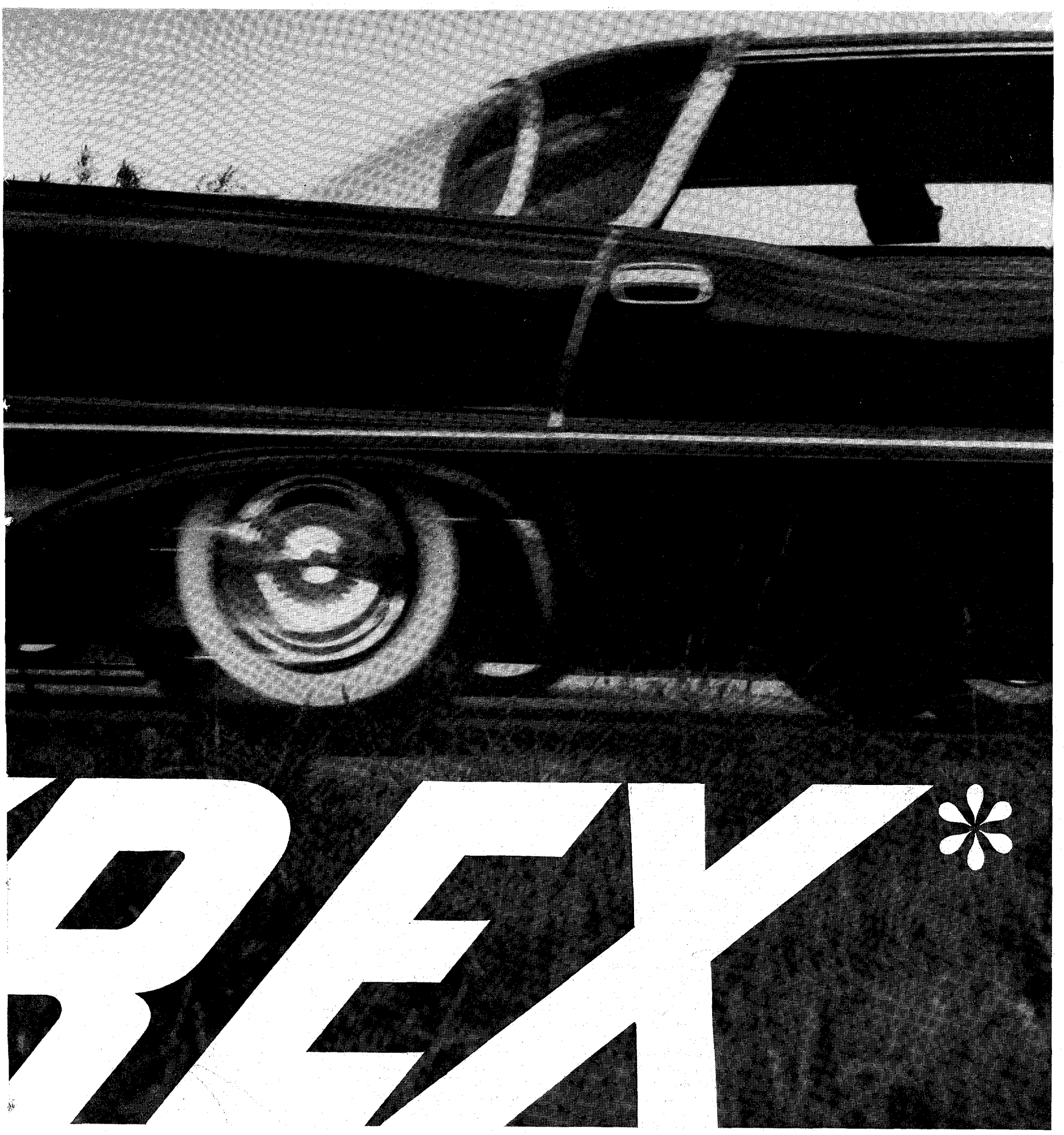

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(*Continued from Page 76*) The minor children of a couple who get divorced become wards of the court and they remain so until they reach legal age, usually eighteen for girls, twenty-one for boys. The courts award children's custody to one parent, always preserving the other parent's right to visit the children unless there is a compelling reason to deny it. If there are two or more children, the courts rarely split them up. In deciding which parent shall have custody, the court seeks the best interests of the children. Ordinarily the courts award custody to the mother. She can stay home; fathers must earn a living. Moreover, she is usually the plaintiff and so is the "innocent" party. Even if a mother is adulterous, the courts may award her custody. To get custody, a father must show that the mother is totally unfit to rear the child—that she is a narcotics addict, an alcoholic, is devoid of moral character or neglects the child so much that it suffers physically.

The court ordinarily orders the father to pay a fixed amount for the children's support. The national median is $17.39 per month per child, a 1955 study showed. Though it is more in northern industrial communities, it is rarely enough. Worse, payments are seldom made. Only the court can enforce payment, and in most places it doesn't know the father isn't paying unless the mother complains. A survey in Gary, Indiana, showed that 89 per cent of fathers studied were in arrears, and nearly half had never made a single payment. Detroit is one of the few big cities that have set up efficient collection systems attached to the courts. If the father does not support the children, the state must, through Aid to Dependent Children.

Upward of 95 per cent of all divorces are granted by default—uncontested. Many start out as contests and become defaults. The law requires that one party sue the other and prove him at fault. To do this by agreement is collusion, a crime. Nonetheless, an experienced judge has said, "Nearly all default divorces are obtained by collusion." Testimony is perfunctory and often perjured. The wife testifies the husband slapped her, her witnesses corroborate it and, since the husband does not show up to deny it, there is no cross-examination, so the judge must accept the testimony at face value.

Few lawyers connive at collusion. They don't have to. One has said, "Suppose a lady comes to me, wants a divorce. I tell her she doesn't have grounds. She says, 'My neighbor got one—what grounds do you have to have?' I tell her what the grounds are in this state. She pays a consultation fee and leaves. She goes down the street to another lawyer and tells her story, only this time she invents some grounds. He files the suit; she digs up a couple of girl friends to perjure themselves; she convinces her husband she wants no part of him; he makes a property settlement, and that's all there is to it."

All New York divorces are for adultery. Most are faked. The New York district attorney a few years ago reported on the case of a young woman who had played the role of "the other woman" in scores of faked raids. She would go to a hotel with the husband, they would register as man and wife and go to their room, she would hop into bed fully clothed and draw the covers up to her head, and he would remove his shirt and wait impatiently to be "surprised" by a raiding party headed by a private detective and his wife. A lawyer's customary fee for arranging such a case is at least $500. If a New York couple want a divorce and can't prove adultery and don't want to fake it, they may get an annulment. The most common ground is fraud—the husband misrepresented his financial or social background, or misled her in other material ways. Many annulments are as collusive as divorces.

It is almost impossible to get a divorce if the other party contests. The acts giving grounds for divorce—wife beating, adultery, and so on—are usually committed in private, and it is hard to produce witnesses to corroborate them. In a contested-divorce trial, unlike a default-divorce hearing, hearsay evidence is not accepted, and strict proof is required. If one party wants to contest a divorce, he files an answer to the charges or he files a countercomplaint. In the latter case a wife may sue for cruelty and the husband file countersuit for desertion. The two suits are merged and a judge hears testimony of each side, deciding who has proved his case. If neither has, or if both have, no divorce is granted, for if both are at fault, or neither is, neither can get a divorce—divorce under the law is awarded only to the innocent.

Recently, however, the California Supreme Court said both parties may be awarded a divorce. And in most states, if one party charges cruelty and the other charges adultery, and if both prove their

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cases, the one charging adultery gets a divorce. Only adultery enjoys a priority of guilt; all other grounds are generally considered equal.

One of the bitterest, most spectacular of all divorce trials was the contest some years ago in Chicago between Nate Borin and his wife Claire—the Battling Borins, as the newspapers called them. It presented a powerful argument for divorce reform to protect children from injury and the courts from ridicule. As a boy Nate Borin, a Jewish immigrant from Russia, had learned to silver mirrors, and about 1915 had opened a one-room shop; in a few years he was a wealthy manufacturer of furniture novelties. A friend has said, "He made a million twice and lost it both times. He had very little education, but he was shrewd and sharp in all his dealings. He had one weakness—women." He was a short man and excitable. In spirit, he belonged to the 1920's. He loved night clubs and roadhouses and show girls.

In 1933, shortly after his divorce from his first wife, he married Claire, tall, beautiful, dark, exotic. She was then about twenty-four, fifteen years younger than he, and the year before she had entered a movie contest to select a "Panther Woman." She was a Chicago girl, and she had a brother who was a prize fighter. Three months after she and Borin were married in Mexico, Claire sued for separate maintenance. They made up. Soon Borin sued a motion-picture producer in Los Angeles for $500,000 for alienating Claire's affections. She flew to Chicago, denied improper conduct and again sued for separate maintenance.

Through his attorney Borin made public a passionate love letter from Claire and issued the first of many public statements that entertained Chicago newspaper readers for more than twenty years: "I shall step aside and sacrifice my love for her if she will admit she is in love with another man."

She received this news in a fashionable hotel and, her eyes blazing, made scornful retort: "It's just one of his tricks to get me back. I wouldn't go back to him for fifty million dollars." Borin filed a cross-complaint charging her with adultery with the movie producer in Palm Springs, Beverly Hills and Agua Caliente. But by December, 1935, the Borins were reconciled, ensconced in the bridal suite at an expensive hotel.

Two years later she sued for divorce, but again they reconciled, and for eight years, the Borins stayed out of the courts, and they had a baby. In March of 1945 Claire sued again for divorce, charging cruelty. He filed a cross-complaint charging Claire with adultery with several men in Miami and Chicago. Numerous preliminary hearings were held, all stormy, with attorneys and Claire's relatives wrangling noisily, Claire and Borin flying in from Florida or California with bundles of petitions, shouting accusations and demanding justice. Once Judge John Sbarbaro, sending the case to another court, said, "Thank God, I can wash my hands of this case. The evidence is the foulest I have ever heard in a divorce court. If I never hear the name Borin it will be too soon."

Claire amended her complaint, changing her grounds from cruelty to adultery with "certain females." He amended his complaint, adding more men, including a prominent movie actor. One night seven members of the family met on a Loop street corner and staged a free-for-all fight while a crowd, estimated at 1000, watched; the husband of a sister of Claire was badly beaten, and the women, including Claire, fought too. Charges were preferred, but later dismissed or held not proved.

At last, on November 19, 1946, the big adultery trial began. Each was charging the other with adultery; each was asking for custody of their five-year-old child, Bonnie Joy. The doorman at their apartment house testified that on the night Claire went to the hospital to bear her child, her husband took a pretty young brunette to his apartment. Their housekeeper testified she had found a pearl earring in Borin's bed while Claire was out of town. A private detective—both sides employed detectives—testified he once trailed Borin to a night club, then to a hotel, with a girl. Claire testified that she once found him in a hotel with a beautiful nude girl.

A Miami Beach hotel man testified he found Claire in the room of a Chicago man-about-town. Two policemen testified they found her with a family friend in a parked convertible. A sister of Borin testified that when a party in the Borin apartment—while Borin was out of town—got dull, Claire went to a bedroom, changed clothes and reappeared wearing a revealing dress with a full skirt and nothing under it, and that she danced with the skirt billowing about her waist, crying "whee, whee." Claire asked permission to put on "the whee dress," as the papers called it, in court to prove it was too tight to billow. Permission denied. A sister of Claire's testified that she, Claire, and a man once spent a night in the sister's expensive hotel room.

Claire was on the witness stand two days. She denied everything. She wept; she howled; the judge told her to stop. She disowned her sister. Her mother testified she wouldn't believe the sister under oath. Another sister testified that Borin had manufactured evidence against Claire. She testified that Borin had told her he loved Claire so much he was determined to get her back or ruin her.

Borin testified that he was submissive, his wife demanding. Three months after he married her, he testified, she left him because he wouldn't buy her a mink coat. He bought it and she came back, he said. He testified she ran around with gangsters in Miami Beach.

The trial was uproarious, attorneys yelling for a mistrial, the judge and bailiff struggling to restore order. After two weeks it ended. The jury found that neither Claire nor Borin was guilty of adultery, so neither could have a divorce. One juror said, "The evidence smelled to high heaven. People just don't do things that way." A county commissioner complained that the trial had cost the taxpayers $50,000.

One of Claire's attorneys had told the jurors, "In the interest of society, there isn't any question of a doubt that you should end the marriage relationship between these two." But it was not ended: They were still married. Nor were the courts through with them—they quarreled over attorneys' fees, the cost of the suit, custody of Bonnie Joy. Claire took Bonnie Joy to California.

Months later she came home and in her apartment, she said, she found the clothing of a nineteen-year-old beauty queen, Pepper Donna, Miss Miami Beach of 1947. (Claire was by now nearly forty, Borin past fifty.) She changed the locks on the apartment and filed a new divorce suit. Pepper Donna sued to recover her clothes, which Claire had confiscated. Borin picked up Bonnie Joy in front of the apartment house; with police, Claire chased him but was outrun. She appeared before Judge Julius Miner with a full entourage of relatives and lawyers to impound the beauty queen's clothes as evidence of infidelity. Judge Miner said, "There'll be nothing impounded. This has been one of the most degrading cases in the history of the court." He ordered Bonnie Joy brought to court.

On the appointed day, Claire, her prize-fighter brother and a sister were in the judge's chambers when Borin arrived with Bonnie Joy, his sister, two brothers, and, one witness said, two bodyguards. Claire and her brother and sister lunged at Bonnie Joy. Borin stepped back between his bodyguards. A free-for-all fight began. A newspaper reported, "As the nine adults punched and scratched at each other and their shrieks and shouts resounded through the County Building, little Bonnie Joy huddled sobbing in the center of the melee." Bailiffs broke up the fight. Bonnie Joy, sobbing, said to a woman bailiff, "Miss Bailee, can't you come home with us?"

This was too much. The Borins began to renew their spectacular legal maneuvers, but Judge Miner stopped them. Subsequently, on March 1, 1949, Claire was awarded a default divorce for cruelty. She got custody, support money and alimony. This was the end of the affair, except for complicated litigation over attorneys' fees. One lawyer has estimated that Borin spent at least $100,000 on his legal battles with Claire, not counting alimony. They were in court more than 125 times. Three months after his divorce, Borin married Pepper Donna at Las Vegas. They separated that fall and later were divorced. About the same time, Claire married a wealthy Chicagoan whom she met at a Hollywood party. He died in 1951 while she was suing him for divorce. Borin died broke at sixty-two in 1956.

Editors' Note—This is the third of four articles by John Bartlow Martin. The fourth will appear next week.

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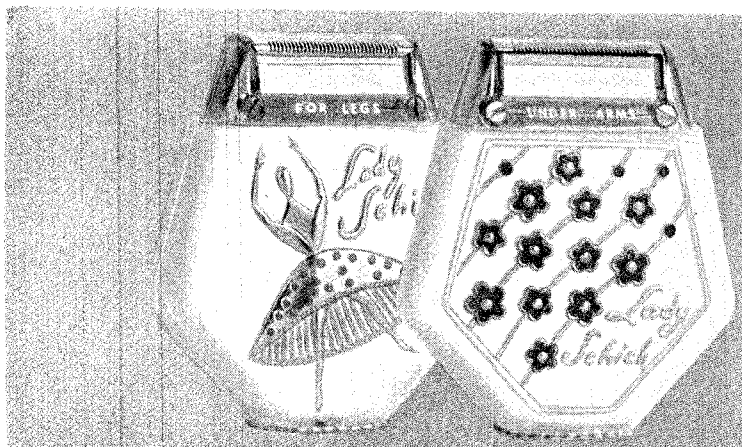

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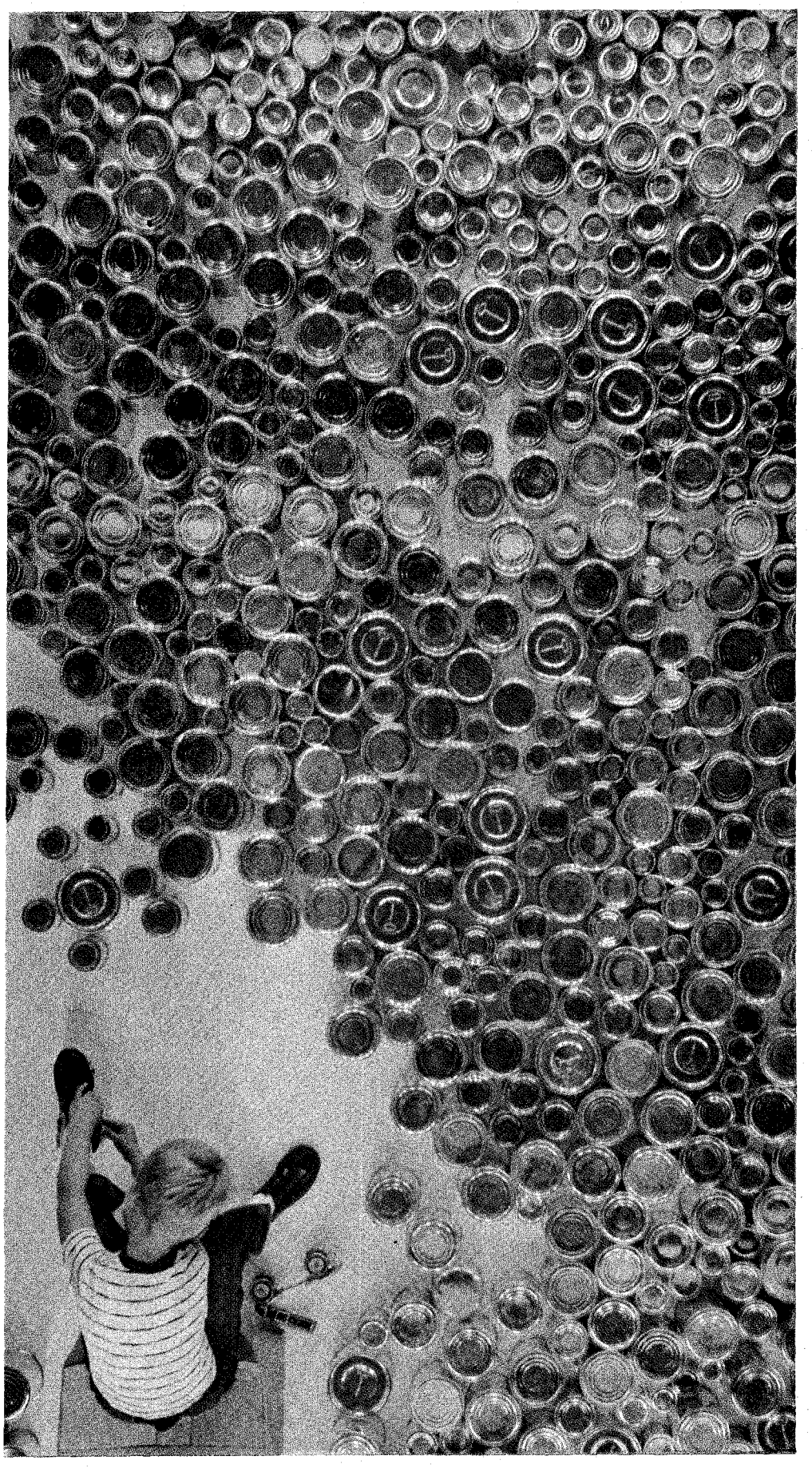

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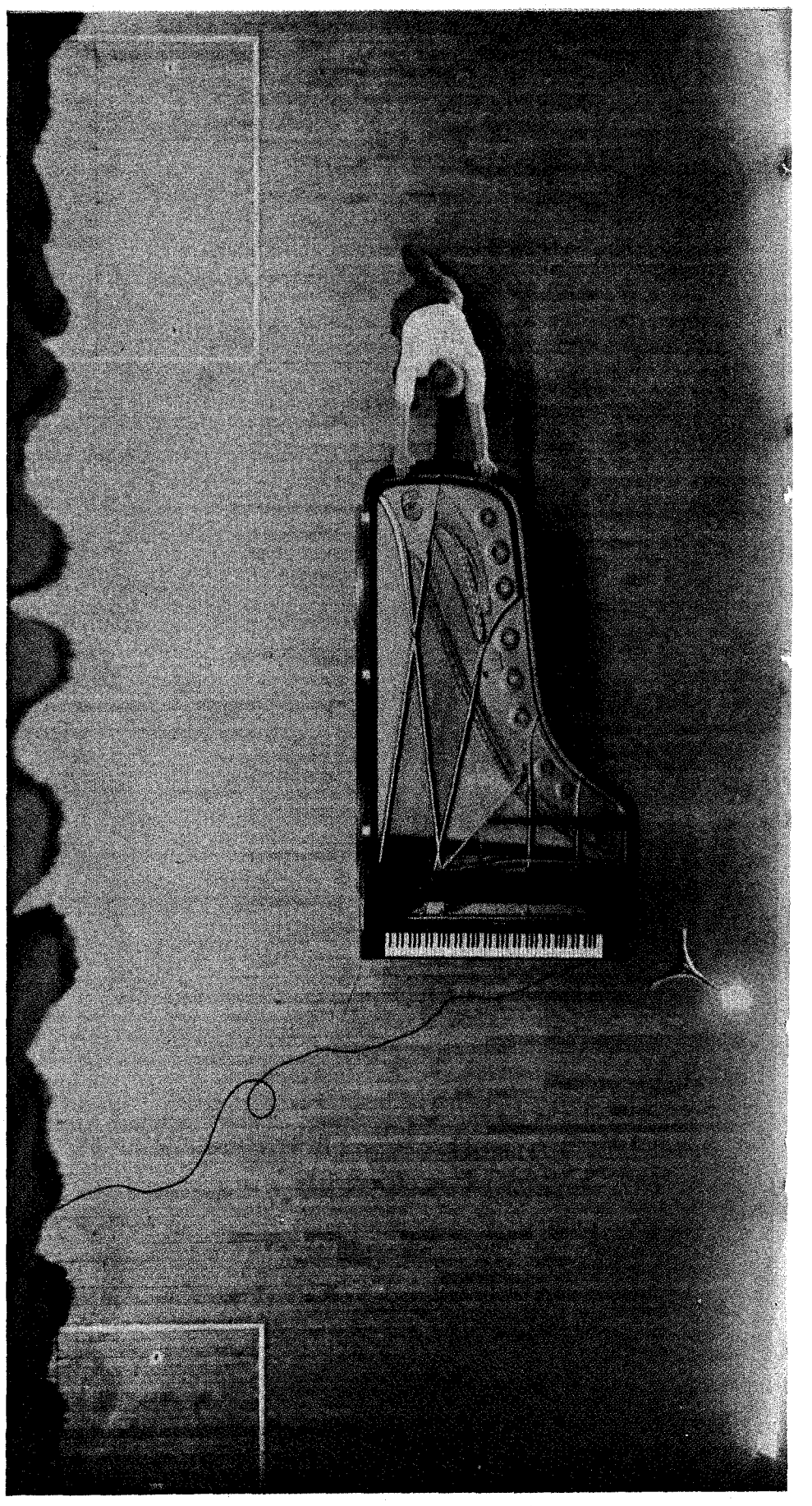

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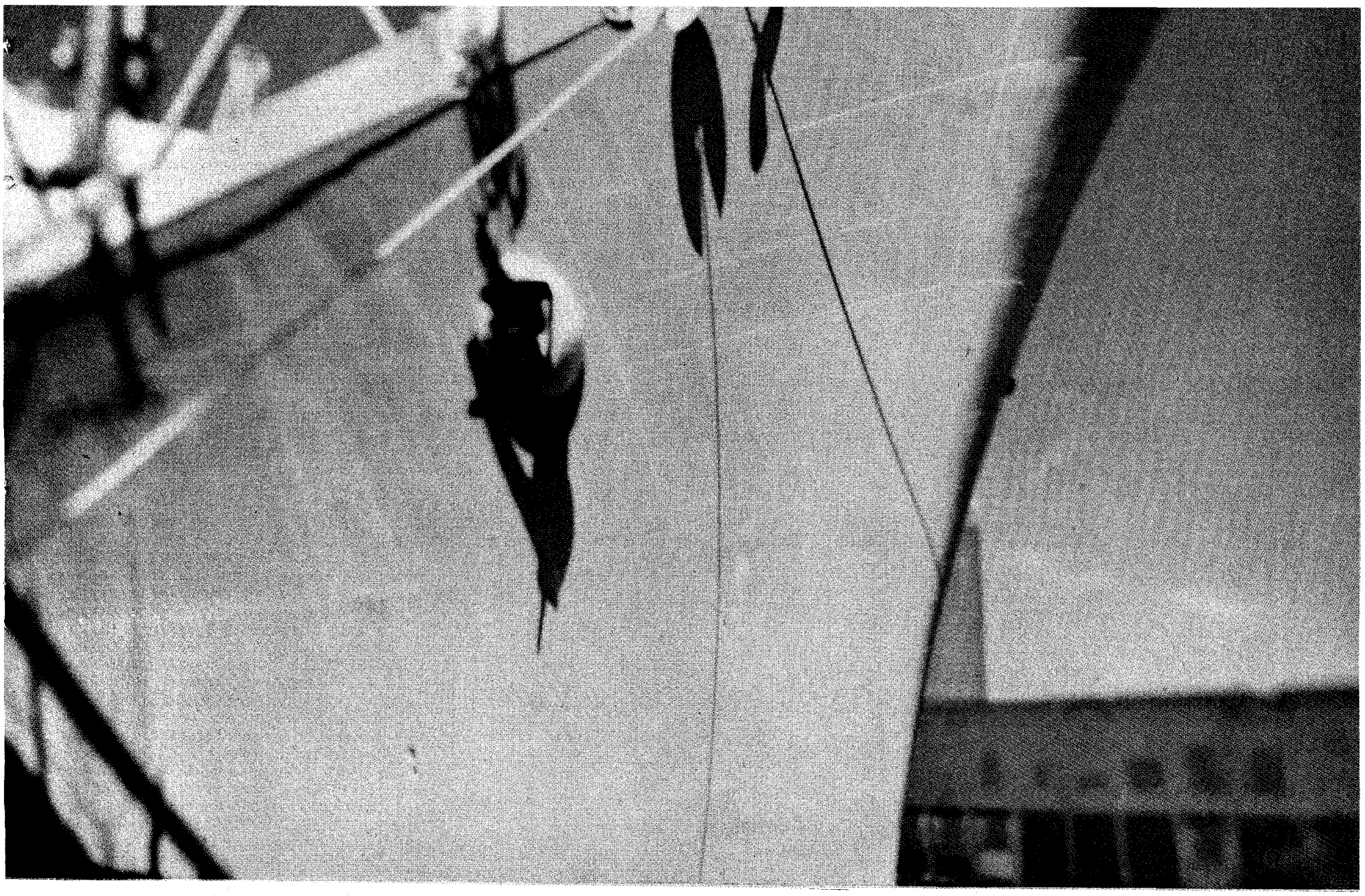

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High Terror (Continued from Page 43)

rest him. He'd chop wood for her, or dig, or draw water, or hoe the lines of vegetables behind the cottage, but never as if his heart were in it. He did these jobs only out of obedience and gentleness toward his mother, and as likely as not he'd forget what he was doing halfway through a task and stand stock-still, leaning on his hoe or the helve of his ax, staring at the sky or the mountains or a bird pecking on the ground.

Often enough as I'd pass by the door with the mailbag, his mother would come out to me and say that she didn't know what would become of him when she was gone. Although I never said so to her, I didn't know either. The patch of land they had wouldn't keep a man long the way he worked on it. And then, almost between one day and the next, it seemed, it came so suddenly, Brunnhild Winterhalder married him.

It was as if the valley had been struck by thunder. Brunnhild Winterhalder, old Gustav's only daughter! It couldn't be believed. The Winterhalders were like royalty. Half the valley belonged to them, and Brunnhild walked through it like a crown princess. She was tall and slender and full of pride, like steel mixed with gold. The other girls played in the meadows with the boys in summer, fought with snowballs in the winter, stole kisses in the cowsheds, blushed and giggled if a man spoke to them. But from the time she could walk, Brunnhild Winterhalder was different, as if she knew even then that life would belong to her.

And almost from that time it had been the common word that when she was grown enough she'd marry her second cousin, Konrad Goltz, whose father owned a bank in Neuberg. Every summer and Christmastime the Goltzes came to spend a holiday with the Winterhalders, and often enough Konrad would stay on afterward for as long as school would let him, until I suppose he was as much like a brother to Brunnhild as a cousin. Maybe that was the trouble because, as a man, you couldn't compare him with Bruno Holtzmann. Compare him? As well compare a race horse with a donkey dreaming over a clump of thistles. He was tall and dark, and wide in the shoulder, and strode down the village street like the soldier he was, with a way of smiling that set the girls following him with their eyes like sheep after a piper.

And yet one summer when Konrad was away with his regiment, Brunnhild said that she was marrying Bruno. That Sunday Father Bauer read out the banns as if he were reading a death sentence.

"Herr Bruno Holtzmann and Fräulein Brunnhild Winterhalder, both of this parish, declare their intention of joining in holy matrimony on the third Sunday from this day. If any man or woman ——"

You can guess well enough what followed. The arguments and the pleadings and the threatenings. But they were of age, and where Brunnhild stood like a rock, like steel against every word that was said to her, Bruno was like water, slipping between their fingers when they tried to fasten him with arguments. He'd smile and lower his eyes, his great hands folded on his ax or hanging between his knees, and say only, "I love her."

It was like blasphemy to hear it. How? Why? When had they become close enough even to think of such things? Never, that we could see. Certainly Brunnhild had talked to him at times, looked over his shoulder at his whittling, been kind to him; but so had everyone. He had hardly seemed to notice her. Once or twice indeed he had given her his carvings. But then, he would give them to anyone who was kind enough to take them. Usually people just threw them away when they were out of his sight again. Anyway, love doesn't spring from a foolish gift. How? Why?

All Brunnhild would say was, "I have chosen him," her chin lifted as if the people talking to her were rebellious subjects instead of her elders trying to persuade her for her own good. But I can tell you, I wasn't one of them. I've enough business of my own to mind, delivering the letters round the valley and keeping the village post office in order.

I wouldn't even have seen the wedding if I hadn't had a message to deliver to Father Bauer that day. Usually weddings in our valley are great events. For weeks the women are in and out of the girl's house, helping with her dress and her trousseau, gossiping and crying over her, and heaven knows what. And the week of the wedding you'd hardly see the church for flowers and green branches. Then on the day itself there isn't an inch of space on the benches; the village children are scrubbed and starched and lined up at the church door with their hymnbooks. Hans Trott is at the organ, with the tears running down his long nose from behind his spectacles, with his gray hair on end like a bird's nest, and finally the bride comes like a queen in glory. We keep up the old ways, and she wears the crown of virtue—a thin, golden circlet so old that no one remembers when it was made. For that day she is a queen, and her man a king.

I've heard the priest say that every husband is the king of his own house, and every wife the queen. But in the grayness of the days their royalty becomes forgotten. It's only on their wedding day that one sees them as they truly are.

If that is so, there was small royalty for Brunnhild. Barely a woman of the village, except her father's servants and her own mother, went near her in the weeks before, except to scold her. Father Bauer even wanted to keep the crown from her and hold the marriage almost secretly. But she set her mouth at that. Maria, the priest's servant, told me how she downfaced him.

"I will wear the crown," she said. "And we will be married at midmorning on Sunday." She meant, "so that everyone may watch who cares to watch."

She had her way, for whatever good it did her. I don't think there were a dozen in the church. Her mother was there, looking as if it were a funeral; and her father, old Gustav, with his gray beard like an iron plowshare, and his hard, pale eyes. I think he'd have stayed away, only he wouldn't please the village to see how deeply he'd been hurt. He sat in the front row like a statue carved out of oak, his arms folded and his beard sunk on his chest. And, of course, there was Bruno's mother, frightened out of her wits, bobbing a curtsy to old Gustav whenever she caught his eye, which wasn't often, and crying into a handkerchief. Then there were a few house servants of the Winterhalders, and one or two of the people who'll stare at anything if it's free. Myself, I was only there because of the message I had for Father Bauer, as I've said.

There was no choir of children, and Hans Trott had refused to play the organ, so Maria, the priest's servant, played it. It sounded like geese being killed. Into the near-empty church came Bruno, looking like a dancing bear in his best suit. It was too small for him, and the black cloth stretched over his chest and shoulders until you'd think the buttons were going to burst, while his huge hands and wrists stuck out of the narrow sleeves like tree branches.

Then came a wailing squeal on the organ from Maria, and the bride was there in the church door. Suddenly I realized that old Gustav shouldn't have been in the church at all as yet. He should have been with his daughter, ready to give her away, but he sat like a rock, and the few of us on the benches craned round to see who was with her. It was her Uncle Kurt, a poor creature who had been wounded in the war and could barely drag himself about. Old Gustav kept him, out of charity. Now apparently he had chosen him to give Brunnhild away because he couldn't bring himself to do it.

And so with the organ wailing and Bruno shambling to his feet to wait for her, Brunnhild came up the aisle on her uncle's one arm, his left leg dragging and shuffling along the floor. It looked as if she was supporting him rather than he supporting her. She was wearing the crown, but I think it must have burned her forehead with shame. Yet she never flushed, never faltered. She walked as if the man she had chosen were a king, and there were drawn swords around her.

I thought the priest would choke before he got through the ceremony. "Do you, Bruno Holtzmann, take this woman ——" I was watching old Gustav's face, and word by word the color drained out of it till it was like lichened stone. And when Brunnhild said "I do," her mother sobbed and buried her face in old Gustav's shoulder. But somehow the thing was done, and by that night Brunnhild was in her new husband's cottage, whose small, narrow windows look down the valley at her father's great, red-roofed farmhouse, with its timber stacks and spreading fields.

And still no one in the valley knew why. We only began to guess a few months later, when her cousin, Konrad Goltz, arrived, on leave from his regiment. In the meantime, I won't say we'd got used to the matter, but the first sharp edge had worn off it. Everyone recognized that it was done and couldn't be undone. It had to be accepted, although that didn't mean it had to be approved.

Somehow, I don't quite know how, we felt that Brunnhild had struck a blow at all of us. She had upset the order of things. Where once she had had the respect and admiration of everyone, she now had something that was near to hatred. And her poor shambling fool of a husband shared in it. Nobody gave them more than the curtest of good-days when they'd see them about the valley. No one called on them; no one invited them, and within a month you could see it telling in Brunnhild's face.

Before the marriage the sheer bravado of what she was doing had carried her along. The dreadfulness of her choice had seemed to give it a kind of perverse splendor. It was like suicide, and people had looked at her as you'd look at a man poised on a cliff's edge, threatening to jump. You'd go on your knees to him to stop him jumping, the way most of us had gone on our mental knees to her. But let him jump, and he's nothing but a shameful body of flesh, to be buried out of sight and mind in unhallowed ground. Brunnhild had jumped, and in these few months she found the difference between threatening and doing.

Her face grew very pale and drawn, and her mouth grew as hard as a steel trap. Everything must have rasped on her like gravel on bare skin. The coarseness of the food, the manners of her mother-in-law, like those of a frightened servant; the narrowness and poverty of the cottage, with its three rooms like boxes—she who had grown up in rooms bigger than the church. Above all, her husband must have torn her nerves in shreds, because he didn't treat her like a husband at all. Never gave her a task to do. Never gave her the feeling that someone stronger than herself had taken her destiny into his hands. How could he, poor fool? He treated her like some injured, helpless bird that he might have found in the woods, carrying it in his great hands and making a nest for it in an old shoe, to sit and stare at the softness of its feathers and the brightness of its eye for hour after hour. As for her mother-in-law's giving her work to do or a sense of belonging to the house, she could hardly bring herself to speak to Brunnhild without curtsying.

Brunnhild took to wandering in the woods, or up the mountains, going away all day with a knapsack of food and a stick, and coming back at dusk. I'd meet her sometimes on my rounds, striding with blind eyes like a lost Valkyrie, as if only by wearing herself out could she hope to stay sane. The snow came, and she'd go skiing, (*Continued on Page 86*)

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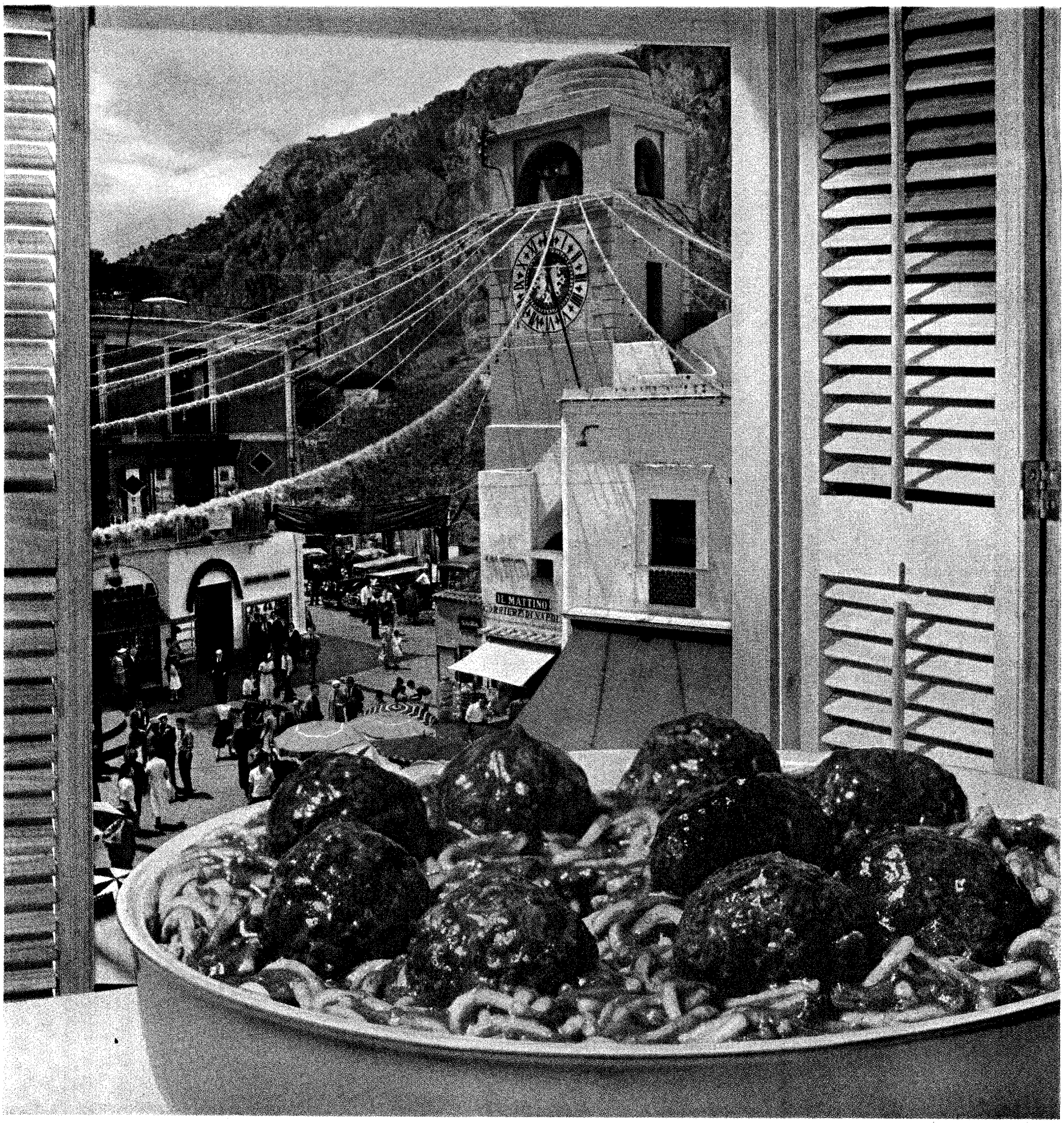

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(*Continued from Page 84*) but always by herself. Bruno would drift through his strange, faraway days, not much differently from the way he had always done, except that now he did work harder. A wood stack grew slowly behind the cottage and, with the spring and the melting of the snow, he began to plant a kitchen garden, beds of herbs and vegetables, and even flowers, and strangely enough he did it as neatly as anyone could have done it, touching the plants with his fingers as if they were alive.

And then in the first days of summer Konrad came in a motorcar. He stopped first at the Winterhalder farm, and for an hour he was with old Gustav in his study. One of the servants told me you could hear him all over the house before the end.

"How could you let her do it?" he'd shout again and again.

The old man's voice, between sorrow and fury, answered, "Why didn't you come before it was too late?"

At the end of the hour he stormed out of the house and into his car and slammed it up the track toward the head of the valley. But halfway there it stuck in the mud, and he had to get out and trudge up to the cottage on foot. Bruno was at the kitchen garden when he came—I can tell you there were more than one or two people followed Konrad to see what would happen, and I've had every word of it from three or four of them—and for once Brunnhild was in the cottage, doing something. She was mending a dress or some such, as her father had refused to give her a pfennig of cash or a length of cloth beyond what she carried with her on her wedding night.

Bruno straightened himself up, or as much as he ever did, and smiled at Konrad as though there were nothing between them in the world. Konrad stood for a second in front of him, quivering. I don't know what he had meant to do in coming, but whatever it was, I think he forgot it in the wave of anger he felt at seeing Bruno in the flesh, seeing the creature that had dared to marry Brunnhild. Looking at the two of them together, you'd understand his anger. They were like two races of men. Of men? Of man and beast almost. Konrad slim and swift and handsome, with his hooked, arrogant nose and hard, soldier's eyes. And Bruno, his little fringe of beard like untidy wool, and his mild, foolish eyes gazing at everything as if they saw what wasn't there. His hands were dark with earth from planting, and he tried to brush them on the thighs of his trousers.

"You swine," said Konrad. "You bestial imbecile." And he struck Bruno full in the mouth with his closed fist. Bruno stared at him in bewilderment, not even lifting his hand to defend himself or to wipe away the blood running from the corner of his lips. "I should kill you," said Konrad, drawing back his fist again, and with that Brunnhild came out of the cottage in a white blaze of fury.

"We'll see who'll kill," she raged. "Hit him," she said to Bruno. When Bruno didn't move, she beat her fists against his shoulder. "Kill him!" she screamed. "Kill him! Don't just stand there, you shameful lout. Strike him back!"

For answer Bruno bent down and took up his spade, turning it in his gigantic hands as if it were a trowel, and the people who were there gasped and half turned to run, thinking that he was going to split Konrad's skull with it. Even Konrad flinched, they say, as if he suddenly realized the size of the man he had struck. But Bruno only set the blade of the spade in the earth and pressed it down.

"The poor man is in great sorrow for you," he said to Brunnhild. "He did not mean what he did."

"Is that all your answer?" Brunnhild whispered.

He just smiled at her and began to dig. For a long moment Konrad and Brunnhild stood there as if they didn't know what to do. Then Brunnhild spun on her heel and fled inside, pressing her knuckles against her mouth. Konrad hesitated, made to follow her and stopped still again. Then he, too, spun round and almost ran down the hill toward his car.

In the days that followed we found out something of what lay behind it all—gossip here, a word overheard there. It was nothing very much out of the way. Just a quarrel, really; hardly even a lovers' quarrel because, as I've said, Brunnhild and Konrad had grown up too close together to have that lovers' suddenness between them. But what they lacked in one passion they made up for in another—pride. A small quarrel had become a fierce one. He had gone back to his regiment, swearing that he wouldn't come back till she sent for him on her knees, and she had sworn that unless he came back on his own knees within three months she'd marry the village idiot before she'd marry him. He hadn't come, and she'd kept her word—or as close as it could be kept, lacking an actual idiot to marry.

It was a pathetic-enough story, almost like a fairy tale. The prince and the princess betrayed by pride, and the princess fallen into the hands of a hideous monster. Perhaps that last isn't quite an accurate description of poor Bruno, but it's the way the village began to think of

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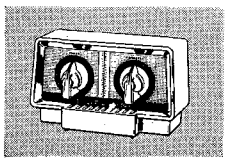

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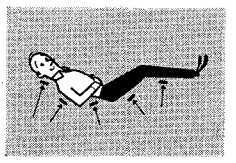

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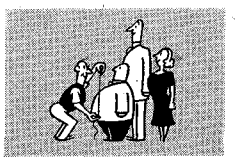

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him. With one of those sudden swings of opinion, everyone began to blame Bruno for the whole thing. And when Konrad didn't leave, but stayed on with the Winterhalders, there weren't too many words said against it. Heads began to nod and tongues to whisper. Konrad had been seen up at the cottage when Bruno was over in the next valley buying some seed. Brunnhild and Konrad had been seen together climbing up the Altenburg, and although a few said no good could come of it, others said that times had changed, and that in the cities and among rich people these things were done every day and thought nothing of. Day by day we expected something to happen, although I don't know what.

But thinking of it now, what did happen was stranger than the strangest thing that any of us expected. I was up delivering a letter to the herdsmen in the summer pastures, high, high up beyond the face of the Altenburg that falls like a great thousand-foot curtain of stone between our valley and the smaller Alps. It isn't a difficult path if you're used to it. In a few places the path becomes a ledge no wider than your boot sole, with the Alten River in its gorge like a ribbon of white lace eight hundred feet below. But beyond that the cliff slopes back and gradually becomes the summer pastures. The cattle come up by another, longer route, of course, but a man on foot should have no trouble crossing the cliff face if he's a mountaineer, unless there's a wind. But this day the wind was screaming off the cliff like an eagle, trying to tear me off my feet, and I can tell you I wasn't thinking of much but getting home as I came along the ledge.

Brunnhild, Bruno, Konrad—they were a thousand miles from my mind. So far from it that, once I was on the broad track leading down through the forest, I almost passed two climbers without realizing who they were. Brunnhild and Konrad Goltz together. Konrad bent down to retie his boot lace, as if hiding his face, but Brunnhild went by with her head lifted and her eyes like iron, and the thought came to me that maybe they'd been quarreling again.

"I should be careful up there," I said. "The wind is bad." They never answered me.

Half an hour later I was passing Bruno's cottage. He was digging in the garden, and really it was a wonder to see. The little plants green and trim as dancers in their rows. He had a beehive now, painted white, with the bees humming and crawling like golden pollen on its wooden step. I gave him "Grüss Gott" and was going on, because what I had seen above made me feel almost guilty toward him. Suddenly he called to me.

"Walther," he called. "Will you come into the cottage and sit down?" He leaned his spade against the fence, and I, wondering what on earth he wanted, although something in me guessed at part of it, hung my satchel on the gatepost and followed him in.

I had never delivered a letter to Bruno or his mother in all my years as postman and had never seen the inside of their house. It was very strange. Small and full of shadows, and yet also curiously light, as if the shadows themselves were luminous. There was a smell of herbs, and scrubbed wood, and everywhere there were the things that Bruno had whittled out of old pieces of timber. A table with field mice on its legs as if they were running up an ear of corn; a squirrel clinging to the branch it had been carved from; and, lying on the table, a wooden head. Even from the doorway I could see that it was meant to be Brunnhild's head.

"What do you want from me, Bruno?" I said rather roughly.

"Good advice," he answered me, smiling and looking out of the window, as if thinking of what he saw there rather than of me. "You have always been good to me," he said. "You will tell me what is best for me to do." Suddenly I felt ashamed and wanted to run down the hill and never see Bruno Holtzmann again. But I couldn't run. He had picked up the wooden head now and was looking down at it. It was not a big thing; quite small, and seeming smaller still, cradled in his hands.

"They say they want to go away together," he said softly. "And that if I say certain things the marriage we have had can be undone, as if it never was. But those things would not be true. What shall I do, Walther?"

I swallowed and tried to think. "Why did she marry you, Bruno? And why did you marry her?"

"She says now because she was mad. But then"—he smiled again, and I realized in that moment how much sadness there had always been in Bruno's smile—"but then—then she said differently. That it was because she saw something deep down inside me—the kind of thing I see in the woods and the sky. Depth on

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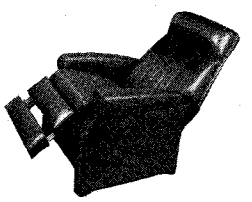

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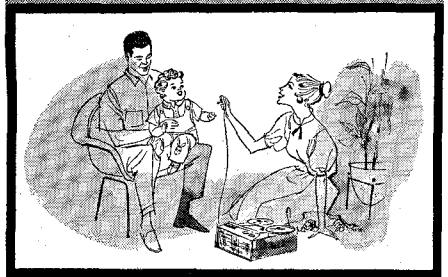

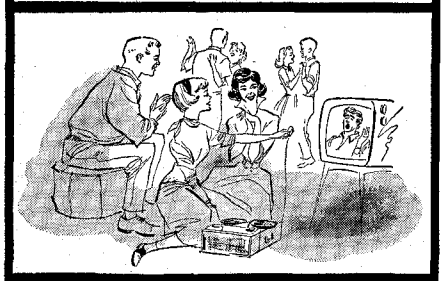

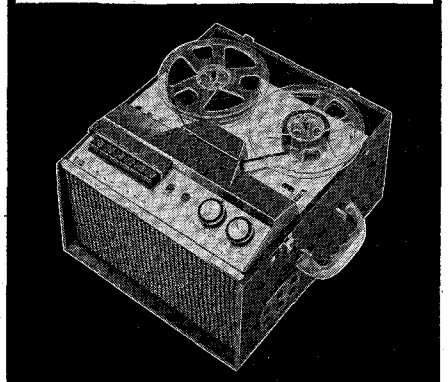

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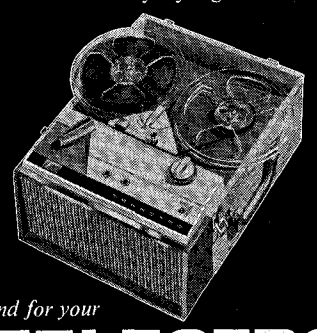

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depth of things that you can't put into words, and only a little of it into carving." And he fondled the wood in his hands as if it were alive.

"And why did you marry her?"

"Because I, too, saw things in her." His voice trailed away in that disconcerting fashion he had that made people call him simple, and stayed silent for God knows how long, looking out of the window, his fingers folded over the small head. Suddenly there was the sound of running feet outside, and Brunnhild was there, her long fair hair broken loose from its braids and streaming like a golden cataract on the white shoulders of her thick wool jersey. Her face was flushed with running, and with something else—anger? shame?—I couldn't tell.

"Come," she said, "come," seizing Bruno by the arm, dragging him out of the cottage like a boy driving a bull. I followed, and we all went running up the path through the forest toward the cliff, Brunnhild running ahead and then back again to Bruno, tugging and worrying at him, and every now and then flinging a word of explanation over her shoulder.

"Konrad . . . he's on the ledge . . . the wind . . . afraid to move." The fury in her voice as she said "afraid" was like a whip hissing through the air, searching for bare flesh to strike. Down here the wind was merely ruffling our hair and cooling our foreheads, but once we were above the trees it beat against us like soft clubs.

When we reached the ledge, I saw that the wind had almost doubled its strength in the last hour. It shrieked down the naked rock gorge like a maniac, tearing flakes off the face of the cliff, tossing and thrashing at the heads of the forest far below, stopping the words in our throats and pulling us toward the nothingness of the gorge. I drew back, not even daring to look down.

"There," said Brunnhild, pointing.

I looked and saw Konrad, a hundred yards farther on, face flat to the cliff, arms spread, the wind now plastering him against the rock, now pulling him out from it. He was just beyond the narrowest part of the ledge, and beyond him the ledge narrowed once more to perhaps twelve inches wide. Apparently he was afraid, being city bred, either to go forward or come back. Glancing down for a second, I could hardly blame him. With the wind at that strength I wouldn't have tried the ledge myself.

Brunnhild had gripped her husband by the arm and was staring into his face. "Will you fetch him back for me?" she said—or rather, she screamed, because only a scream could be heard against that wind.

Very slowly Bruno nodded. He bent down to tighten his boot laces, and then his belt, so that nothing should catch against the rock and, without a word or even a look at either of us, began very slowly to walk along the ledge. Walk for a little way. Then turn with his back to the cliff and shuffle. Then inch his way fraction by fraction as the ledge grew narrower, not much wider than his boot sole was long, while the wind screamed and tore at his shoulders and blew the lamb's-wool fluff of his beard about his chin. At last he was close enough to Konrad to touch his shoulder.

Brunnhild and I had drawn back and down the path a little to where we could still see, but were a little out of the wind. "If I were Bruno I would kill him," said Brunnhild savagely. "How easy it would be."

As Konrad turned his head and saw who was touching him, you could tell that the same thought came to him. Even a hundred yards away you could tell it. The sudden shiver and start of a new terror. I thought he'd fling himself down. But Bruno was already holding him, trying to draw him back toward us. Konrad clung to the face of the rock like a child, screaming, out of his wits with terror.

"Oh, God; oh, God," said Brunnhild, and her fingers sank into my arms like steel hooks. I thought she was afraid for Konrad until I looked sideways at her face and saw the shame there, as if she were being whipped. To have had Konrad despise her husband had been bad enough; but to have her husband despise Konrad, and to know that he would have the right—it was like wormwood on her heart. If ever a proud woman brought shame on her own head through pride, it was Brunnhild. But in those minutes I had no time for thinking—only watching.

For half a minute, maybe, Bruno tried to persuade Konrad to come with him. Then, realizing that it was useless, he did a thing that gives me nightmares to this day whenever I think of it. He pulled Konrad bodily off his feet and swung him into his arms like a child—with twelve inches of stone to stand on, a sheer cliff at his back and eight hundred feet of emptiness below. The heart turned over in me to see it, and I wanted to shut my eyes. I couldn't. I think I stopped breathing. Then the deathly slowness of working his way back to us. One leg sideways—the other drawn up to it—the first leg sideways again. Foot by foot along the ledge, with Konrad in his arms held over the gorge, and the wind slamming against them like a giant door.

"Oh, Mother of God," whispered Brunnhild, and this time her voice was quite different. The shame was still there, but another kind of shame, until the worst part was over. But still Bruno carried Konrad, until he came up to us, where we were sheltering behind a low rock. He bent down and laid Konrad at Brunnhild's feet, and I saw that Konrad had fainted dead away, like a girl.

"There is your Konrad," Bruno said to her. "I will go back to the house now," and he walked away down the slope of the mountain toward the edge of the forest.

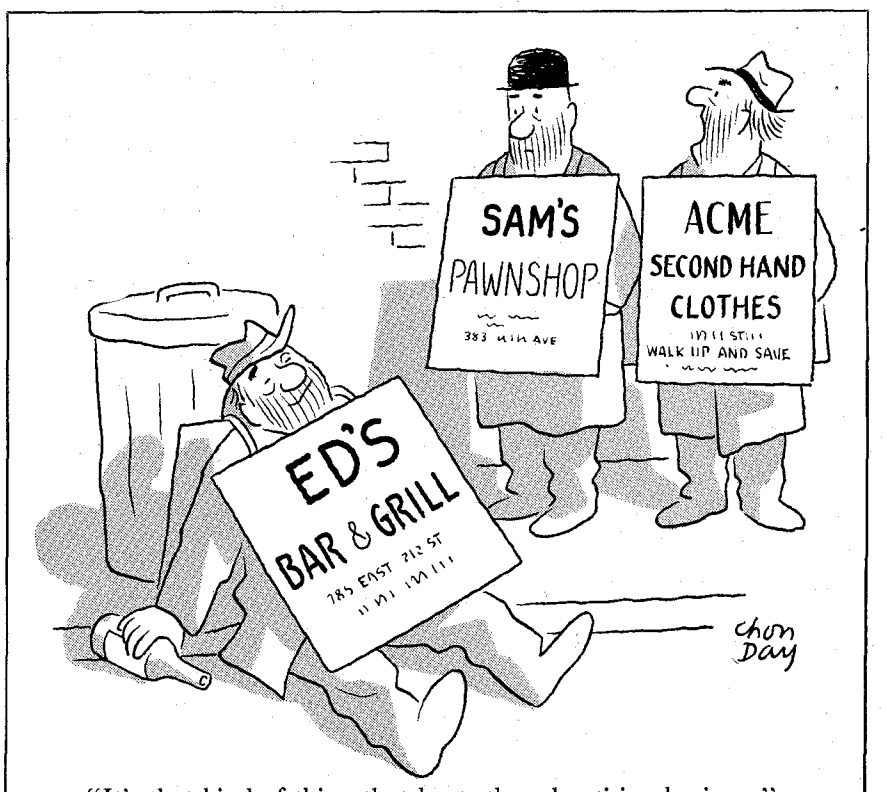
For a long, long moment Brunnhild stared after him with a most strange expression in her eyes. Then she turned her face to the rock and began to cry. I left her there and followed Bruno down. But I took care not to catch up with him.

That was the last I saw of Konrad. The next day he and his motorcar were gone, and none of us has seen him again. There were half a dozen wild stories about why he had gone, but except for Bruno and myself and Brunnhild, no one knew the truth of what had happened, and we kept silence, although sometimes when I'd hear the women gossiping and speculating in the post office it tore my heart not to tell them what I knew. But that day had given me a new feeling for Brunnhild and her strange, strange man, and I held my tongue, because I knew that they wanted me to. And the secret has made a bond between us.

Now, whenever my round takes me past their cottage I go in, and in these days Brunnhild is always there, tending the things a wife should, or doing some other thing for their son, who will one day be as tall and fair and big as his quiet father. And she has peace in her eyes. Her mother-in-law is not so afraid of her now, although still she treats her with great deference, and so does Bruno. So indeed do I. But then, she in turn treats Bruno as if he were a king. And sometimes, when she puts her hand on his arm and smiles at him, I think of what Father Bauer used to preach; that in his own house each man of us is a king, and that for every one of us there comes a day of royalty. He meant the marriage day, of course. Perhaps he is still right, even for Bruno Holtzmann and his wife.

I think that day on the ledge was their true marriage day. And curiously enough, when I looked again at the carving Bruno made of his wife's head, I saw that he had given her a crown, the same thin crown she had worn so sadly as a bride. But in the carved face there is no sadness. Instead, there seems depth on depth of understanding in it; and, turning to Brunnhild's face from the carving, I can see the same understanding there.

Was it always there? Waiting for Bruno to discover it? Or did he put it there with the same quiet fingers that carve wood, and grow flowers, as no one else in the valley can? Can a man have that gift of magic in his hands? I don't know. But men have started to come to Bruno for his carvings, and I saw one of them empty his wallet onto the table trying to buy that head. Bruno only smiled at him, and pushed the notes away. THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

941

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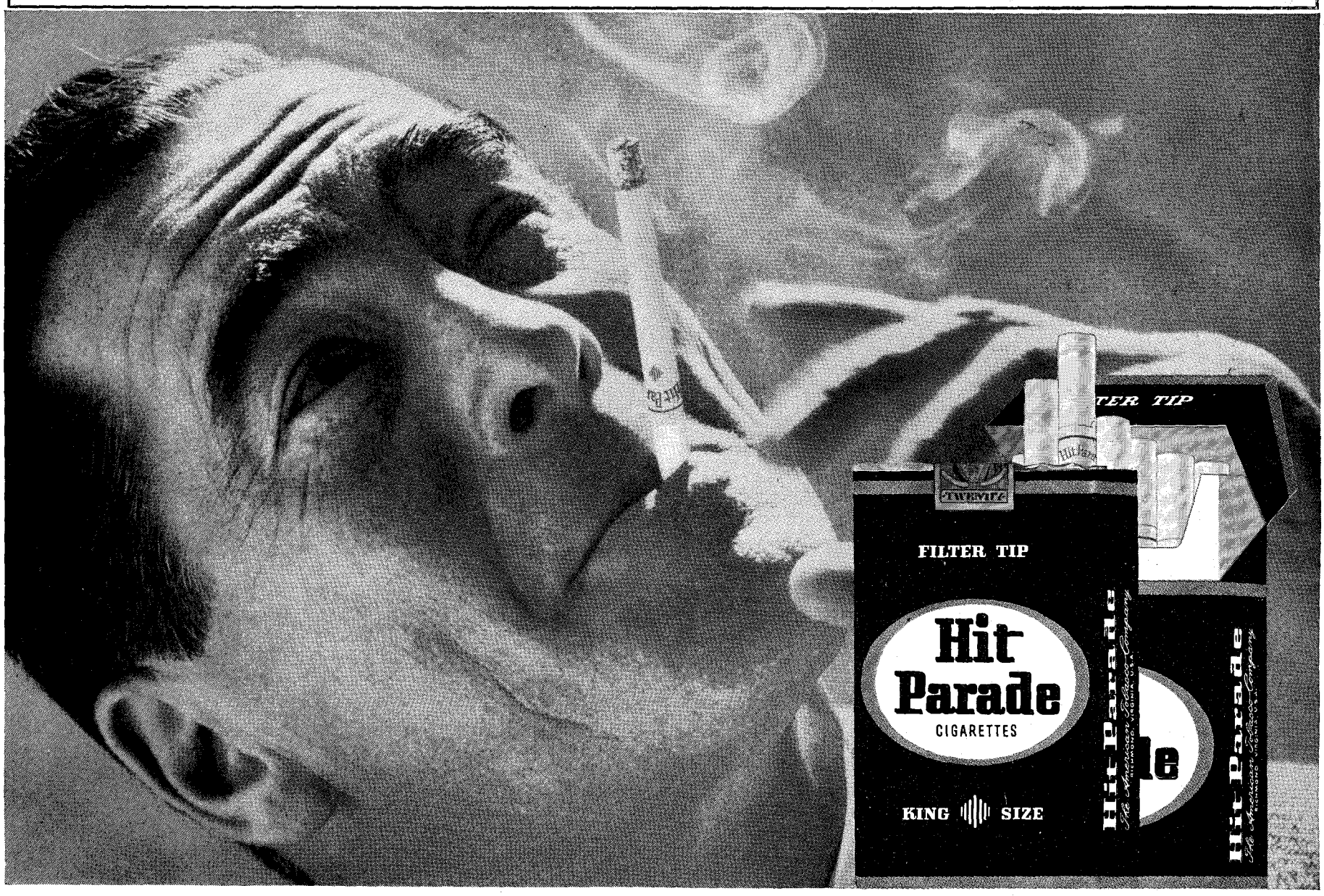

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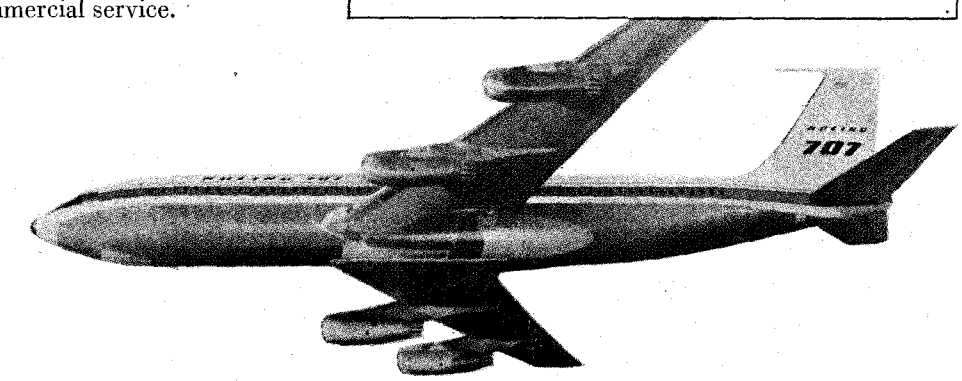

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France Starts Over (Continued from Page 42)

It worked. So eager were most Frenchmen to be saved by him that few went to the trouble of reading the new constitution he proposed. An American friend of mine, whose wife is French, discovered at a gathering of his French in-laws that he was the one person present who had read the ninety-two articles, and he was glad to answer questions.

Of those French voters who had read the text, few really liked it. A hastily thrown-together compromise between the parliamentary and "presidential" systems, it left the door wide open for a future dictator. And the French, having switched from a republican to a monarchic form of government and back again on several occasions since the Revolution of 1789—and having used up four republics in the process—were sensitive to any threats to government of the people, by the people, for the people. Although the sixty-eight-year-old De Gaulle himself was well above suspicion, some of the men around him inspired little confidence in this respect, and certain aspects of the propaganda campaign for a solid *oui* increased the citizen's misgivings.

For example, those of us who attended the September-fourth mass meeting at which De Gaulle presented his draft constitution to the prospective voters were struck by the totalitarian flavor of the whole arrangement. Access to the Place de la République, in the heart of Paris' working-class district, was by invitation only. Ruffians with three-day beards, graced with the armband of authority, were helping the police maintain order. As he spoke from the foot of the huge statue of the Republic, which was surmounted, for the day, with an enormous blue-white-and-red "V"—for Victory and for Republic V—the general was addressing some 3000 polite, applauding civil servants, journalists and secret-service men. The "people" he had come to see were kept, by many loaded guns, at a respectful distance of 500 yards.

Was this the shape of things to come? I spent a morning on a sunny hillside near Avignon, in southern France, listening to two French friends of mine, father and son, debating how they would vote in the referendum which was still a month off. Both were good patriots with fine Resistance records, and both of them agreed that France needed a change. But while the son argued for *oui*, explaining that stability, right now, was all-important, papa held out for *non*.

"I'm sure you're right," he said, at last. "And still, my instinct tells me to vote *non*."

However, even those who voiced misgivings frankly abhorred the thought of having to return to the discredited "system" which had spawned twenty-five administrations in the last twelve years and which had, in the end, collapsed like an old, termite-eaten wall. Years before the collapse, it had become a laughingstock, and even Paris bus conductors, calling the stop in front of parliament, were apt to shout, "*Assemblée Nationale*—where everyone is having fun!"

What was wrong? For one thing, the Assembly—where, one must not forget, the Communists held 150 out of 596 seats—was virtually all-powerful. The government was at its mercy. Because no single party was large enough to govern by itself, the typical French government was an uneasy coalition, apt to split at the seams, or be thrown out by a disunited house, whenever the occasion called for a decision.

As ministers retained their seats in the Assembly, and kept on taking orders from their parties—or from the potent pressure groups behind them—no steady line of policy could be pursued. The president of the republic, chosen by parliament, was little more than a spectator.

It was against this system that the colonels had rebelled on May thirteenth. It was the system that De Gaulle had been called in to bury. And the best way to do it, it appeared to him, was to scrap the existing constitution (approved, in 1946, by only 35.3 per cent of the electorate, with 31 per cent voting against it and the rest abstaining) and concoct a new one.

It was a recipe that had been used before. Since the great Revolution of 1789, the lively French have given themselves thirteen constitutions. As the platoon of government lawyers detailed to draw up yet another one last summer were solemnly dotting their *i*'s in the great, chandelier-hung hall of the old Ministry of Justice, the faded true copies of France's previous constitutions stared at the group, like crumbling mummies, from the glass showcase where they are preserved.

But the lawmakers had been picked, primarily, for their youth, and their morale was high as they translated the general's rather precise directives into a basic text. Here was a chance to undo, with one stroke, all the ills of the Fourth Republic! "It was the most beautiful experience of my life," one of them said. It is in the light of this exuberance that we must read the text—the Gaullist constitution is essentially an antidote, and where it errs it errs on the side of correction.

The National Assembly, for one thing, has been cut down to size. It is balanced by a staid and solid senate, and it will sit less than six months out of every year. Several important subjects which heretofore required legislation can now be dealt with by a simple government decree. Cabinet ministers must relinquish their Assembly seats. And it will be less easy to vote the government out of office.

A vastly strengthened executive will keep things on an even keel. The president of the republic becomes an active umpire. Elected for a seven-year term by an electoral college of some 75,000 members, a majority of them from rural areas, he picks a prime minister of his choice. And though the latter is responsible to the Assembly, it is the president who, in a conflict between parliament and government, has the last word. He may dissolve the Assembly, or he may hold a referendum. And, in a national emergency, he may assume full power.

This clause—Article Sixteen—is the joker in the constitution. De Gaulle himself insisted on it in spite of the fact that no other clause caused so much criticism. It was the baker and the cobbler and the coal man down the street who did not like the looks of it. And if they voted *oui* in spite of it, it showed the depth of their disgust with the old system, and their desire to be governed for a change.

The people's massive *oui* was, in reality, a *oui* to which each voter attached his own conditions, hopes and prayers. It was a *oui* hedged in with if's and but's. What with approval coming from such divergent camps as the Algerian "ultras" and their enemies, the fallen paladins of the discredited Fourth Republic, it was not easy to find two *oui* voters who saw eye to eye.

De Gaulle did not disdain a subtle bit of blackmail. Called in to save the fatherland, he made it amply clear that, if the referendum failed, he would go home to his village of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises—a prospect which conjured up the apocalyptic vision of a second revolution of the colonels and an air-borne assault on Paris, leading to civil war and utter chaos. "If it isn't I, it is the paratroopers," De Gaulle seemed to be saying, and Fear joined Hope in turning out the *oui*.

Among the *nons*, two types could be discerned—a *non* to win, a *non* to place. Among the former were, along with hard-core Communists and fellow travelers, such honest men as former Prime Minister Pierre Mendès-France, who told a press conference in Paris that the constitution lacked the checks and balances which were the safeguards of democracy. The *non*-to-place faction included many Frenchmen who, certain that the constitution would sail through, wanted to use their vote to register a protest—against the pressure of the colonels, the use of torture in Algeria, and other things that rubbed them the wrong way.

If the *nons*, in the end, accounted for a puny 20.75 per cent of the total vote, one reason for the rout was that the *non* stood for a void. Without a common bond among them, and far from certain of what they would do in case of victory, the advocates of *non* could offer no valid alternative to a Gaullist regime. Presumably, the old Assembly would resume its sessions, and that was more than most people could take. Hence, thousands of Frenchmen who habitually voted Communist decided to vote *oui*—some of the reddest districts in the country went over to De Gaulle with flying colors, and some of the most prominent nay-sayers, including Mendès-France himself, were unable to carry their own constituencies.

However, one too easily forgets that it was an authentic revolution that brought De Gaulle to power—and that things could have gone extremely badly here. To grasp the full significance of the September landslide, one must go back a bit and see what made the colonels blow their tops on May thirteenth.

Unwilling to face up to the harsh fact that empires are out of fashion, France had been trying hard, since World War II, to hold on to her own far-flung possessions. To do so, she had built a large modern army. But, with no one at home to give the fighting men clear orders, they found themselves forced into ambiguity on more than one occasion. Told to fight, but not hard enough to win; told to discharge political tasks along with military ones, French officers—and often their enlisted men—became exasperated with the politicians at home who were supposed to be their masters.

The army's mood turned blacker with every defeat. After the May, 1954, disaster of Dienbienphu, which spelled the loss of Indochina, one could hear the first bitter talk of mutiny. And, with the Suez fizzle of November, 1956, the bitterness increased.

Algeria was, if anything, a trial worse than Indochina. Unable to gain a decisive victory in a war that knew no front, harassed by an invisible enemy, an army of 500,000 Frenchmen was told to "pacify" and kill at the same time. Could it do both? Depending, for their social contacts, on the community of Frenchmen who had developed this rich territory for four generations, the military were soon indoctrinated with the chauvinism of the local "ultras," who felt that all resistance must be crushed, if necessary by Draconian means, so that Algeria could be "integrated" into France.

A revolutionary junta of army and civilian extremists was formed in Algiers with the aim of overthrowing the soft-headed "system" and setting up its own regime in France. Some 20,000 paratroopers, aided by 100,000 parachute reservists, were to serve as the spearhead of the enterprise. The uprising was to start in Algiers and spread from there to continental France, to culminate in an air-borne assault on Paris.

On May thirteenth, the fuse was lit. Public Safety Committees, taking their name from the bloodthirsty ruling bodies of the Revolution of 1789, sprang up in several key cities. Algiers fell in a burst of jubilation. Corsica, steppingstone to the French mainland, was captured next. Already, in defenseless Paris, the deputies in the Assembly, deserted by the army, the navy, and even most of the police, expected to be tossed into the Seine.

It was at this point that De Gaulle alighted from the clouds. Who had called him in? The rebels, who had probably envisaged a purely military dictatorship—some called for the suppression of all parties and the establishment of a "corporate state"—were slow, at first, in joining in the shouting, "Long live De Gaulle!" Still, they accepted his "Stay where you are!" without a murmur, while the rest of France welcomed the overlife-sized "father image" with immense relief.

But revolutions rarely stop halfway. No sooner did the activists suspect that Charles de Gaulle was not "their man" than they began to say that they had made a monumental error in accepting him. Soon, you could hear talk of "another rendezvous," of a "second installment" of the revolution.

During a visit, just before the referendum, to Toulouse, the ancient, pink-brick capital of France's rich southwest, I found that things were far from settled. Toulouse was a good observation point. The arrival there, over the last two or three years, of about 7000 Frenchmen from Tunisia, Morocco and Algeria, as a result of the North African unpleasantness, had subtly changed the climate of this well-eating and easygoing town.

In a small, neon-lit bar, rendezvous of the local malcontents, I found several members of the city's eighteen-man Public Safety Committee passing the time of day over an anisette. One gangling, bullet-headed fellow, called Jacques, whose neatly typed credentials were issued by the parent committee in Algiers, told me of the group's sore disappointment. The men of May thirteenth had planned to take Toulouse in the first rush and thus secure a springboard for the final, 425-mile leap to Paris. Quietly, a number of paratroop units were sent in, bringing the total paratroop contingent in and around Toulouse up to about 8000. Jacques and his friends began to train several hundred civilian commandos, and plans were ready for the capture of the prefecture, seat of the prefect, or governor, of the region.

And just when things were set to pop, De Gaulle had to say "Halt!" Jacques was disgruntled. "He's not even a real general," he growled. "What battle has he ever won?"

"If we could only have found a better man to rouse the people from their stupor," added another member of the group—a squat, unsmiling character who had been a salesman in Algeria until his own ways of enforcing "integration" resulted in a nationalist "death warrant" against him, and his hurried departure.

My Unfair Lady

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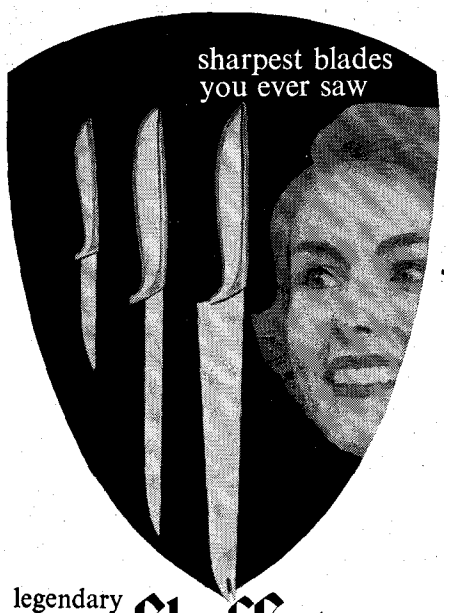

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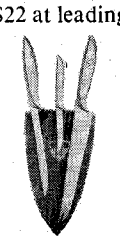

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Fellow committee members joined the two in voicing disappointment with the course of events. They were watching De Gaulle "with vigilance." They were giving him their *oui* "with reservations." If he should dare negotiate with the Algerian nationalists, they and their parachutist friends would instantly resume their revolution—this time against De Gaulle himself. As if to prove his point, Jacques—who was wearing slacks and a green sweater open at the neck—took me inside a parachutists' barracks at the edge of town, where junior officers greeted him like a member of the family.

De Gaulle, still waiting for the people's verdict at the time, observed such goings on in both Algeria and France with admirable patience. Intent on doing first things first and bringing his constitution safely into port, he carefully avoided a commitment on the hot Algerian issue and thus achieved the miracle of having advocates of both solutions—Algeria French, Algeria free—give him their *oui*. While the Algerian "ultras" and their army friends equaled their *oui* with "integration," so prominent a friend of disengagement in Algeria as Socialist Gaston Defferre, the brisk and brilliant mayor of Marseilles, announced that he was voting *oui* for the exactly opposite reason. "I am convinced the weight of our support will induce the general to start negotiations in Algeria," he told me as I briefly cornered him at the Socialist convention at which that schizophrenic party opted for *oui* with 2786 against 1176 votes.

But even that was only half the story. With an extraordinary flair for practical politics, De Gaulle astutely linked the constitutional and the imperial questions. By granting the right to vote in the referendum to all the people under the French tricolor, he gave Algerians and Black Africans alike a stake in a new French community of peoples—but with a difference. Black Africans were told that if they voted *non*, the result would be immediate independence; one French possession, Guinea, has, in fact, availed itself of the unprecedented offer and calmly voted itself out of the French orbit, while other territories, having given France their solid *oui*, are looking forward to becoming her junior partners in an emerging commonwealth.

Algeria, being "part of France," was not included in the offer. And the most plausible interpretation of the Algerian majority of 96 per cent—with only 17 per cent abstaining—is that both Moslems and non-Moslems, sick of the war, were turning the whole package over to De Gaulle to do with as he pleased.

Emerging from his referendum victory with anything but a clear mandate, De Gaulle lost little time in moving toward a constructive formula somewhere between the two extremes. Announcing, early in October, a five-year plan of economic and cultural development for Algeria's 8,000,000 Moslems, he seemed to close the door to an immediate French withdrawal.

Having done so, he proceeded with Olympian calm to crush the activists, in uniform and out, who were still clamoring for "integration." In a remarkably blunt letter addressed to Gen. Raoul Salan, governor of Algeria and himself one of the chief participants in the May-thirteenth coup, De Gaulle ordered all army personnel out of the Public Safety Committees.

"The moment has come," he brusquely stated, "for the military to stop taking part in any organization which has a political character."

The officers obeyed, and with one stroke the power of the revolutionary bodies was reduced to nothing. For the first time since May thirteenth there was no doubt that it was Paris that commanded in Algiers—and the revolution which only yesterday had threatened to engulf all France was liquidated by the man whom it had pushed to power.

As both Algeria and France were getting ready to go to the polls once more, this month, in the first parliamentary elections under the new order, observers here were looking forward to a beginning dialogue. With forty-odd Algerian Moslems taking their seats in France's National Assembly, freely elected representatives of the Algerian people, for the first time, would be available for talks. And those who favored disengagement from the troubled territory were hoping that De Gaulle would come up with that "elegant" solution that, while safeguarding the rights of 1,200,000 non-Moslems in Algeria, would satisfy the aspirations of Algerian nationalists.

Republics come, republics go, but facts remain the same. Algeria is, unfortunately, not the only problem on the general's agenda. On his own home grounds, he still faces a Communist Party which, until now, has been supported by one fourth of the electorate and which may soon recover from its referendum setback. He has to cope with a big, powerful Confederation of Labor which, until now, has done the Communists' bidding. And he is up against the ugly prospect of running out of cash by January, 1959, unless fresh money can be raised abroad. A winter of decisions lies ahead.

But Charles de Gaulle, ever since taking power, has used the sure touch of the natural-born statesman, and most observers here believe he can succeed where everybody else has failed so dismally. As France's Fifth Republic was shifting resolutely into gear, Americans, still doing nicely with their First, were hoping it would last a long, long time.

Our Own Inside Story

(Continued from Page 39)

self-appointed China expert dined with that brave, complex, strange man, the British Ambassador to China, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, later Ambassador to Moscow and Washington. The whole picture of the long-ago evening remains superb in the mind's eye in all details—the table under the stars, with the fireflies hovering over the lamps; the white-gowned servants, ghostly in the heavy-scented nighttime garden; the strained look on the face of a tired guest who correctly forecast a "bad bombing day tomorrow." But more vivid still is the remembered sense of having been a pompous, presumptuous ass. This shame began, and gained power, and grew utterly overwhelming, as the chance remarks at the dinner table progressively showed up as purest drivel everything that had been written about China with such lordly self-assurance.

At that very instant, in the garden on the hill above Chungking, the first rule of our postwar partnership—"Go see for yourself"—was born. It has taken us both around the world more times than we have counted. We followed our rule to the end of our partnership; and even now, when we have both gone our separate ways, we try to follow it still.

The rule is a good rule for a number of reasons. In the first place, there is the curious phenomenon of the weather in the streets. It is not easy to explain, but it is a wholly real phenomenon. Go smell the weather in the streets. Go spend no more than a few hours in the midst of a foreign situation you have minutely studied at long range. Suddenly, even before you can consult the local experts, or call on an ambassador, or interview the foreign minister, the whole outline of the situation begins to change in your mind, simply because the weather in the streets has an altogether unexpected smell.

We do not mean, of course, that just smelling the weather in the streets of a city halfway round the world permits a reporter to write intelligently about what is happening there. Reporting abroad, in fact, demands the hardest kind of hard work. Just getting there is bad enough. Surely the least restful form of transportation ever invented is the airplane, which reporters in a hurry always have to take.

The trouble with airplanes is not that they are dangerous—although the younger member of the partnership still rather queasily remembers a certain moment soon after the war in a small and antiquated aircraft flying in cloud over the terrible mountains on the way to Teheran. Suddenly, the cheerful ex-R.A.F. pilot announced to his passengers, "I say, you chaps, I'm afraid I don't see how we can get down through this stuff—we'll just have to risk hitting a mountain, you know." The eyes of the passengers, behind their oxygen masks, looked like the eyes of terrified owls, as the plane nosed down through the rock-filled soup.

Anyone who flies a great deal and visits out-of-the-way places is sure to have such owl-eyed, goose-pimply moments. Yet the real trouble with airplanes is that continuously traveling very great distances in them is somehow both physically and spiritually rumpling. Possibly this is because air travel—unavoidably—begins and ends with airports. Both of us are convinced that when we go to our eternal punishments, we shall find ourselves eternally wait-listed in one airport or another. One of us foresees his condemnation to the airport at Riyadh, in Saudi Arabia. The other thinks that his particular, private hell will be in the Kai Tak airport at Hong Kong, surely the most dangerous and most comfortless airport in the world.

Reporters share this always boring, always rumpling experience of endlessly getting there by air, only to depart again, with members of such other trades as commercial travelers. The real reportorial work begins when you have got there, and have smelled the weather in the streets, and must decide how to tackle the new situation that lies before you. In the jargon of our partnership, the two possible approaches are the worm's-eye-view approach and the synthesizing approach. The worm's-eye-view approach is mainly for events of an essentially dramatic character, such as wars, civil conflicts, and the like. It consists, quite simply, of going out, getting yourself involved in the event, and describing what you have seen.

For middle-aged persons, this can be rather taxing. But most often it is also strangely exhilarating. It is exhilarating because you escape into intense experience, from the petty political round, the only half-human life of capital cities that are the normal news centers. We have

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both felt the same exhilaration (often mixed with the most lively apprehension) whether at the front in Korea, or in a canalboat sluggishly traversing a Communist-controlled province in Indochina, or even among the wolfish horrors of the guerrilla wars in North Africa. What you see is not always pretty. Some experiences, in honest truth, are horrible, and cause a deep depression, such as the massacre in Oued Zem in Morocco. But unless the horrors are very horrible indeed, or you are very frightened indeed, any escape into intense experience will somehow make all life's colors, light and dark, seem richer, stronger, more magnificent.

Every reporter who has often taken the worm's-eye view of great events has quite enough memories to make him the prize club bore on earth. So we must resist the temptation to reminisce. We must try to describe the other approach, which a reporter more often has to choose when he arrives at some strange but news-filled place. We call it the synthesizing approach because it is just that.

Except for the few who spend years on end in one country, reporters abroad cannot know of their own knowledge, or understand with their own understanding. Hence, any roving correspondent has to synthesize the best on-the-spot opinion he can get.

> The first man to reach the moon will probably be someone in love with a spoiled beauty who asked for it. ALMA DENNY

This means talking to all your own country's experts on the scene, in the embassy particularly (where there is almost always someone, usually low in rank, who really knows what is going on). It also means, of course, talking to as many of the local political leaders, journalists, and movers and shakers as you can induce to talk to you.

Talking with the men who count is by no means easy. It is surprisingly depleting intellectually and even physically, to try for some sort of shock of mind against mind with five or six total strangers a day for many days on end. But this part of the process offers the intense compensating excitement that good detectives also must feel. Not always, to be sure. Sometimes, a reporter finds himself utterly baffled by a place or situation—the younger of these reporters remembers experiencing that sense of bafflement in the Soviet Union especially—and then he feels like a detective who has failed to solve the crime. But there is also a real sense of satisfaction which comes from the feeling of having got on top of a difficult and complex situation.

Estimating any situation with complete accuracy is, of course, impossible. But in our experience, if you work like a nailer to see everyone imaginable who may have something significant to say, you can generally make a situation estimate that will be accurate, at least for a few months. Calling the turn in this manner, of course, requires the exercise of independent judgment. Sometimes, indeed, you have to try to call the turn in defiance of the judgment of men on the spot whom you know well and would normally trust. This happened to the older member of our partnership when he reached Paris at Christmastime in the grim days before the fall of Dienbienphu.

He had just passed a month at the front in Indochina, and he had seen that the unending French effort against the Vietnamese Communists was nearing the exhaustion point. He was convinced that the exhaustion point would come rather soon, unless the United States came to France's aid with men as well as money. In these circumstances, the then Foreign Minister, Georges Bidault, sent for the reporter. Bidault stated, repeatedly and with great emphasis, that France would be unable to continue the Indochinese struggle for more than a few months unless the United States proved willing to intervene with troops.

When published, the interview with Bidault caused consternation in Washington, where the administration had been complacently relying on the French to continue the weary effort in Indochina indefinitely and alone. Cablegrams flew back and forth between Washington and Paris. Bidault had, of course, used the reporter to tell the American Government unofficially what he dared not say officially, for fear of the domestic political repercussions. He now blandly explained that the whole trouble must have arisen because of the reporter's bad French. The Paris Embassy delightedly accepted Bidault's explanation, and the State Department also swallowed the explanation with cries of joy. When the reporter got back to Washington, he encountered many a smug smile and many a joke about his linguistic failings. It was no consolation, either, when the forecast of the Bidault interview was substantiated within a few months.

Yet there are many consolations for the roving reporter abroad, from the occasional carnal pleasures of an unforgettably delicious meal to more elevated satisfactions. In our travels about the world, for example, we have had the singular good fortune of seeing at close hand just about all the greatest leaders, good and evil, wise and lunatic, of just about the whole postwar world except Communist China. Their images are still vivid in our minds:

Dwight D. Eisenhower at his headquarters outside of Paris in the winter of 1951, talking wonderfully good sense in those days about the need for Western strength, but with his eyes roving restlessly, and his mind clearly on something else (he had not then fully decided to run for President). Nikita Khrushchev, with his small, shrewd eyes and his three prominent wens, acting the jovial clown at a party; and then, during a long interview, serious, impressively intelligent, obviously tough, obviously a gambler and frighteningly limited in his view of the outside world. Adenauer, "Der Alte," with his long, turtle head and the wise precision of his answers. Charles de Gaulle, out of power, a seeming has-been, gloomily and eloquently predicting the course of events in France almost precisely as they have since transpired. General MacArthur, striding up and down, corncob pipe in hand, orating to the embarrassed reporter as to an audience of millions—and then, with a thrust of a finger in the reporter's chest and a "You get me?", settling down in a chair and talking with the simple shrewdness of a country lawyer. Old Mossadegh, seeking to play the role of Samson in the Iranian temple, lying in an unmade bed in rather dirty striped pajamas, alternately weeping and giggling. Marshal Tito, shrewd, tough, and quite exceptionally impressive despite his irrepressible fondness for rich upholstery.

But the list could be prolonged indefinitely. In any case, all our glimpses of the great were worth far less to us than the absorbing spectacle of our own country's performance in circumstances wholly novel to every (*Continued on Page 95*)

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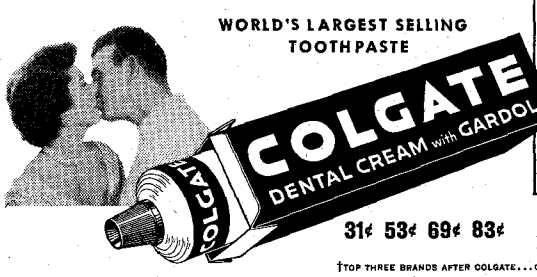

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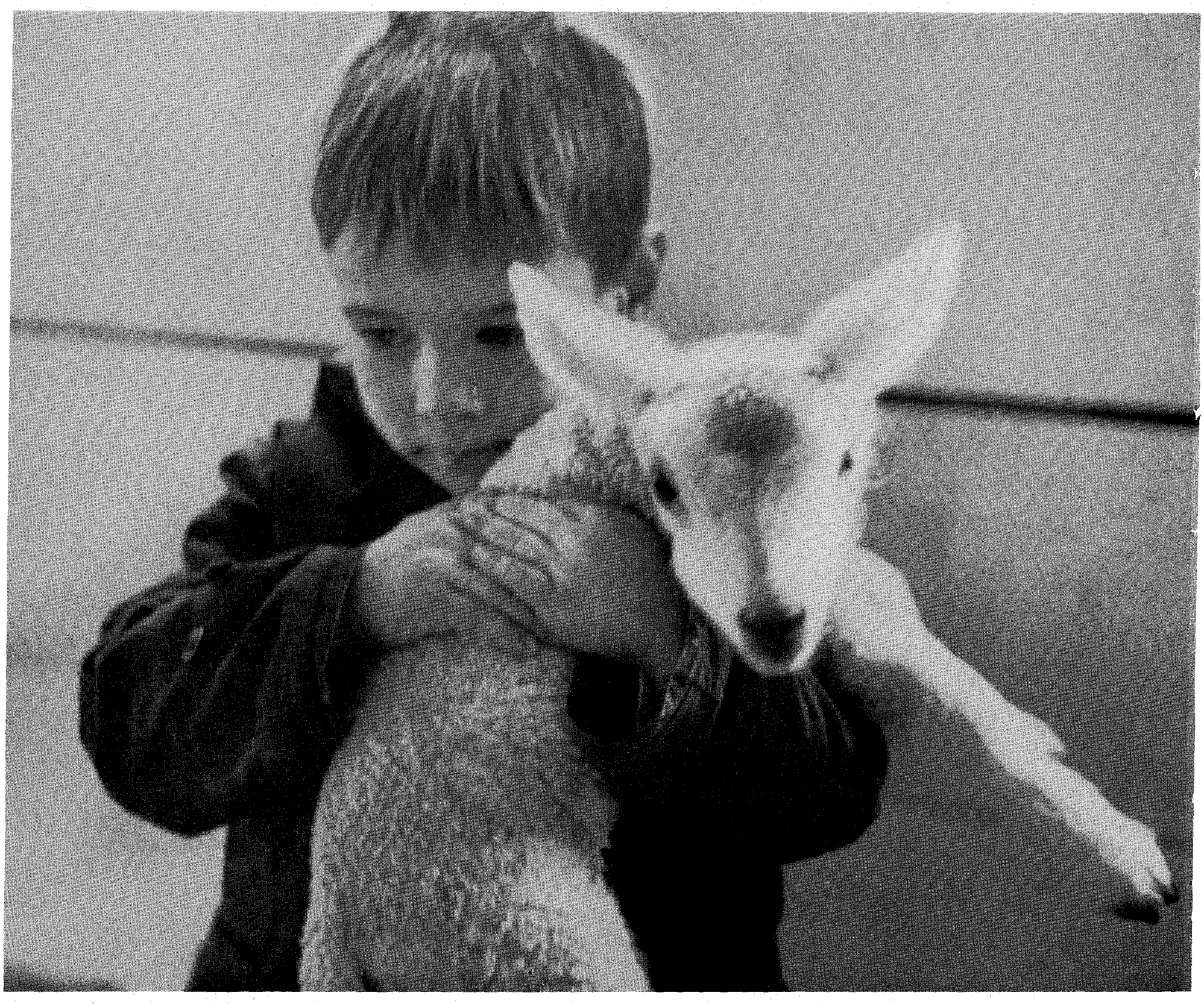
The miracle called "growing up"...



The miracle called "growing up" is so commonplace that we seldom pause to reflect on its wonder. And yet, the growth and development of the living form represent one of the most awe-inspiring of nature's works. There is, however, a group of men who can never take this miracle for granted. They are the farmers and agriculturists—of today and of tomorrow—to whom the growth and development of livestock and poultry must be a daily concern. And to assist them, the scientists of Pfizer have devoted much of their time and energies to the creation of new ways to improve animal health and productivity. From their research have come veterinary medicines that fight disease . . . antibiotic feed supplements that promote growth with less feed . . . and an ever-growing harvest of discoveries to increase the nutritional value and the world abundance of food. And so will these discoveries continue to come. For at Pfizer, the job is never done. Whether the field be that of agriculture, of medicine, or of industry—if there is room for scientific progress, Pfizer is at the task. And that is why the name Pfizer on a product has come to mean the very last word in research, the very first word in quality.

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(*Continued from Page 93*) American to come to maturity before or even during the Second World War. The America of our young manhood, before that war, was hardly more involved in the rest of the world than the America of Beveridge and Brandegee. Now America is deeply and directly involved everywhere.

This great historical change in America's world position cannot be properly understood or accurately reported from Washington—to paraphrase, "he little knows of America who only America knows." And yet the reverse is also true. It is surprising how quickly a reporter abroad, even in one of the great Western capitals, begins to feel wholly isolated from the current of opinion and the trend of policy at home. That is why it is just as important for a reporter who wants to write accurately about foreign affairs to return periodically to this country as it is for him to go abroad in the first place. Washington is the other side of the coin, and to arrive at a reasonably accurate judgment of the trend of world events, it is necessary to know both sides of the coin. Above all, it is necessary to know and to assess correctly the scale of the national defense effort, because the nature of that effort determines the whole world balance of power.

That is one reason why, during our partnership, we specialized in the category of reporting we call defense reporting. In our opinion, despite all the gee-whiz stories that are printed about defense developments, the American press as a whole still pays far too little attention to the vast and novel national problems that now center in the Pentagon. Barring exceptional circumstances such as the Sputniks created, the press is generally content to leave defense problems to the generals, the admirals and the National Security Council members.

We followed a different policy, however, and if we are proud of anything in our years of collaboration, we are proud of our record of defense reporting. We scored (if the reader will pardon us for briefly tootling our own horn) a whole series of beats in the defense field, either for the column or for this magazine: the first really comprehensive study of the missiles and the hydrogen bomb, both for the Post (ARE WE READY FOR A PUSH-BUTTON WAR?, September 6, 1947, and THE INSIDE STORY OF OUR FIRST HYDROGEN BOMB, with Dr. Ralph Lapp, October 25, 1952); the first stories on the inner struggle within the Truman Administration on whether to go ahead with the H-bomb project, "Project Super;" the first stories on the Soviet tests of both intermediate missiles and intercontinental missiles; the first report on the Eisenhower Administration's belated decision to go ahead with an American satellite project; the first description of the phenomenon of hydrogen-bomb fallout; the first news of both the vitally important Killian and Gaither reports; and more besides.

We got into a lot of hot water with a lot of important people (including both Presidents Truman and Eisenhower) for writing what we did. But that is another subject, and here we want to try to describe how it is possible for reporters without any technical background (neither of us has ever been able to balance his checkbook) to write reasonably accurately about such complex technological subjects as nuclear weapons or missiles.

The first part of the answer is extremely simple. You go to school. You have to go to school in order to be able to ask the right questions about such recondite matters as critical size, range of radioactivity, inertial guidance, initial thrust, or velocity of re-entry. No matter how arcane the subject, enough has been printed about it in nonclassified publications to give you a general idea of what questions to ask. Back in 1947, for example, in the course of going to school, we heard about the unclassified paper in which an Austrian physicist announced the technical feasibility of a thermonuclear bomb. That suggested a pretty important question—if the thing could be made, why weren't we making it? We continued to ask the question, until, four years later, we got the first news of the great and solemn debate between the advocates and the opponents of an American H-bomb.

Again, we had done a lot of homework on the radioactive side effects of nuclear explosions. (Some of the results of this homework appeared in a number of articles published in this magazine.) One of us was therefore instantly alerted and astonished by a remark plaintively dropped by a fairly high official in a discussion about the U.S. Army's equipment programs. The official said that the General Staff was attempting to figure out the right infantry equipment for an H-bomb war. And, he added, he could not imagine what the answer would be, since "the area of lethal fallout could be anywhere up to several thousand square miles."

Working as he did on quite different problems, the official probably did not know he was saying anything surprising. But, having done his homework, the reporter knew that fallout of the indicated dimensions far exceeded anything expected by the inventors of the H-bomb, who had pooh-poohed the fallout danger during the earlier controversy. So the reporter went home, to have a knock-down drag-out fight with his younger brother and Dr. Ralph Lapp, the nuclear physicist, both of whom were sure there must be a mistake somewhere. Thereafter, we did a great deal of checking—asking, for instance, for the results of the tests obtained by the nongovernment scientists who make a hobby of watching the upper air with their own Geiger counters. And then we broke the fallout story. The existence of this world-transforming phenomenon was reluctantly acknowledged, many months later, by AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss.

Experience counts in these matters too. For example, we have learned by experience, from the first Soviet A-bomb on, that intelligence estimates of Soviet technological progress almost always err by at least two years on the optimistic side. In 1954, we learned that the official estimate was that the Soviets would test their first I.C.B.M. in "1959–60." All our information bleakly pointed to another optimistic error, so we made our own estimate, warning that "the Soviets were quite probably ahead of the U.S." in the I.C.B.M. race, and predicting "first tests in 1957–58" of Soviet "guided missiles of intercontinental range." We were bang on the nose, alas.

Besides homework and independent judgment, defense reporting also requires something of the reconstructive imagination of the paleontologist, who can take a rear molar and a bit of fossilized femur and some other scraps, and combine them to make a reasonably accurate picture of the whole animal. Early in 1957, one of us picked up the equivalent of a rear molar when an official asked him, with seeming casualness: "What do you think the public reaction would be in this country, if it became known that the Soviets had tested an I.C.B.M.?"

The reporter already knew that the American intelligence had means of radar-tracking the upper trajectory of Soviet missiles, and that the radar had tracked very large numbers of medium-range missiles. He was reminded of a brief, but significant item that had appeared in Aviation Week, the extremely well-informed aviation trade magazine, headlined BEATEN TO THE I.C.B.M. PUNCH? And there were other items of evidence all pointing to the conclusion that a Soviet I.C.B.M. had indeed been radar-tracked.

News of this kind is customarily hidden from the country, but it always spreads fairly fast in rather large circles of expertly interested technicians and industrialists. The right questions were therefore asked in the right quarters, and the reporter's melancholy suspicion was soon confirmed. In July, 1957, the New York Herald Tribune published the Alsop column on the front page, reporting without qualification that the Soviets had tested an I.C.B.M. The New York Times countered with an "authoritative" Pentagon report to the effect that the Soviets were in a "very early motor-testing stage" with their I.C.B.M. In August, the Soviets themselves announced the success of their I.C.B.M. tests, news which the Pentagon reluctantly confirmed. And in October, the first Sputnik showed that the Pentagon's mumbled confirmation had again grossly underestimated real Soviet capabilities.

It should be noted that not one of these stories was "leaked" to us in the accepted sense of that silly word. Yet in each case the indignant cry went up that there had been a "leak"—suggesting that some miscreant within the charmed circle of the Q-cleared had handed us the story, complete in all its details, as a sort of pre-Christmas present. This belief in "leaks" implies a total disbelief in all reporters' energy, intelligence and independent powers of judgment. But it is an unvarying article of faith among all officials of every administration, from the President down.

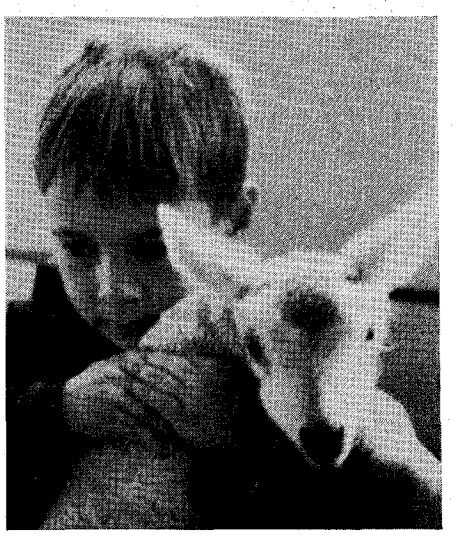
One of those who firmly believed he was a victim of "leaks" to the Alsop brothers was former Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson. It has even been said that we "got" Johnson, which is nonsense. The ugly facts "got" Johnson, when the tragic inadequacies of his defense program were nakedly exposed in Korea. At any rate, Johnson was religiously persuaded that the facts we published on his defense program were smuggled to us by his subordinates, conspicuously including Stuart Symington, then Secretary of the Air Force. Symington was indeed a friend of ours, and so remains, but just because he was a friend, we hardly ever saw him during the Johnson period. But one day one of us actually did call on Symington in the Pentagon, to get the answer to a question wholly in the public domain, concerning the total airframe weight on order by the Air Force.

The question was quickly answered from published data, when the corridor door of Symington's office opened, and the bulky figure of Louis Johnson appeared. (We later learned that he had ordered the girls at the Pentagon reception desks to warn him immediately if either of the awful Alsops set foot in the building.) Johnson closed the door, and stood there, saying nothing, nodding his huge bald head up and down with the air of a virtuous husband who has at last caught his erring wife in *flagrante delicto*.

To get rid of a pain in the neck try yawning.

HAROLD COFFIN

The Growing Wonders of Science On the Farm



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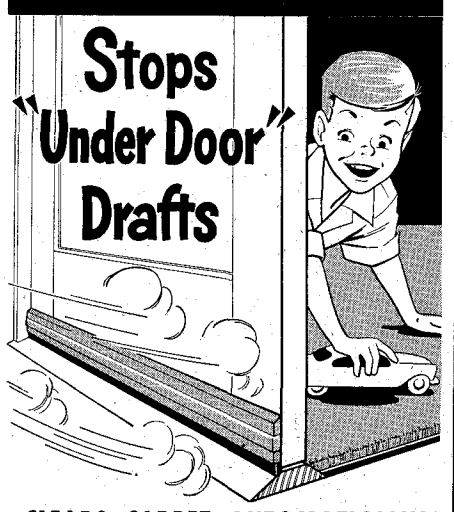

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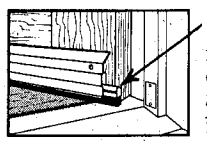

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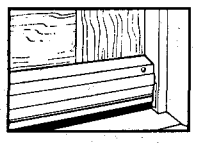

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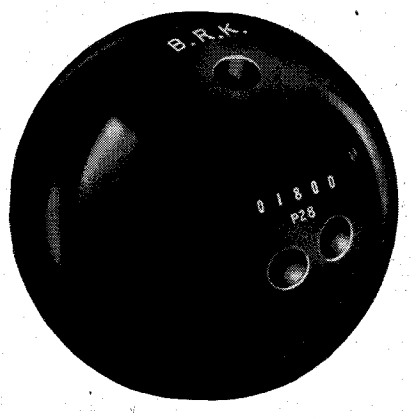

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Symington broke the unhappy silence by attempting an introduction, in which he rather slurred over the Alsop name—it sounded something like "Ollup," or perhaps "Ulp." "Yes," Johnson replied, "I know MR. ALSOP," and he pronounced the hated name loud and clear. There was another long, uncomfortable pause, while Johnson continued to nod his head up and down, grinning horribly, before at last he turned and left. Symington and the reporter thereupon collapsed into undignified giggles.

In fact, neither Symington nor anyone else needed to tell us the facts which we were publishing to prove that Johnson's boasts were empty untruths. Louis Johnson himself told us those facts. We simply used his detailed line budgets to prove his heavy cutbacks in Air Force wings, Navy sea and air units, and Army and Marine divisions.

The same line budget is, of course, a principal source of the Kremlin's information about the American defense effort. And this in turn suggests the two questions which anyone engaged in defense reporting has to ask himself before he publishes any defense news that the Government has not published already. The first is simple: Do the Soviets know it already? If the information is certainly known to the enemy, then the American people have a right to know it too. The Soviets obviously knew, for example, about the fallout phenomenon of their own missile tests. The second is: Does the news raise an issue of such profound importance that the democratic procedure demands public debate? Our inner answer to this second question decided us to drag the secret controversy about making an American H-bomb into the light. And, since there was nothing whatsoever secret about the theory of fusion, we are still sure that we were right to publish our series on the H-bomb controversy, which certainly accelerated President Truman's decision to give a green light to Project Super.

In borderline cases, we have always made it a practice to consult responsible officials. For two years, for example, on the advice of CIA chief Allen Dulles, we sat on the story of the American radar system for detecting Soviet missile tests, although for technical reasons the chances were at least a hundred to one that the Soviets knew about the system. Robert Hotz, of Aviation Week, one of the best defense reporters in the business, who also had been sitting on the story, finally broke it in 1957, when he lost patience with the Pentagon high command's consistent deceptions about the relative stages of Soviet and American missile progress. Robert Cutler, then secretary of the NSC, thereafter made a foolish speech to a rally of big businessmen, suggesting that Hotz was hardly better than a traitor. In our opinion, the real disloyalty to the American people and the democratic process is committed by those officials who, in both the Truman and Eisenhower administrations, have consistently denied the people the facts essential to an understanding of the real national situation.

This seems a good point to tell again a story we told once before, in abbreviated and anonymous form, in The Saturday Evening Post. The story may have seemed a trifle pointless to the readers of the Post, since we did not name its hero. But now that much time has passed, and he has retired from active life, the hero can be named. He was Winston Churchill, the man we have both admired more than any other in our times.

The younger member of our partnership, and Sir Winston's only son, Randolph, had struck up a friendship while wandering about the continent together. The result was an invitation to Chartwell, the Churchill country place. The luncheon party turned out to consist only of the great man, Randolph and the reporter, and it was a decidedly sticky business. Churchill was clearly not pleased to find an American journalist he had never laid eyes on before lunching with him. Randolph was on the wagon, which made him nervous.

Before the meal and during the entire first course, the old man said not a word, confining his conversation to an occasional eloquent grunt. It was a desperate half hour, but as the champagne was passed, and it began to appear that his visitor was at least harmless, the old man began to enjoy himself. He was wise, witty, and—it must be added—malicious, by turns. Asked how he managed to get so much literary work done and still attend to his parliamentary duties (he was leader of the opposition at the time), he grinned happily. "Of course, when there is a really important debate," he said, "I must take my accustomed place in Commons. But when the issue concerns a new sewer system for Little Hardscratch, or something of that sort, I ring up Anthony, and I say, 'Anthony, my boy, here is a great chance to prove yourself—you can lead this important debate.'"

Over the brandy, perhaps recalling that his dim guest was an American, he began to talk about his friendship with Franklin Roosevelt, and about America. "America," he said musingly, "a great and noble country, like some powerful horse pulling the rest of the world behind it, out of the slough of despond, towards peace and prosperity."

Then, suddenly, he fixed the reporter with his penetrating old eyes. "But will America stay the course?" he asked.

That was in the era of imaginative American policy-making, the time of Greek-Turkish aid, the Marshall Plan, the beginnings of NATO. The reporter answered with a confident "yes." We would both answer "yes" today, but with one big condition. America will stay the course if America's leaders tell the American people the truth about their national situation, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles by the Alsop brothers.

NEXT WEEK

I CALL ON
YUL BRYNNER
By Pete Martin

WHERE IS LYDE MARLAND?
The Facts Behind a Strange Disappearance

WILL YOUR DOLLAR BE WORTH TEN CENTS?
By Roswell Magill
Famous Lawyer and Tax Expert

IN COLOR:
SECRETS OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS
A Scientist's Adventures With Savage Medicine Men

"A LITTLE NEST OF HATE"
Case History of a Marriage in Trouble
By John Bartlow Martin

THE NINE LAST DAYS OF
THE BISMARCK
By C. S. Forester

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There Goes the Bride (Continued from Page 36)

Of course she had suitors by the score—half our men in the Oregon country were without wives, and a single girl drew every man within two hundred miles—and indeed Cordelia encouraged them, and induced them somehow to help her about the land while they were courting. For most of the summer and into the fall, Cordelia's cabin looked like a meeting-house, with the young fellows around, but they had to give up in the end, and go elsewhere, for Cordelia had no use for a husband—not knowing that Congress had passed a new law, and she couldn't, after all, own the land she loved so much.

This was the breaking point for Cordelia—when she learned that she would lose her land. The Bairds could have held her within bounds, but Mr. Baird was away preaching in Oregon City, and his family with him, and we were left alone with Cordelia, to be involved in such rage and exasperation as I can hardly speak of calmly to this day.

We'd had a rainstorm, that day in November, and all of us were staying indoors, except our Walter, who was off to Salem on business. Ruhanna happened to glance out of our window, and saw Uncle Homer coming along the path.

"He looks frightened," she said, watching him curiously. "Poor little man. I'll make him some good strong tea."

She got the pot warming and had him in. He greeted us in hollow tones and perched on the edge of a chair, clearing his throat so many times that I began to stare. I stared even more when he began to speak.

"I have come to see you, Auntie Rossner, on a matter of business. . . . No, no, indeed, it is not business, but pleasure." He swallowed miserably, avoiding my eyes. "That is to say, it is my dearest wish ——" He swallowed again. "I do indeed honor and respect you."

Ruhanna was quicker on the uptake. Pinkly, she eased out of the kitchen and faded away somewhere. I rapped with my cane. "What ails you, man? Speak out."

"I am asking you to become my wife," he gasped. I was caught openmouthed. Lame and crabbed as I have always been, this was the only man on God's earth who had ever said "wife" to me, and a woman finds pleasure in such a one, even though he be chief of the rabbits. Then I saw through this pitiful scheme.

"Nonsense! Cordelia's orders, I'll be bound."

"No, no," he said earnestly. "I give you my word it is my own idea." He forced himself to go on, "I went to the land office to make inquiries, and found that Cordelia cannot, as she had supposed, hold the land in her own right. The claimant must be a man, and then he can take only half the claim unless he has a wife. This was a blow to me—I mean to Cordelia." He mopped his forehead, adding faintly, "I do indeed honor and respect you."

"Yes, yes," I said, grimacing. "But there's another way, you know. She can marry. Has she considered that?"

"She has indeed," he said, wincing. "But her plan is so preposterous that I felt obliged ——" He made a miserable but somehow gallant little bow.

"May I summon Ruhanna? We will need her help, if I must put forward Cordelia's plan."

Ruhanna came quickly, made tea, buttered our new bread, and brought out our oldest cheese, strong enough to put heart into even such a mouse as Uncle Homer.

"There is only one man she feels she could marry, and he has not offered himself. Indeed, she believes he is attracted, but is so very busy with his work that he may delay too long," he told us. "As you perhaps know, even the married folks cannot take up the big claims, the full six hundred and forty acres that we have marked out, unless they are married before December first of this year, and we are already well into November. So she has conceived the plan of offering herself to this young man, and she asks your neighborly help in arranging it."

Ruhanna came to Cordelia's defense. "A good many of the men are marrying for the land. Since the law says the wife is to hold half the claim in her own ownership, surely she has as much right to make her own arrangements as he has."

I struck straight at the heart of the matter. "Which man?"

He said, "She has decided upon the young road engineer who is building that bridge down toward Salem. His name is Keith Simmons."

I didn't dare meet Ruhanna's eyes. Keith Simmons was a fine young fellow in every way, a wonderful man, but he was even more masterly than Cordelia. No doubt had ever entered his mind that a man ruled his own household. I pictured the two of them coming in to an arranged marriage, each expecting to rule. Something about it pleased me. *Yes*, I thought, *this really could be fun to watch.*

"A suitable choice," I managed to whisper.

"I am so glad that you agree," Uncle Homer said, his spirits rising. "Now to the details. I will, of course, return to the East. I had not meant to come to the Oregon country," he confessed. "I was arranging to retire when my brother died, but I felt obliged to offer my protection to Cordelia.

"Once I am home," he promised earnestly, "I will arrange to send the young man a thousand dollars in gold. Of course, all of our stock and tools and furnishings will be his." He added, pleading for Cordelia, "She is an excellent manager."

There were obvious benefits on both sides. Keith Simmons meant to make his life here, building roads and bridges, and would need a wife to tend him and uphold him. Ruhanna said, quite sedately, "We will consult my husband. If he approves, he will open the negotiations. Otherwise, we cannot move in the matter."

"Oh, I understand that," Uncle Homer assented. "But you will put the thing to him as persuasively as possible?"

"I will, indeed," Ruhanna promised, and he went away, more hopeful than he came.

Walter was wet and muddy and tired, and glad to be home, as always. We said nothing of Cordelia until we had him renewed with good hot food and settled down in his big chair before the fire. Then I washed up while Ruhanna laid the matter of Cordelia's marriage before him. She put it all simply, showing the benefits on both sides, and Walter considered it. Young as he was, he had good judgment and he knew men. "I really think he might find this good," he said thoughtfully. "He admires her. I know that already. He might be glad to be spared the necessity of courting." He drew Ruhanna closer. "And a fine girl she is too. How shall we begin? . . . What do you say, Auntie?"

"I say good night," I said, willing to leave this secondhand love-making to the two of them.

So they made their plans, and Saturday, just at dusk, Keith Simmons put his horse into our barn lot and his blankets into one of the (*Continued on Page 99*)

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OVER THE COFFEE CUPS

by Sally Ross

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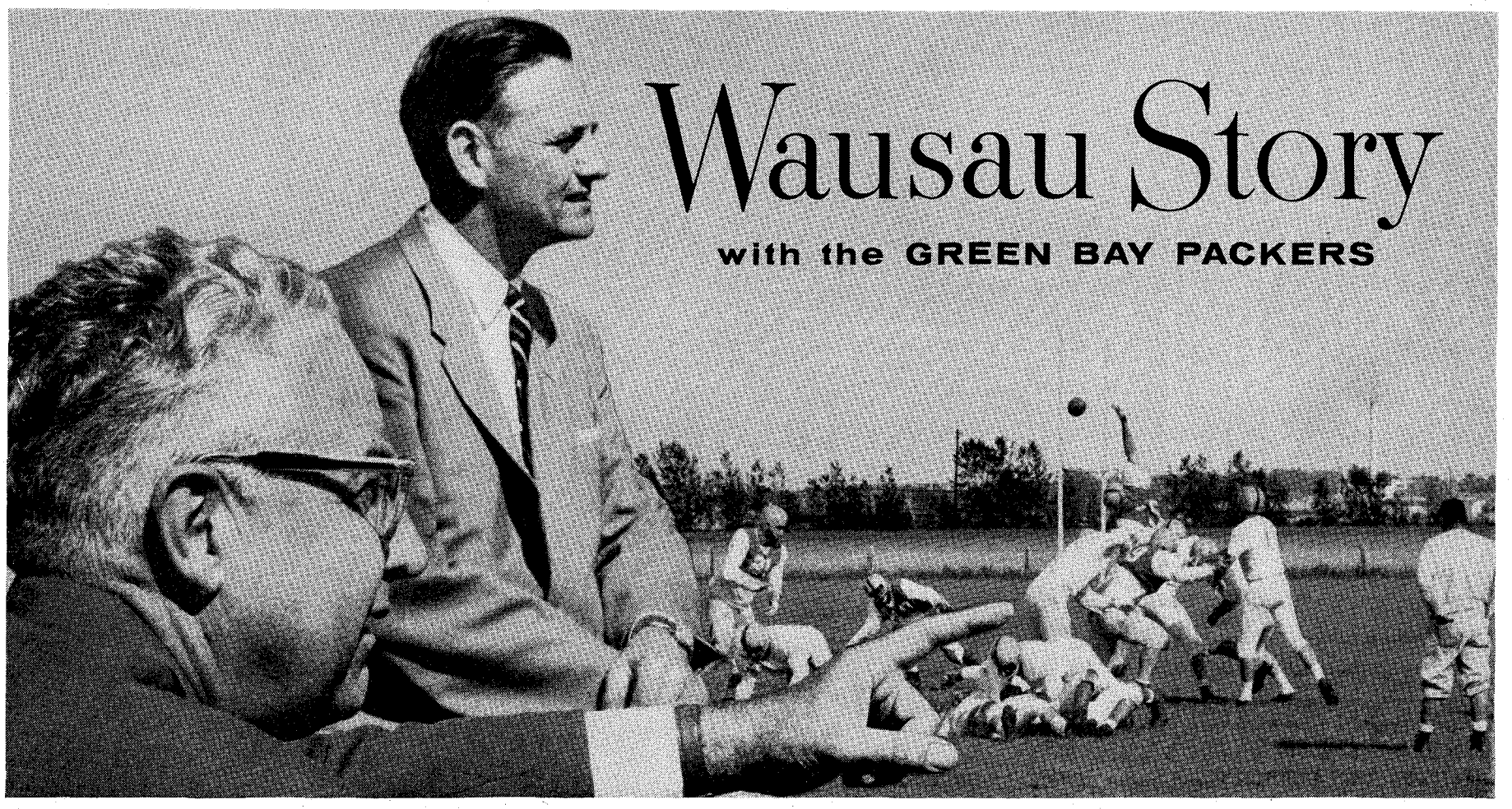
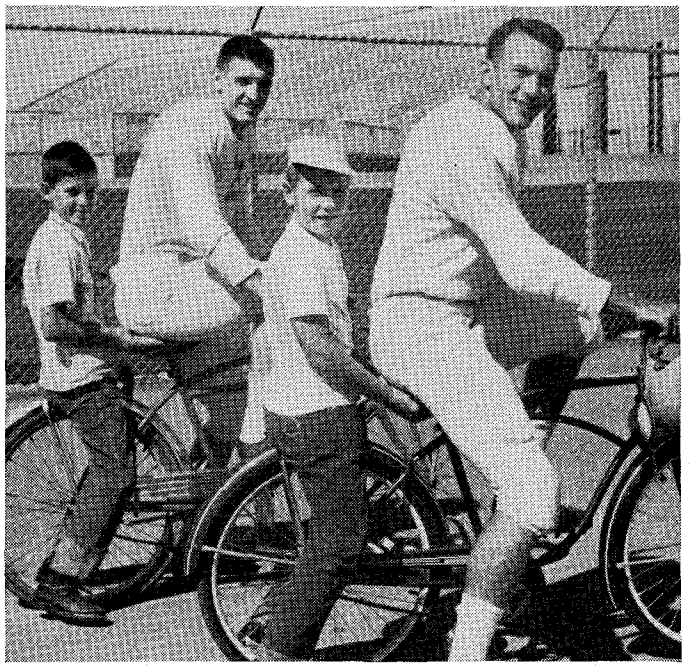


Wausau Story

with the GREEN BAY PACKERS

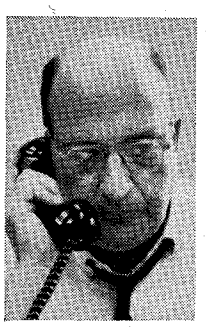
A Green Bay Packer practice session finds two of the Packer Backers of over 1700 sizing up the team. Rey Challoner (left) is the Employers Mutuals' sales representative in Green Bay. John S. Stiles is president of Morley-Murphy Company and president of the National Wholesale Hardware Association.

The Pro Town with the College Spirit is also Wausau country



How come Green Bay is "big league"? The answer—everybody in Green Bay "owns" the Packers and supports them 100%. The spirit starts young. Here Bob Le Clair (left) and Gerald Kaster give Packer stars, Don McIlhenny (left) and Bobby Dillon a lift to the practice field where thousands turn out just to watch scrimmages. The Packers' beautiful new stadium is the only one in the National Football League built expressly for professional football.

The community consciousness of Employers Mutuals' representatives everywhere is our "Wausau Way" of doing business. You'll find it in our offices all across the country where we write all forms of fire and casualty insurance including group and automobile. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



by JOHN TORINUS
Managing Editor
Green Bay Press-Gazette

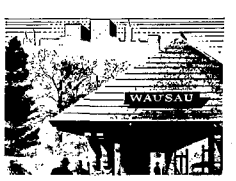
"Having grown up in Green Bay, I'm naturally proud of the fact that our community-owned and operated football team has made Green Bay the best known little city in America. But I admit that we have a neighbor, Wausau, Wisconsin, which gives us a lot of competition for that best known little city title.

"Instead of a professional football team, Wausau's fame comes from its unique way of working. And from what I've read and learned first hand, that 'Wausau Way' is best reflected by an insurance company, Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

"'Employers Mutuals' Representative in Green Bay, 'Rey' Challoner, is a typical example of the Wausau—and Green Bay—spirit. He's a great Packer Backer, former president of our Association of Commerce, Community Chest and leader in other activities. And in the Green Bay area he's 'Mr. Workmen's Compensation'. His business card reads—'Good people to do business with'. Green Bay Packer directors, like president Dominic Olejniczak and John Stiles who do business with Rey, say the card reads right."

Employers Mutuals' Rey Challoner, has a neighborly visit with policyholder Dominic Olejniczak, president of the Green Bay Packers and former Mayor of the city. Mr. Olejniczak, like many other Green Bay Packer directors, finds the "Wausau Way" is personal and thorough on all insurance problems.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 97*) stalls. The two young men came in together, full of good man-talk, while we got supper on the table.

Uncle Homer politely escorted Cordelia to our door, but disappeared before we could have him in, so Cordelia entered alone, faintly shy and a bit subdued. She was always a pleasure to look at, but tonight she was downright charming. Her hair was soft and shining, her dress close and soft about her lovely shoulders, and she listened modestly.

Keith was delighted with her. It was a gay supper party, and he saw her home across the bridge. I don't know when he came back, nor when he went in the morning to be Cordelia's guest for the day. We didn't see him at all, to speak to, but Cordelia came next morning to tell us the news.

"Keith and I have decided to be married," she said, pinking up just a little. From her manner, nobody would suppose that we knew anything of the preliminaries. *So we are not to remember our part in it*, I thought. *Well, so be it.*

Ruhanna hugged her. "When is it to be? May we give you the wedding supper?"

Cordelia had everything planned, of course. "I've set my heart on your father marrying us, Ruhanna. When will your folks come?"

"Oh, dear," Ruhanna said, dismayed. "It won't be until the end of the month, Cordelia. Wouldn't it be safer—I mean, more convenient, of course—if you and Keith went to the minister at Butteville some day this week?"

Cordelia felt completely secure. "We'll be all right, just so we're married in the month of November. No, we'll wait, Ruhanna. Uncle Homer means to leave the minute we're married, and I want him to finish the gate he's building. And I want Keith to take me down to Portland for a wedding trip, and see Uncle Homer off on the ship, so the bridge must be finished before we marry. In any case, I'll be very busy myself, arranging my family developments."

"Your what?" I squeaked.

"Oh, Auntie, I have such plans," she said, glowing. "Now that I'm sure of some land of my own, after all, I am going to surprise Keith and everybody else. I'll have a little estate, like the ones in England, with several families working under my management, getting wages, of course, and each with an acre of ground of their own, so they'll build their houses and not want to move away. Walter will have tons and tons of produce to sell for me, I promise you, and I'll give land for a little schoolhouse and church and all just like the lady of the manor. Maybe when he sees what I can do, Keith will let me manage his half of the land too." She added negligently the one detail that blasted my peace of mind, and through me, her whole wonderful plan. "I already have the Potters for a start, and they promise me that they'll bring in a brother and two cousins."

This was certainly news. I hadn't supposed that anyone could move along our lonely road and not be seen. "How did they get here? Where are they hiding?" I demanded. Then I remembered, and began to be alarmed. "Potters, you say? We had Potters back in Ohio who were the scum of the earth. Are these people from Ohio?"

She answered me with the coldness always roused in her by any questioning of her decisions. "They came on foot, and got here after dark last night. They're not hiding, Auntie, but only resting. I put them into the harness room until they could start building their cabin. I do not wish to have them disturbed."

She was through with me now, and ready to plan the wedding supper. It would be on the Saturday, the last day of November, when the Bairds reached home. Ruhanna would go to Butteville with Walter in the wagon to meet them and bring their boxes and bags. I would be at their house, warming it after its long emptiness and cooking for all of us. So it was settled that Keith and Cordelia would come for a brief ceremony before supper, and we would gather around the big table and have a feast. Then Cordelia went along home with her free and joyous walk, and Ruhanna and I got out the big quilting frame to finish a quilt we had by us in time for the wedding.

Ruhanna counted the days until the wedding, and said ruefully that she wouldn't draw a free breath until her father actually pronounced them man and wife. "I hope Keith keeps busy," she said wistfully; "too busy to do any visiting. His hair will certainly curl when he finds what Cordelia is up to."

I had my own worries. Walter had been too young, back in Ohio, to remember the Potters. I alone knew what laziness and inbreeding can produce in the way of human trash, through several generations, and how such trash can pollute and spread rot through a whole community. I decided I must see these people for myself. So, during the week, when Uncle Homer was working at his gate down by the road, I left Ruhanna with our baking and went along to see what would be needed at the Baird house to get it in shape for their return. Uncle Homer saw me coming and came hurrying to give me his arm, as I knew he would.

I asked him, "What are these Potters like?"

"Poor stock. Ignorant and very sly," he said. "I am almost certain that the man stood at my elbow, at the land-claim office, listening while I learned how precariously we hold this claim. I feel that he may have followed me here."

"I must see them for myself," I told him. "When can I come?"

"Sunday morning, perhaps? We are to breakfast later than usual, since Keith Simmons will be our guest for the day. Cordelia will be busy about the kitchen, and you need not be seen."

"I'll be ready," I promised. "So Keith comes early, eh?"

"I do believe," he said earnestly, "that there is a strong attraction between them."

All week I watched to see if the Potters would stir abroad, but if I hadn't known they were somewhere about, I never would have guessed. They were indeed hiding. So I rose up on Sunday morning early, Uncle Homer came to meet me, and we made it to the barn without catching Cordelia's attention. He rapped on the wall of the harness room.

I heard a startled curse and a stirring in the hay. "I'll go," the woman muttered, and came barefoot, with a blanket about her. She grimaced when she saw me. We recognized each other immediately. She was no longer sixteen, as she'd been back in Ohio, and her golden hair had faded, but I couldn't mistake the long jaw and pale, insolent eyes of the girl I'd known as Sally Potter.

"You married a cousin," I said. "What does he want here, pretending he'll work the land? No Potter was ever willing to work."

She got rid of me in the quickest way she knew. "Still pokin' that long nose around, Auntie?"

I dragged Uncle Homer away, pouring it out to him that these people wanted a foothold here among us. This claim was just such a place as would please them best in the new country, with fine fertile farms and settlements below us to be robbed and harassed, and behind us only the narrow track into the mountains, so the men could melt away from pursuit, leaving the women and children safe and comfortable in cabins on their own land, with nobody able to displace them. They'd want their brothers and cousins to come in, too, of course, and any near neighbors would be made miserable.

"I saw it begin back in Ohio," I cried, "and grow and fester, until nobody could live near them, nor ever be safe!"

He tried to soothe me, but I hurried down to the gate. Keith Simmons was dismounting, coming, eager and hungry, to breakfast. Keith was experienced and strong—a very giant of a man, he seemed to me—and I poured it all out

... ...

A River to Cross

By Myra Perrings

The river once was farthest boundary
Of my adventure. Even now I can
Remember how it challenged me to span
Its liquid width which separated me
From all the tantalizing mystery
Upon the other bank; how I began,
At first to dream, and presently to plan
A way, to find a greater liberty
Beyond this border line. Now, after years
And after all the bridges I have thrown
Across deep waters and across deep fears,
There still remains some challenging Unknown
Beyond the latest Known, at any cost
To be explored. The river must be crossed.

... ...

again, frantic now. His face darkened. "I know about these people. The word is all over the valley to watch out for them. We'll soon settle this, Auntie. Here comes Cordelia now."

She was hurrying toward us. Keith asked, without preliminary, "What are the Potters doing here? We can't have them on the place, Cordelia."

She was eager and confident. "Oh, I can explain, Keith. They've had bad stories told about them, and maybe they did some things wrong, but they want to break away and start over. They'll do exactly as I say and be guided by me. I have wonderful plans, Keith."

"Cordelia," he said strongly, "there's a whole tribe of them waiting down on the flats below Portland for a place to settle. Let one get a real foothold, and the others will flock in ——" He saw her face and guessed shrewdly. "You've made promises?"

She told him, with that cool certainty of hers, "I have promised them a small piece of land for their own, and the same to any others of their family who will work for me." Her eyes were beginning to blaze. "It is my own land, isn't it, or is that to be taken from my control?"

Uncle Homer fled toward the cabin and I hobbled off home, leaving them to it. Keith found it incredible that she would consider the land hers to be given away without his knowledge. Cordelia was determined that a wife's ownership was real and actual. These views, and others, they disclosed to each other with rising heat, until neither was listening and both were trying to be heard. It wasn't the Potters by this time, nor even the land, but simply and very naturally a test of which would be master. Husband and wife can do it, and come together afterward, chastened and wiser, but Cordelia and Keith had no bonds to hold them together. In the end, Keith flung himself furiously into the saddle and splashed away.

So there went the marriage. I hobbled along, telling myself bitterly that perhaps in my coffin my tongue might be stilled, but not before. I got breakfast on the table, locking my lips to keep my raging thoughts inside. Ruhanna and Walter meant to spend the day ecstatically planning what kind of house they would build here next spring to replace this small cabin. They left me in peace, respecting my mood—and a black mood it was, to be sure. It would have been much easier if I could have confessed and consulted with cool-headed Walter and warm-hearted Ruhanna as to what action could be taken to bring the young people together, but first we had to learn from Cordelia herself what she considered the nub and center of the quarrel. So I managed to remain silent, now that silence was of little use.

The next morning we got up to a good whipping rainstorm, so Walter brought his harness to the kitchen to be oiled companionably, while Ruhanna and I worked away on the quilt. In the afternoon, a passer-by from the hills beyond us hailed the house and handed in a letter from Ruhanna's folks, saying they'd be home Saturday, which was only four days away. I almost told them then, but I held fast.

Walter went along toward Salem again the next morning, and Cordelia must have seen him ride away, for she came immediately afterward, cold and pale.

"We quarreled Sunday," she told us through stiff lips. "I sent him away."

"Oh, Cordelia!" Ruhanna cried.

"Let me say it and have done!" Cordelia said, choking. "I shouldn't have done it, but he was saying dreadful things, and no—no feeling in his face nor his voice for me, only anger. Oh, never mind! Nothing matters now!"

She sank down with her face in her hands. Ruhanna put her arms about the shaking shoulders as if she were comforting a child. I retreated to the barn, where our old cow chewed her cud, but I found no comfort even with her. The dreary outdoors was more to my mood, so I stood at the barn door, and so I happened to see the Potters, man and woman, coming stealthily out of the barn, carrying their bundles. They must have heard the quarrel—indeed, how could they help hearing?—and now would be going back to report to their unsavory tribe, so that one or another could stand guard at the land office to file on Uncle Homer's claim as soon as it could be declared forfeit. I shook my fist at them. The woman saw me, and turned to thumb her nose. They went down the road, and I stood raging and helpless.

When I saw Cordelia go, I ventured back into the kitchen. Ruhanna's eyes were red. "I tried to talk sense to her, Auntie, but she wouldn't answer a word."

"What's to come of it?" I asked.

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"I honestly don't know," she said. "I do believe if he'd come pounding up and start kissing her, she'd be as meek as anybody. Maybe Walter can persuade him to try it. Oh, Auntie," she said, "I did hope they'd be neighbors for us!"

It was a long day for us, waiting for Walter, hoping for his help and cool judgment and knowledge of men to get the two young folks together again. He came at last, and we had everything ready, as usual, but instead of bringing us his happy, home-coming face, our young man came in with his brows bent in an unaccustomed frown.

"I've seen Keith," he accused us. "What is that silly girl thinking of? She ordered him off the place like a stray pup. Does she think a man will come and go at her bidding?"

He glared at us—our dear Walter!—as if he saw two dangerous beings, capable of enormities of self-will and rebellion. He had never realized before what an upsetting world it would be if women took it into their heads to order their men about.

Ruhanna bit her lip, but she managed to say, almost gently, "Change your wet clothes, dear. We've got supper all ready."

He wanted to make things clear, then and there, but he was ravenous, and so we got him to the table. Two bowls of hearty split-pea soup reassured him somewhat, and a great dish of fruit dumplings with cream seemed to restore his faith, so he could begin to trust us again. Now Ruhanna could plead for the stricken girl.

"She won't talk, Walter. But the way I see it, she started the whole thing herself, and now she loves him, but he hasn't said anything about love. He hasn't had time, of course," she added quickly, "but how is she to know? She wants him to come back—I'm sure of that—but how can she invite him again, not knowing if it's the land, or the money, or what?"

"Well, he's all disturbed and pulled apart too," Walter conceded. He began to warm up again. "A man comes in all cold and wet, expecting a good warm breakfast he's been promised, and a welcome of some kind, when he's there by invitation, and all he gets is an order to get off the place." He asked pointedly, "Will she apologize?"

Ruhanna's eyes began to snap. I hastened to say, "What kind of apology does he want? Must she flounder three miles in the mud and fall at his feet?"

"Would she?" Walter asked.

I said tartly, "I don't know. Let Keith say what he wants, and we'll see."

Walter left us next morning, on his way to see Keith, and Ruhanna and I worried the thing between us. Ruhanna wanted the girl to be loved, and therefore happy. I wanted them married under any circumstances, and let them fight it out afterward.

"But she's got to know, Auntie!" Ruhanna protested. "You do see it, don't you?"

"I see that they're both going to be stiff-necked and stubborn," I retorted. And so it went, every time we opened our mouths, as we washed and ironed and did our cooking, and worked faintheartedly at the quilting frame. We saw nothing of Uncle Homer, and nothing of Cordelia, except that she seemed to be sitting at the window staring at the road.

Walter came back, as weary as if he'd spent the day digging stumps. "I did my best," he reported, wiping his forehead. "Keith wants to come back, but he won't admit it. What he says is that, of course, he can't expect a lady to be abroad on these muddy roads, so he'll come by, at least, and if she really wants him, she'll be down at the gate, holding it open."

He saw Ruhanna's face, and demanded, "Won't she do a little thing like that? It's no more than she'd do for a neighbor, just to open the gate for him to ride inside. Good land, Ruhanna, she owes him something! He can't give in completely or he'll never call his soul his own."

"Oh, I know it," Ruhanna said, despairingly. "I'm practically certain she'd open the door to him if he came to the cabin, but as for going to meet him and inviting him in, I just don't know."

"Then she'll never lay eyes on him again," Walter declared. "He's off to California the minute the bridge is finished. She can thank herself that she's ruined a good man's whole future, and put the Oregon country back twenty years or more. I hope her pride keeps her warm."

Saturday was the last day. I got up so cross I was afraid to open my mouth. Ruhanna and Walter weren't talking much, but they had drawn back together again, and Walter was his usual gentle and obliging self. He hitched the oxen—no mere horses could draw the wagon through that road of ours—and handed me up tenderly to put me off across the bridge at the Baird house. I had a roast in a big pan, and other food ready, and I'd have most of the day to cook and clean and air the Bairds' house for them. It was raining a bit, and Ruhanna held the tarpaulin while Walter carried me across the mud to the kitchen door. We saw Cordelia's white face at the window, and Ruhanna waved, but got no answering sign. Walter drove away and I began my work.

Uncle Homer came immediately to split kindling. He was a good man at dusting and wiping up, too, and we made short work of our chores.

I told him, "I'll get your dinner at noon. You're almost as thin as a snake."

His face lighted up. "Cordelia isn't interested in food. She sits at the window, watching the road."

"Well, we can't help her any," I said tartly, and kept busy.

We sat down at noon with the house warm and clean, and a tasty dinner before us. Uncle Homer made out a good meal, and sipped his tea thoughtfully.

"I have pondered the situation," he said, eying me warily. "Sometimes a friendly interference is justified." He got up and stood by the fire, staring down at me with the nearest to determination that I had seen in him. "It is no use to talk to either of them. We must contrive to have them meet face to face."

"Well, contrive something then," I snapped—and the surprising little man came out with a plan.

"What I have in mind is that neither Keith nor Cordelia knows each other's handwriting. Could we not send each of them a note, purporting to be from the other?"

My thoughts seemed to explode. "We wouldn't dare!" I breathed, but just the same I was hurrying to Mr. Baird's desk to search out pen and paper. "I won't be in this alone," I warned him. "I'll write to her that he's coming to pound the door down and make her listen," I said, relishing it. "That will get her stirred up, so she'll hurry to meet him part way. What will you write?"

"I believe," he said, raising an eyebrow, "that I can devise a message that will bring him arunning."

"So they'll meet, each thinking the other has given in, and each eager to be gracious and forgiving and not hear a word of apology." A doubt struck me. "But what if they don't really love each other? Where will we be then?"

He gave me a strong look. "We'll be right where we were in the beginning." I remembered the beginning, and caught his meaning. I may have blushed, although I don't believe I did. In any case, we were both writing as fast as we could when we heard the kitchen door open. It was Cordelia, white-faced and yet somehow revived and alive again. She was dressed in heavy shoes and cape and hood, ready for a long walk in the rain.

"I am going to him," she told us, with a sort of melting of her face that made her lovely. "He may not want me, Uncle Homer, and I'll have to come back alone. Will you meet me if I'm not back before dark?"

"I just dropped by to tell you that the only way to patch up our quarrel is for you to take the first step."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I struggled up. "You need only send word ——"

"No, Auntie. I must go and explain, and offer him what I can, and promise ——" She swallowed. "He must not go away to California and leave his work here. He's got to stay and be a big man. And he can't go on living in leaky little shacks, with nothing hot on the table when he comes home tired."

I stood, openmouthed. This new humility sat gracefully on her, much more becoming than her pride.

"I saw Walter helping you this morning, and he helps you every day of the world; and Ruhanna held the tarpaulin to put about him in the rain, loving and tending him. . . . Uncle Homer, you came all this long way to the Oregon country only because of me; and you, Auntie, no matter how crossly you speak sometimes, there's never any lack anywhere if you can fill it. Move over, you nice people, and let me in." Her smile was more pitiful than tears. "And now I'll go and see if Keith will let me love and tend him and make a home for him."

She turned to go, and we stood staring after her. None of us heard the horse in the road. Only when Cordelia came out of the kitchen door and around to the front of the house did she see Keith Simmons climbing up the path to her cabin, hurrying as if he would indeed break the door down to get inside. Cordelia ran out into the rain with a loud cry.

They ran toward each other, each striving to come all the way, to save the other's pride, to forestall apologies. They came together in the muddy road. He simply scooped her up in his arms. I couldn't see any more for wiping my eyes.

It was Uncle Homer who brought them in, muddy boots and all, straight through to Mr. Baird's study. Keith's face was pale, and somehow glorified. Cordelia clung so closely about his neck that we could see little. We shut the door on them, and stood staring.

"The letters!" Uncle Homer mouthed. "On the table! In there!"

I led him away. "What do they care about letters now? You'd better put Keith's horse away, and bring me some wood. I've got to cook for a wedding."

"A wedding!" he said, and stood smiling, a little man, but a great soul that anybody could respect and even love, if he put his mind to it. "I have only one regret," he said, and dared to twinkle at me.

"Get that wood or you'll have a thousand regrets!" I snapped, but just the same I was smiling, too, and I've smiled over it a hundred times since.

The wagon came back in a great hullabaloo of boys and grownups, questioning and exclaiming over what we said we had in the study. The ceremony was brief and the bride and groom were aware only of each other. I don't know how the food got on the table, but I can see that table now, with all of us gathered about it, darkness outside, and the long, long reaches of land about us, but candles bright and faces happy. Mr. Baird was smiling, and his wife misty-eyed beside him. Walter and Ruhanna were holding hands the way married lovers do at weddings all the world over. I had Uncle Homer gallantly tending me, and the Baird boys were absorbed in their food.

Keith sat beside Cordelia, hardly able to take his eyes away from the lovely, glowing girl, and I blessed them silently as I watched their eyes meet and their hands touch. They couldn't change themselves in a minute—nobody can—but they had a start on it, and meant to keep on, and that's a good way to be on your wedding day. THE END

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Patti Page, star of "The New Olds Show," and "Sparky," AC's famous horse who plugs better performance on "Zorro," sing about AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs — the original equipment plugs that give your car "like new" smoothness and pep. See both shows on ABC-TV every week.

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AC HOT TIP SPARK PLUGS

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Hot Spot for Cool Plungers

(Continued from Page 31)

the first eight races at Caliente, duck into Tijuana to see a couple of bulls disposed of and hurry back to Caliente in time to bet the twelfth race. Afterward they tackle the dog races, which end just in time for the insatiable to make the last half of the *jai alai* program.

All this may work a distinct hardship on the wallet, not to mention the nervous system, but Americans looking for excitement have been pouring across the border into the Caliente-Tijuana area lately as never before. The traffic at the international boundary, in fact, has become so heavy that the United States Government recently appropriated $870,000 to add seven inspection lanes for Immigration authorities.

The Caliente management is frankly flabbergasted, although hardly saddened, by this sudden surge of business. Within the last three years the track's attendance and wagering handle has more than doubled. In 1957, some 937,000 customers sent almost $40,000,000 plunging through the betting windows. At the present pace this year, Caliente figures to draw 1,250,000 people who should bet close to $45,000,000. Business continued to thrive even when Caliente for the first time ventured to stay open on Saturdays in competition with the summer meeting at California's Del Mar track, only thirty-five miles away.

Crowds on Sunday run as high as 20,000, and their betting at times exceeds $1,000,000 a day. At its current rate of expansion, Caliente is confident that before long it will land in a class with America's major race tracks.

There are a couple of "ifs," though. One is that they must avoid the political troubles which often have befallen Caliente operators. The other is that they must stand off the claims of 278 angry Mexicans, who have contended for years that the land belongs to them by inheritance.

Agua Caliente—it means "hot water" in Spanish—reposes in a verdant pasture of 308 acres in the extreme north of Mexico's newest state, Baja California Norte, a finger of land almost completely separated from the Mexican mainland by the Gulf of California. The track lies three miles below the border and nineteen miles south of San Diego. Many of the regular visitors to Caliente find it simpler, because of traffic congestion, to park their cars on the American side, walk into Tijuana and take a taxi to the track. The cabs load at a depot just inside the international boundary, and leave as soon as four passengers have been booked at fifty cents per head. With insolent skill, the Tijuana cab driver turns the trip through a jungle of cars into an eight-minute run.

Blue, rolling hills form the backdrop for Caliente, a neatly groomed horse settlement whose Early California architecture favors clean-washed white adobe, topped by red tile. Outside the main entrance, little Mexican boys entertain with harmonicas and guitars. Others hustle tickets at cut-rate prices. Grandstand admission to Caliente, good for both the horse and dog programs, costs only a dollar, but no lesser offer is rejected. The management bombards San Diego and Tijuana with free passes. In fact, anyone paying the full retail price for a ticket is looked upon with wonderment by the clerks.

For a track which advertises "Racing in Colorful Old Mexico," it is humorously incongruous that Caliente should turn its back on the currency of the motherland. A horse player flashing Mexican money at the betting stalls or concession stands is shunted to an exchange window below the grandstand, where his pesos are converted into American dollars. This isn't always accomplished without incident. An affluent player from Mexico City flew to Caliente one day, wrote a check for 25,000 pesos and was handed an equivalent sum in American cash—slightly better than $2000 at the prevailing exchange rate. Indignantly he pushed the money aside. "I'm used to betting in pesos, the money of my country," he roared in Spanish, "not this foreign stuff."

To pacify the angry customer, John S. Alessio, the executive director of Caliente, assigned a personal bookmaker to the visitor to follow him around that day and handle his business in pesos. "We like to keep a player happy," explains Alessio. "Besides, the way this guy was shouting, the Mexicans here might have thought we were insulting the flag."

Alessio is a short, pudgy man of forty-seven with dark eyes and black hair and a flair for promoting. An American of Italian descent, he first went to work in Mexico in 1929 as a messenger for a Tijuana bank. Eight years later he was the manager, speaking Spanish as fluently as any of his depositors. It was largely through his bank associations that he became connected with the race track. Now, as the representative of a group of Mexicans who control Caliente, he runs the operation almost singlehanded.

Since Alessio became the boss in 1953, he has developed a wobbly business into a multimillion-dollar enterprise. Because of this, and because of his work in fostering the Caliente Safety Helmet, a protective headgear that is now in widespread use among jockeys, he was named racing's Man of the Year for 1957 by the Jockeys' Guild.

When Alessio first took command at Caliente, racing was conducted there only on Sundays, and drew modest crowds that averaged 7000. Alessio began by encouraging a bus company to run more units to Caliente from the heavily populated Los Angeles area, 140 miles away. He offered to make good on all empty seats. "Our bill for deadheads ran $30,000 the first year," he says. "But fortunately the passengers more than paid for it with the money they left at the track."

Next he went after the convention business in nearby San Diego. The track initiated a practice it still follows of inviting all convention delegates to come across the border for a festive day in Old Mexico.

"We throw a free Mexican barbecue for them," says Alessio. "We serve enchiladas, *tortillas*, frijoles—the whole works. We do this for as many as 500 at a clip. If there are more than 500, we'll even ask them to stay on for dinner as our guests. It is perfectly permissible during their visit for any of them to stroll to the betting windows."

To ladies coming into the track, the management often hands free orchids, grown to monstrous sizes in the tropical regions of Baja California. Sometimes the concession stands are thrown open to all, with soft drinks, coffee and tacos on the house. One day last year Alessio invited everyone at the track to be his guest for a chicken dinner. Eight thousand accepted. On certain occasions the management gives away as much as $15,000 in cash drawings.

Alessio's theory for a successful horse-track operation is quite simple. "When all the percentages are working for the house," he says, "what else do you need except customers?" Other tracks figure it pretty much the same, but few, if any, will solicit trade with the vigor and persistence of Caliente.

Since the horse population there consists mostly of cheap platers and sore-legged creatures unable to win on the California tracks, Caliente can't rely on the quality of its stock to attract fans. It dangles, instead, such bait as the Powder Puff Derby, a race for lady jockeys only; the Beaux and Belles Handicap, for mixed riders, and match races between top male and female jockeys.

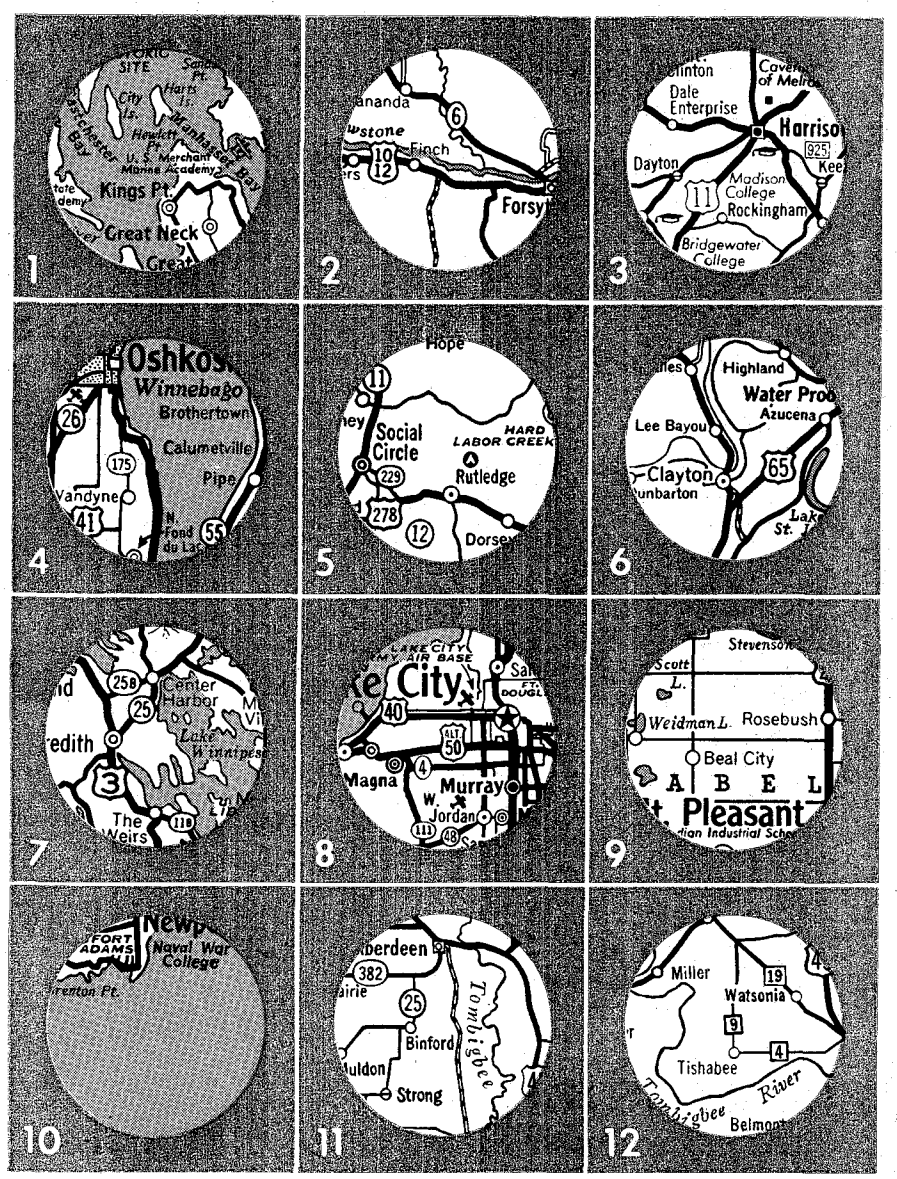
Not long ago, the track promoted a match between Johnny Longden, the world's most winning jockey, and a bold and skillful woman rider named Wantha Davis. Americans by the thousands crossed the border to see this unusual battle of the sexes. Longden was carried so wide by Miss Davis on the stretch turn that it looked for a moment as if his ride might terminate in the grandstand. Ultimately beaten a half-length, Johnny was less than a smiling loser. He refused to shake hands with the lady afterward.

Caliente makes promotional hay out of racing classics at other tracks. The Kentucky Derby, for instance, provides the occasion annually for "Derby Day" at Caliente. A wooden façade with steeples and all, painted to suggest Churchill Downs, is spread across the main entrance. Mint juleps are featured that day. Hired men dressed as old-time Kentucky colonels stroll about the grounds with "Southern" belles at their arms. A "colonel" new on the job once asked Alessio what to say to customers he encountered. The boss shrugged and answered, "'How you all, *amigo!*' I guess."

On Derby Day, the Caliente public-address system carries the broadcast of the Louisville race. Caliente accepts bets on the event through its mutuel machines. The payoffs, however, are made at Churchill Downs prices, rather than being determined by the machines. This venture has been profitable to the house every year but one. When Swaps, a favorite among West Coast fans, won the Derby in 1955, he would have returned only $2.60 on a two-dollar ticket if the payoff had been based on the action through the Caliente machines. At Churchill Downs, however, the win price on Swaps was $7.60. Caliente dropped $18,800.

It is Alessio's claim that the Caliente advertising and promotion budget of more than $400,000 a year is the highest of any race course in the world. More than 50 per cent of the money is used to exploit the 5–10 contest, which, since its inception in 1956, has been the track's most effective customer lure.

(*Continued on Page 104*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(Answer on Page 104)

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The tragic fact is that over 45 million of those in the susceptible age group under 40 still have not been vaccinated. More important, over 16 million people under the age of 20 have not yet had a single dose of the vaccine. And millions more who have started their shots still haven't had all three recommended injections.

How about your family? Have your children had the full course of the three polio shots they need for maximum protection? Have you? Remember, polio often strikes adults, too . . . usually in a severe form. Be sure *everyone* in your family is protected before it's too late.

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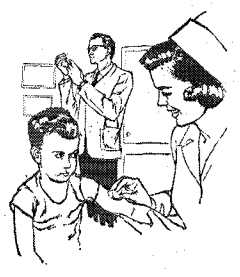
In 1953, Parke-Davis produced the first trial vaccine for the vital polio "pilot test." Since that time, Parke-Davis has become one of the largest producers of polio vaccine in the entire world.



PARKE-DAVIS

. . . PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES SINCE 1866

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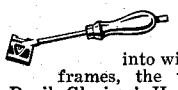
Don't Break Glass



When driving glaziers' points (or even brads) into window, picture or mirror frames, the tool to use is a Red Devil Glaziers' Hammer which s-l-i-d-e-s across the glass. Costs $3.75 but may save you a trip back to the glass dealer.

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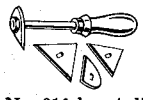

Don't make a mess trying to scrape moldings and odd shapes with an ordinary scraper. Red Devil's No. 310 has 4 different shapes and sizes of blades—for the best $3.55 you ever spent.

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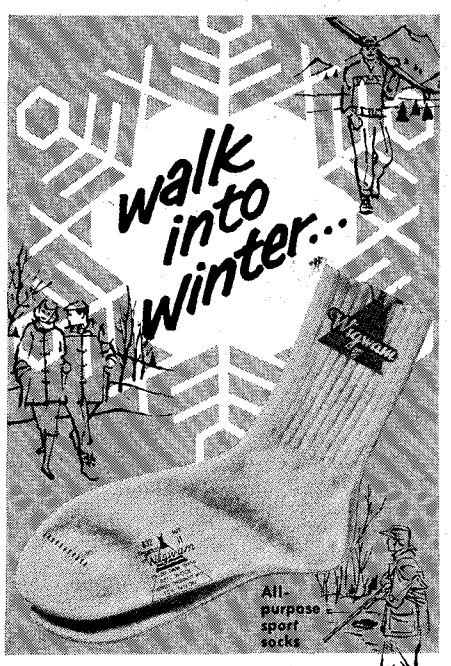

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for every sport . . . and everyday wear, too!

(*Continued from Page 102*) To play the 5–10, all one needs is a pencil and money—and the track provides the pencil. A knowledge of horses can help, but isn't obligatory. The player fills out an entry blank in duplicate, marking his selections of the winners for races five through ten. He retains the carbon copy and submits the original to the track with a two-dollar fee. Statistics show that 53 per cent of the players submit more than one card, trying different combinations. A man once submitted the record number of 1100 cards, costing $2200. The investment was a total loss.

All the money from the 5–10 sales is placed in a separate pool, from which the house removes 10 per cent. The rest is distributed on the basis of 75 per cent to the winner and 25 per cent to the runner-up. In case of ties, the money is divided.

The deadline for submitting 5–10 cards is shortly before the fifth race. They are taken to a glass-enclosed processing center in the grandstand area, where Mexican police stand guard while clerks tabulate after each race. Within fifteen minutes after the tenth race, the winning entries have been sorted and the payoff prices posted. Most of the time, at least one person will have picked all six winners, though first prize occasionally goes to five-race winners, and sometimes even four. One Sunday last March, a record sixty-five persons picked six winners and split first money, worth $824 each.

Players have contrived hundreds of systems designed to beat the 5–10. Some are startlingly uncomplicated. A woman aircraft worker from San Diego merely picked six program numbers at random one Sunday. All the horses won, and she departed with a check for $65,007. Since the fields that day averaged eleven horses, a math whiz at the California Institute of Technology calculated that the odds against picking six winners by her method amounted to 1,771,561 to 1.

Equally unscientific was the system employed by three schoolteachers from Fresno, California. They pooled sixty-seven cents each for their 5–10 ticket, and relied entirely on names of horses and jockeys that struck their fancies. A jockey named Merlin Volzke, for instance, drew the mount on two winners that day. The teachers were attracted by the name of Merlin, which they recalled was also the name of the wise man in the Tales of King Arthur. As for the horses—well, the ladies couldn't resist My Mandy, Scurry Flurry, Flora Dee and Regardira. They took home $68,717.

The majority of those who win the 5–10, however, are students of form. Last April, a sailor stationed aboard a submarine anchored in San Diego spent thirty hours, with the help of six of his mates, diligently studying his selections. He turned in twenty-two dollars' worth of cards and hauled out a treasure of $85,360.

The Caliente management contends that the difference between the 5–10 and horse lotteries such as the Irish Sweepstakes is the skill factor. "We have a lot of suckers who play the 5–10," one Caliente official says. "Here and there they hit, but what they do mostly is build up the pool for the smart ones. There are some brilliant people who figure out the percentages and win money consistently."

One slick group comprises four electronics engineers from Los Angeles who rarely invest less than $250 a day in an intricate combination of cards. "These fellows have worked out the most clever system we've yet seen around here," says Harry C. Rosen, manager of the 5–10 operation. "They hit a streak last winter in which they took away money on eight straight weeks. On one day when nobody had all six winners, their multiple tickets brought them three shares of first prize and eighteen shares of second."

From all over California, Arizona, Nevada and even more distant points, 5–10 players make their way to the border each weekend, hopeful of taking home the contest riches. Turf schools have opened in Los Angeles and San Diego, offering courses in 5–10 handicapping. Scores of 5–10 Clubs have popped up in Southern California. In Alhambra, a suburb of Los Angeles, eight women who for years had met each Friday for two tables of bridge now devote this time to a 5–10 seminar. The hostess each week supplies the racing sheets, and the ladies take turns driving to Mexico to submit the selections.

For the Caliente management, the 5–10 has been a heaven-sent gimmick profitable not only in itself—pools gross as high as $125,000—but to the track's other betting agencies, which benefit from the increased crowds. Nor have food, bar or program sales suffered either.

Old-timers around the border assure you that Caliente hasn't been jumping as it is today since shortly after its opening in 1929. In the early days, its fashionable environs and gay casino were visited by European royalty as well as Hollywood barons. Between horse races, there were dice, roulette, *chemin de fer* and blackjack.

"In the Gold Room on the mezzanine, you rarely saw chips of less than one hundred dollars," recalls George Schilling, a racing steward at Caliente since its beginning. "But one didn't need a big bankroll to have fun. The train in those days used to cross the border and haul Americans to the track's siding. There was no racing in California then, and no whisky either. When people got off the train, they took off in one of two directions. The horse players headed up the ramp to get the scratches and overweights, while the drinkers headed downstairs to the longest bar in the world. Marimba bands, singers and dancers entertained all over the place. We gave them quite a show in those days."

The show closed abruptly in 1935, when Mexico's President Lazaro Cardenas abolished gambling. The government seized the Caliente Hotel and turned it into a school. The race track was closed.

In 1937, a group gained permission from the government to reopen the track, but the venture wasn't successful, because by then racing had begun to flourish in California. During the next sixteen years, the Caliente management changed hands six times, seemingly with each eruption in local or national politics. The identity of those who control Caliente today is a well-kept secret. They are believed to be politicians and industrialists, some of whom live in Mexico City. On behalf of this group, Alessio recently began studying the possibility of starting a similar operation at Juarez, across from El Paso, Texas.

Alessio admits frankly that no administration at Caliente enjoys the security it would like. His group, which is now in its sixth year of operation, is on its way to setting a new record for longevity. Even more of a threat to its future than political upheavals is a continuing legal battle over ownership of the property. Most of the land on which Caliente stands has been in and out of litigation for the last twenty-eight years.

There is a total of 278 people who claim to be descendants of old Mexican families which owned the land before the United States war with Mexico in 1846. When American troops occupying Lower California routed the Mexican Army making a stand in the valley between Tijuana and Caliente, the civilians are said to have fled. According to their heirs, the land was confiscated unlawfully after the war by the Mexican government. It was the Mexican Department of Agriculture which ultimately sold the site to the group that built the Caliente track in 1929.

The heirs have been going to court periodically to gain possession of the property, contending that the government had no right to sell it. In their strongest move yet, thirty-two of the heirs banded together in 1954 and obtained a court order from Mexico City to take over the Caliente grounds and all physical assets. The order was presented to a local judge in Tijuana, who awarded the heirs possession at five o'clock on the morning of July fifth.

"When I came to the track at nine," recalls Alessio, "they wouldn't let me through the gates. They claimed the place was theirs. I went to Tijuana and got a restraining order from a federal judge, barring the heirs from the property until the matter could be argued in court."

When the heirs refused to recognize the restraining order, the judge promptly called the army. Soldiers armed with guns and bayonets dislodged the squatters. The case is now in the hands of the Supreme Court of Mexico.

In this uneasy atmosphere, Alessio runs Caliente with a staff of nine executives who administer some 800 employees, all belonging to the same labor organization, the Union of Laborers of Public Spectacles and Similar Functions, Tijuana Local. Adhering strictly to the closed-shop policy of the union, Caliente employs no outsiders. Since racing is conducted only on weekends, the union demands that most of the workers be provided with additional hours of employment during the week. So it isn't uncommon on a Wednesday, for instance, to find a bartender mowing the lawn, a mutuel clerk painting a wall or a waiter doing carpentry.

The Caliente executive staff meets at the track each Sunday morning. The first order of business is for each member to put up a dollar and venture a guess on the gross pool that day in the 5–10. The one guessing closest takes all the dollars, which, as one of the executives remarks, "is a better deal than the players get."

Of each dollar wagered on horses through the mutuel machines at Caliente, roughly 18 per cent—including taxes—is deducted by the house. On dog wagering, approximately 20 per cent is withheld. There is no bookmaker betting on dogs at Caliente, but for horses the odds in the book are regulated to return the house an average of 17.2 per cent of the gross handle.

Alessio admits that unless a visitor wins the 5–10, his chances of coming out ahead on a Caliente trip aren't the best. But the surroundings are pleasant and the environment exciting. As Alessio points out, "Race tracks were never built to benefit the player. At Caliente, we just try to arrange a good time for him while he's losing." THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 102

1. N.Y.	2. Mont.	3. Va.
4. Wisc.	5. Ga.	6. La.
7. N.H.	8. Utah	9. Mich.
10. R.I.	11. Miss.	12. Ala.

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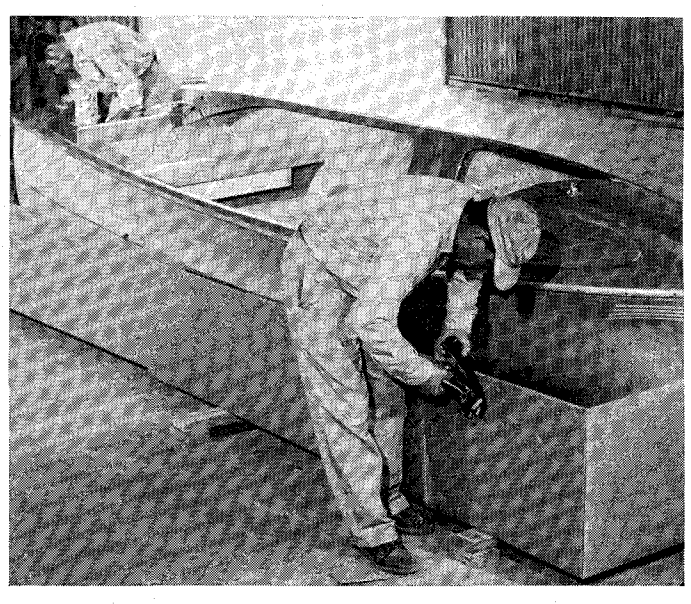

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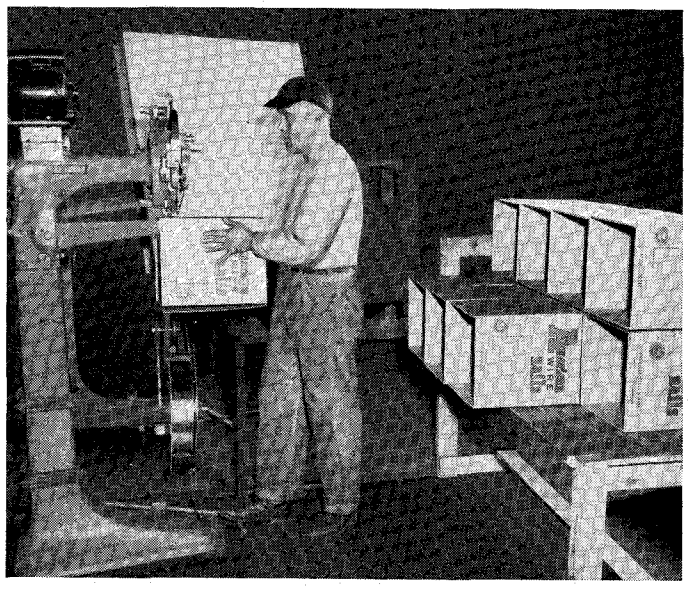

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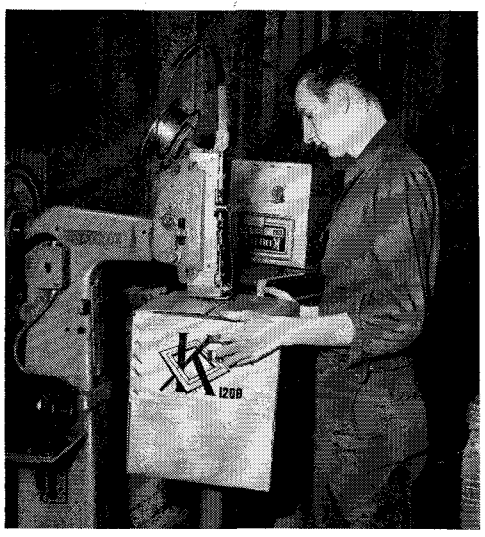

Stapling is faster than taping for sealing cartons of lighting fixtures—holds better, too.

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Beards Stage a Comeback

(Continued from Page 41)

over conspiratorially and said, "I say, how d'you like your beard?"

"I like it fine," my friend said.

"Quite," said the other, nodding happily. "I like mine too. I plan to keep it."

Any number of new-grown pogonotrophists made that vow, especially in England, and when I visited London in early 1957, bearded men were as common as bald. Even Prince Philip, when he went on an expedition to the southern polar waters late in 1956, succumbed to the lure of the beard and grew a handsome one.

Beards took more time to assert themselves in the United States. According to Tom Fucarino, who operates a barbershop on Third Avenue, they began coming into popularity about five years ago and have been gaining ground steadily ever since.

"Used to be, the average guy who wore a beard, he was one in fifty," Tom said recently. "Now he's like one in, say, twenty-five." There are now so many American beards that Russia has seen fit to attack them. Serge Fliegers, who until recently was an I.N.S. correspondent in Moscow, reports that a few months ago, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the truth-organ of the Young Communists' League, edited by a beardless man named Adzhubey, son-in-law of the beardless Nikita Khrushchev, raved in an editorial, "Beards are unsanitary and uncultured and decadent. Young men who affect beards are those who also listen and contort themselves to degenerate American jazz."

Tom Fucarino is unable to suggest why beards have come back into vogue. Eddie and Jerry of Diamante, two East 54th Street barbers whose clientele includes many bearded men (these gentlemen specialize in trimming, shaping, waxing and even dyeing beards), also are unable to account for it. Eddie and Jerry believe that it may have been due in part to the frequent visits of Commander Whitehead, the distinguished-looking red-bearded Englishman who comes here to act as ambassador for a tonic and soda-water firm. They also opine that the fad may have started a few years ago on the old NBC Tonight show, when Steve Allen and Skitch Henderson staged a beard-raising contest. Steve later shaved his, but Skitch remained pogoniate—and looks very good, I might add.

Another, wider-reaching reason for the beard boom may lie in the conformist climate of the times. We live in a world of Jones-upkeeping—in similar houses, wearing similar clothes, eating similar food, taking the selfsame car or train to work each day at the same hour. A beard provides a man with a small opportunity for a personal revolt against sameness.

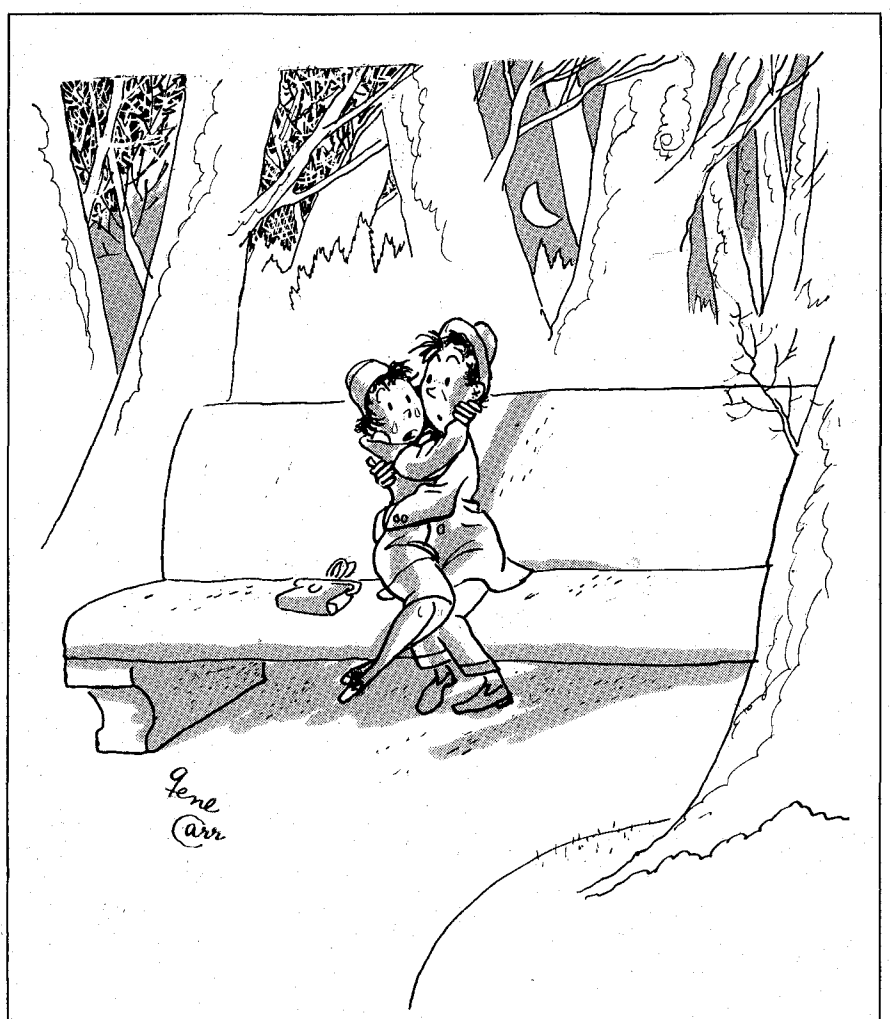
Then, too, there is the vanity factor. In recent years, prodded by the clothes manufacturers and their allies, the women, men have become, not entirely against their will, more appearance-conscious than men have been since the days of Louis XIV. They are wearing bright colors and odd costumes, such as Bermuda shorts. And some have become aware that beards enhance their looks. A beard does improve the appearance. It provides the weak-chinned man with an opportunity to simulate a new, firmer jaw line; it makes the rugged man look even more so. On some men, such as Rex Stout, the detective-story writer, whose beard looks as though someone had pushed his chin into soapsuds, it lends a sensitive, poetic quality to the face.

Hand-in-hand with vanity goes the beard's ability to help its wearer overcome shyness. A beard, Biblical symbol of strength and wisdom, gives its wearer assurance. It is a useful conversation piece; I have found that mine is a great asset at parties when I meet new people. They nearly always make some remark about it. If it is a disparaging remark, I riposte with an amiable rejoinder; if it is sympathetic, we are shortly conversing like old friends. The beard of George Killingworth, an ambassador sent by Elizabeth I of England to the court of Ivan the Terrible, was a notable ice-breaker. It was five feet long, and the monarch's hands, according to a contemporary report, "played delightedly with it." That was not the longest beard in the annals of beardery, however; Hans Steininger, burgomaster of Braunau, in Austria, had one that measured eight feet nine inches. In 1567 he tripped over it and fell down a flight of stairs, breaking his neck. His beard later was removed and placed in the Braunau museum. I got this information from Reginald Reynolds, whose monumental work of scholarship, Beards: Their Social Standing, Religious Involvement, Decorative Possibilities and Value in Offence and Defence Through the Ages, surely must stand as the finest pogonology ever written. Reynolds cites any number of examples of beards' usefulness. He mentions Gaspard de Coligny, a Huguenot admiral, who "used his beard as a sort of pincushion in which to park his toothpicks, when not in use." And he also lists a French clergyman, Jean Pierre Camus, who wore a plaited beard which he brushed to one side of his face before each sermon; he would pull the plaits, one by one, to the other side as he ticked off each ecclesiastical point. Such a beard today would come in handy for scorekeepers of certain games, like ice hockey or pool.

The do-it-yourself movement may have something to do with the beard revival. Growing one is a pleasant and constructive hobby. It is an adventure fraught with mystery and suspense, too, for until a beard has developed over a period of several weeks, the man never knows what color it will be (men with blond hair sometimes grow red beards, and grayheads have been known to put forth jet-black whiskers), or what shape it may take. Besides, growing a beard is a welcome relief from recreations that demand effort; all a man with a beard has to do, as Charles Andrews, a TV producer, once remarked, is to lie there under it and let it grow.

Finally, there is the basic, rock-bottom reason for the return of the beard: shaving. Most men hate to shave. This nettling, dangerous chore takes at least ten minutes per day out of every man's life, and in the cases of men with especially dark jowls, who must shave morning and evening, it takes twenty. Thomas Campbell, the poet, once calculated that during a man's lifetime he spent enough time shaving to learn seven languages. Personally, I loathe shaving. When I use a blade, I cut myself, and my face breaks out in an adolescent rash later on. When I use an electric, I miss vagrant hairs; and there are some mornings when the din of an electric is more than my sensitive nerves can bear. Thus it was this, more than anything else, that led me some months ago to the major decision to become bearded.

Actually, I had always secretly longed to wear a beard. I don't know why; perhaps, in childhood, I developed some subconscious Santa Claus fixation. It does not matter, particularly; the point is, I always wondered how I would look behind a beard. But after I made my decision, it took me some time to take the step. A couple of times I left off shaving for three or four days, but my grubby, unkempt chin elicited so many rude and ridiculing remarks—"What's the matter, lose your razor?"—that I could not muster the courage to carry on.



"Oh, I know this is bigger than both of us—b-but so is my husband."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Presently I began to wonder how other men got through the initial black-stubble period, and it dawned upon me that although I knew at least two dozen bearded men, I could not remember ever having seen any of them in the process of raising their beards. Somehow, the beards seemed always to have been on their faces. Since they could not possibly have been born with them, I concluded that they most probably had gone off somewhere to grow them—somewhere, perhaps a foreign country, where they would not be likely to be seen by friends. I thereupon decided that I would disappear from my usual haunts for about six weeks, the time I estimated it would take me to grow a respectable beard. After it reached its growth I would return, bearded and triumphant.

Well, it wasn't all that easy. I found that friends are not the only ones who make remarks about one's unshaven condition. Strangers make them too; and strangers, having no reason to be polite, are eloquent starers. But I am getting ahead of myself.

The opportunity to go away arose sooner than I dared hope. A magazine assigned me to do a story in London, and simultaneously recruited Ormond Gigli, a photographer, to go along.

"What do you say we grow beards on this trip?" I said to Gigli, feeling that I would enjoy some company, as well as moral support, while growing mine.

"Beards?" he asked, frowning. "What for?"

"Well, uh, just for fun," I answered, lamely. This was the first intimation I had of the fact that there are probeard people and antibeard people, and never the twain entwine. But after considerable urging from me, Gigli agreed to the Great Experiment.

Before we were ready to depart, the trip developed into something much more complicated than a mere transoceanic jaunt to London. More magazine work came in, including a job in California. We decided to do that first, then take the polar flight to Europe.

The first few days on the West Coast were as uneventful as they were unshaven. By coincidence, we found ourselves in a hotel room next to one occupied by a man with a beard. His name, appropriately enough, was Charles Brush (he is the son of Katherine Brush, the novelist and short-story writer). We struck up an acquaintance with him, partly because people were beginning to look askance at our mildewed faces and partly because we felt less uncomfortable consorting with a man who already had achieved what we were aiming for. Brush was not altogether encouraging. "Don't think your beards are going to get you completely out of shaving," he said. "I shave my cheeks every day. Also, I must have the beard trimmed once a week—and every morning I've got to wax my mustache."

Gigli was depressed. On the sixth or seventh day he ventured, "Do you think we ought to keep this up?" I replied firmly that I had every intention of keeping it up. Then he brought up the first problem that confronts every potential pogonotrophist: what kind of beard will it be? "I mean," he said, "we just can't *grow* them."

"Why not?"

"Well, we won't look neat—I mean, all that hair all over our faces, and so on."

I rubbed my chin, which felt like sandpaper. "If we trim them now," I said, "it amounts to cheating."

Two mornings later, he got up and shaved his side whiskers—the first indication, apart from his initial dubiety, that he simply was (*Continued on Page 108*)

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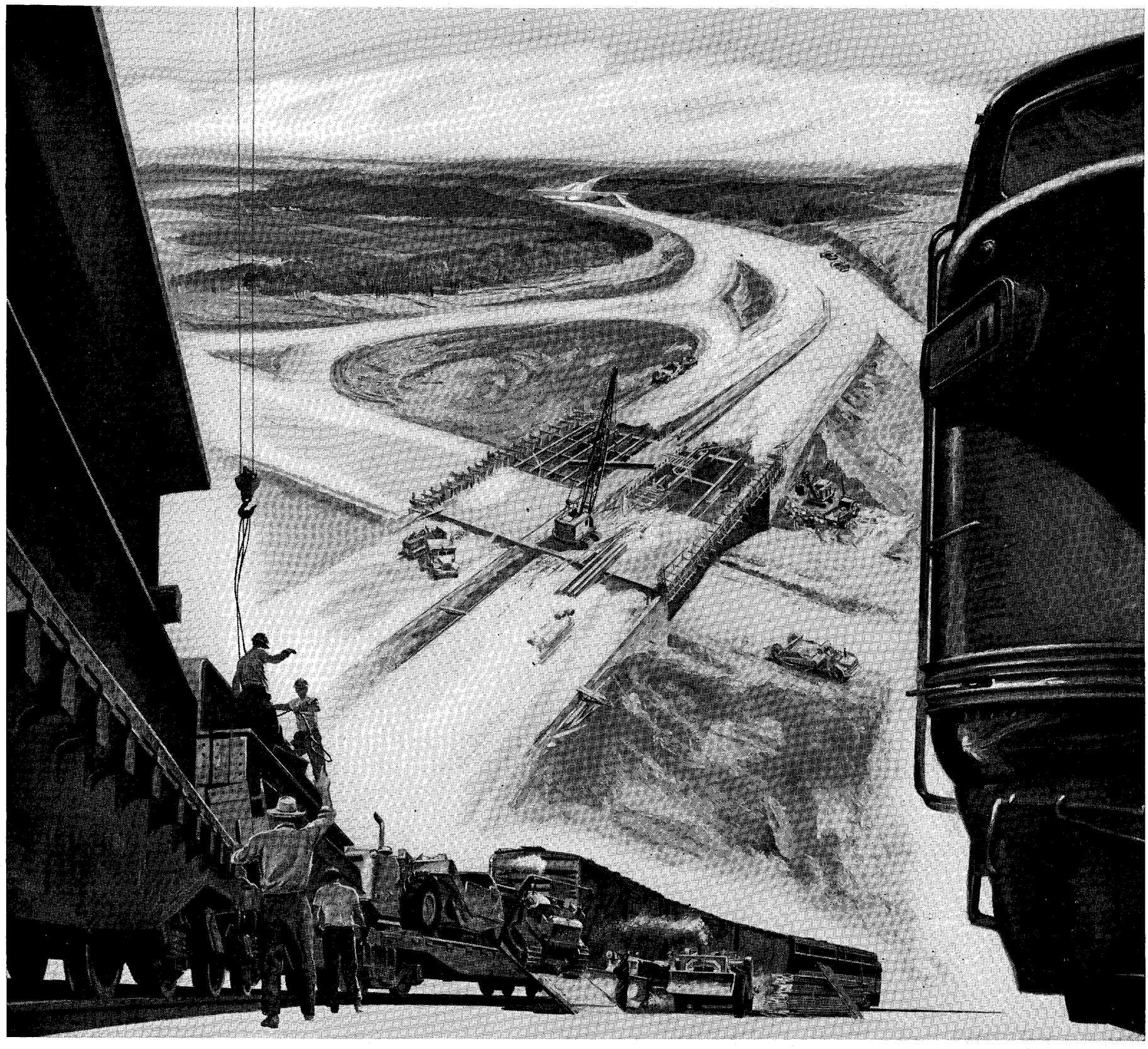

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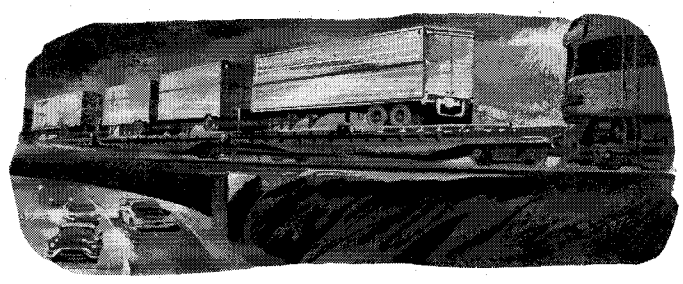

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ESSENTIAL TO THE NATION'S ECONOMY

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(*Continued from Page 106*) not man enough (some would say fool enough) to stand up under a beard. I could not understand his aversion. His beard was red, thick, even, and getting longer by the hour; I had thought a full beard would compensate for the rapidly vanishing hair on top of his head. But even with the sideburns shaved off, he looked fine. I went into the bathroom and had a look at my property. It was not a pleasant sight. Indeed, it was awful. That was confirmed during the afternoon by Miss Eva Marie Saint, whom I was interviewing.

"What on earth are you doing that for?" she demanded. "You're not an actor, for heaven's sake."

"We are all poor players," I said, with what I hoped was a jocular sententiousness that would take her mind off the beard, "in the drama of life."

"Oh, pooh. I think it's downright silly, growing a beard when you aren't even up for a part or anything."

Other women approved. Among them was Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor, the noted gem collector, who came along to lunch a few days later and uttered some paralyzing Mitteleuropean squeals. "I am queer for beards," she proclaimed. "All beards. Hemingway—him I love. Commander Whitehead—a dream-ship. If those cough-drop men—how you say them, Smiss Brozairs?—if they were around, them I would adore. All men I love, but men wis beards especially. To pieces!"

Her warmth left Gigli cold. On our way from Hollywood to Paris, twenty-five thousand feet above the Greenland icecap, he complained, "I feel dirty."

So did I. What was worse, my hands kept wandering to my face. The beard itched. Good Lord, how it itched! It felt almost as bad as it looked; I might even have resisted the urge to scratch and rub it if it had remotely resembled a beard. Gigli's was far from luxuriant, but at least people could tell by looking at it what he was up to. He got far fewer scornful or disapproving looks from our fellow-passengers than I did. And much as he hated his beard, he gloated; it was as though, in his rage at having permitted me to talk him into this pogonotrophic folly, he had to do something to even things up.

"Yours doesn't seem to get very long," he would say, as though making a scientific observation.

"I know," I would answer glumly.

"Also," he would add, infuriatingly, "what about those bare spots?"

It was true: I did have bare spots between my ears and my jawbones—various places, penny- or dime-sized, where nothing would grow. For a time I hoped that the whiskers above those accursed spots would grow down and hide them, but that never happened.

So, in Paris, I shaved the sideburns, as Gigli had done. It was all I could do to keep from shaving the whole thing, but I held off. And made a pleasant discovery. The pogonotomy I had performed had in some strange way sculpted the shapeless mass of black, untidy, unrelated hairs into something that could pass for an honest-to-goodness beard. I felt better instantly and walked with head erect; but, it must be said, the high percentage of bearded men walking the Paris streets may have had something to do with that.

As it came into its own, my beard appeared to develop a mind and character all its own. I never knew what it would do next. On some mornings it curled up; others, down. There were days when it was neat and days when it was as unkempt as a San Francisco poet. By then it was a half-inch long and, Gigli's snide remarks notwithstanding, getting longer. There were times when it would grow, and times when it would not, depending upon its mood. I began to understand why some bearded men will never part with theirs: it would be like giving up an old, eccentric friend.

We finally finished up our work in Paris and went on to our original destination, London. There I felt even better about my ornament. It was about five weeks old, and although it was nothing like the venerable specimen it is as I write this, it was beginning to draw favorable comments. Londoners have always been fairly partial to beards. "You know what my wife says?" asked Charles Middleton, a chauffeur, one morning as we were going off on some job or other. I allowed that I couldn't imagine what his wife said.

"She says," said Charles, "kissing a man without a beard is like eating an egg without salt. That's what she says, she does."

Gigli refused to credit this or any other compliment he received. He was still chafing; it was plain that he simply was non-b. "When I look at girls," he said plaintively, "they don't look back. Or, if they do, they seem disgusted." I tried to console and uplift him; it was like trying to explain to a Brooklyn Dodger fan that Los Angeles is only 3000 miles away. After our first week in London he went off to Southampton on a Saturday to look at a boat he was thinking of buying. He came back on Monday morning. I was working away at my typewriter, and for at least fifteen minutes I did not realize what he had done. His chin was nude.

"Traitor!" I cried.

He spread his hands, palms upward. "I had to do it."

"But why?"

"I woke up at three A.M.," he said. "It was raising hell on my chin, itching, making me want to scratch. I thought, *This beard here isn't mine any more. I'm its.* So I thought I would show it who was boss, and I got right up and shaved it off."

I had a wild, surrealistic image of his beard floating down some sewer on its way to the sea, but there was nothing I could say to him. Some men were meant to be bearded, some weren't, I thought to myself. But I was personally injured, perhaps because I had not yet developed any confidence in my own beard and still needed companionship. It was interesting to me to reflect that the beard of Gigli, my friend (presumably) and fellow pogonotrophist (aha!), had turned out red. So had Judas Iscariot's. That, too, I had learned from Reynolds' Beards, etc.

I learned more about beards from that book than I really had cared to know, in fact. Reynolds had written it because of a curious passage he had read in an old archaeological magazine one day while researching something else in the British Museum. Around 1883, one Professor Rolleston had said, "There appears to be some necessary correlation between hippophagy, pogonotrophy, and perhaps paganism."

This postulate disturbed Reynolds, for some reason he has never made clear. He determined to find out if it was true. Before long he had accumulated so much beard lore and trivia that he probably had to write the book to quiet his conscience. In it, he proved that there is not necessarily any correlation at all between the eating of horsemeat, the growing of beards or paganism (this achievement of Reynolds is a great comfort to all beard wearers, even those who never heard of Professor Rolleston). The book deals with beards through the ages, as well, and notes that the question of whether or not Adam had one has engaged, and embattled, divinity students from the time of the Romans onward. (Some said he did, others said he didn't.)

My readings in Reynolds gave me new assurance and delight in wearing my beard. He taught me that beards, or the lack of them, had been the basis for contention all through the history of man. In Russia, for example, during the reign of Peter the Great, in 1705, a tax of between thirty and 100 rubles per annum was imposed on any man who wore a beard or a mustache; those who could not pay it were given hard labor. The first beards were worn by the Egyptians, Reynolds avows. Actually, they held a demonstrative distaste for hair, and some priests shaved their bodies three times in a week. Nevertheless, for some ceremonial reason, they occasionally wore false beards tied to their chins. Reynolds does not tell why. All he knows is what he reads in the British Museum—and what he knows is that vogues in beards usually have been caused by certain kings, emperors or other rulers being for or against them, and that subjects of these people have had either to wear or not wear beards because it was decreed that they should or shouldn't, and that what looks O.K. on one man's chin as often as not offends another. But I already had learned that from my experience with Gigli.

All this pogonotrophic study gave me, as I say, some heart—but as time came to return to the United States, I became apprehensive. I had been absent a little over six weeks. In that time I had done as I always had wanted to do: I had grown what was, unmistakably, a beard. It was not a handsome one, but there it was, assertive and undeniable.

"My God," said the first friend who greeted me, "what have you done to yourself?"

"I've grown this beard," I said, as casually as possible.

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Oh."

There were endless variations on that far from sparkling conversation, and there were many crude attempts at wit. "Where'd you grow that?" asked Toots Shor, an overfed bumpkin who runs a restaurant.

"California and Europe," I said.

"Why'n't you stay there?" he said.

Lee Meyers, one of the regulars around Shor's, said, "What are you doin'; goin' into the costume jewelry business? When're you havin' your ears pierced?"

Such remarks enabled me to understand how one Joseph Palmer, who in 1830 went to live in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, must have felt. Palmer, who sported a full beard, was stoned by small boys. He was refused communion in church, and eventually set upon by four men who tried to shave him. Palmer drew a jackknife and slashed two of the ruffians after which he was arrested for unprovoked assault. He was put in jail, but he managed to smuggle out letters and eventually Yankee fair play triumphed and he was released. His tombstone bears the words "persecuted for wearing the beard."

All reactions to beards are violent—or, at least, arresting. My three-year-old twins were at first afraid of my beard; now they greet me by saying, "When papa going shave?" Old friends still are standing beside me in bars for ten minutes, silently, then suddenly shouting, "Dick! I didn't recognize you!" Old friends I meet in the street and say "Hi," to, invariably nod back, say "Hi" back, and then do old-movie double takes.

Sometimes I myself don't recognize myself. I caught sight of me in a distant mirror at a party the other day—I didn't know it was a mirror at first, I thought it was an extension of the room—and I found myself wondering who I was.

Curiously enough, many people are downright resentful of the beard. Some think I am putting on airs; telling them that I am only putting on hairs does no good whatever. There is much antibeard sentiment still flourishing. Eric W. Hughes, Jr., writing in the May 3, 1958, Nation, tells how he, an employee of "a large corporation" was told by a vice president to get rid of his beard "because it might be offensive" to some of his customers. "I resigned my job," Hughes, Jr., writes, "not simply to retain my beard, but to retain whatever integrity I had." My sympathy goes out to this young man, who has learned what all pogonotrophists must learn—that, as noted in the beginning, the world is divided into two types of men, those with beards and those without, and the two are seldom reconciled. I'm afraid I've cast my lot with the former—even though I still have to shave (in fact, as Charles Brush predicted, I spend as much time shaving and trimming each day as I would if I didn't have a beard, and some days I spend more). That is ironic and a bit discouraging, but a confirmed pogonotrophist gradually accepts it. As the fellow in the London night club said, I like my beard—and I plan to keep it. THE END

"Just as I thought."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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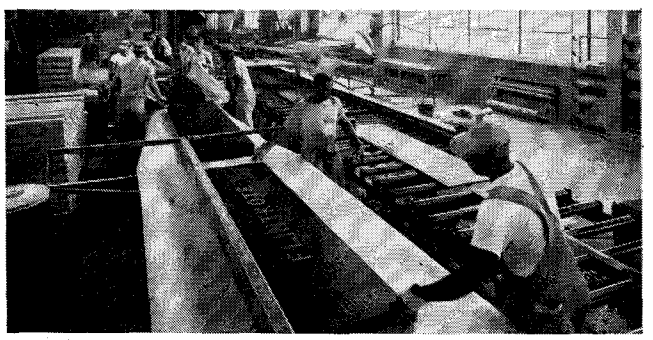
"FRAGRANCE" OF SHISHKEBABS in the ocean breeze brings forth smiles of anticipation from this group of Gulf Coast vacationers at the Shoreline Motel, near Destin, Florida. Development was started only six years ago on the "Miracle Strip" between Panama City and Pensacola. This and many other popular vacation spots in the South annually attract thousands from all parts of the nation.

THIS GLASS JAR is one of a wide variety produced at the newly-opened, multi-million dollar Owens-Illinois glass container plant in Atlanta, Southeast's largest and world's most modern. With an output ranging from half-ounce vials to gallon jugs, the plant has ready customers among increasing numbers of Southern food, drug, chemical and beverage manufacturers. The plant employs around 800.



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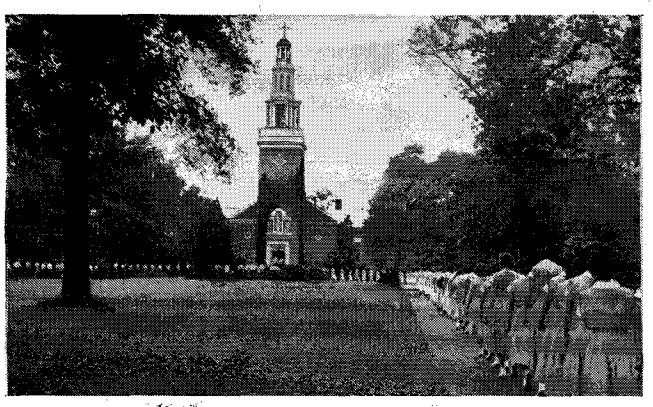
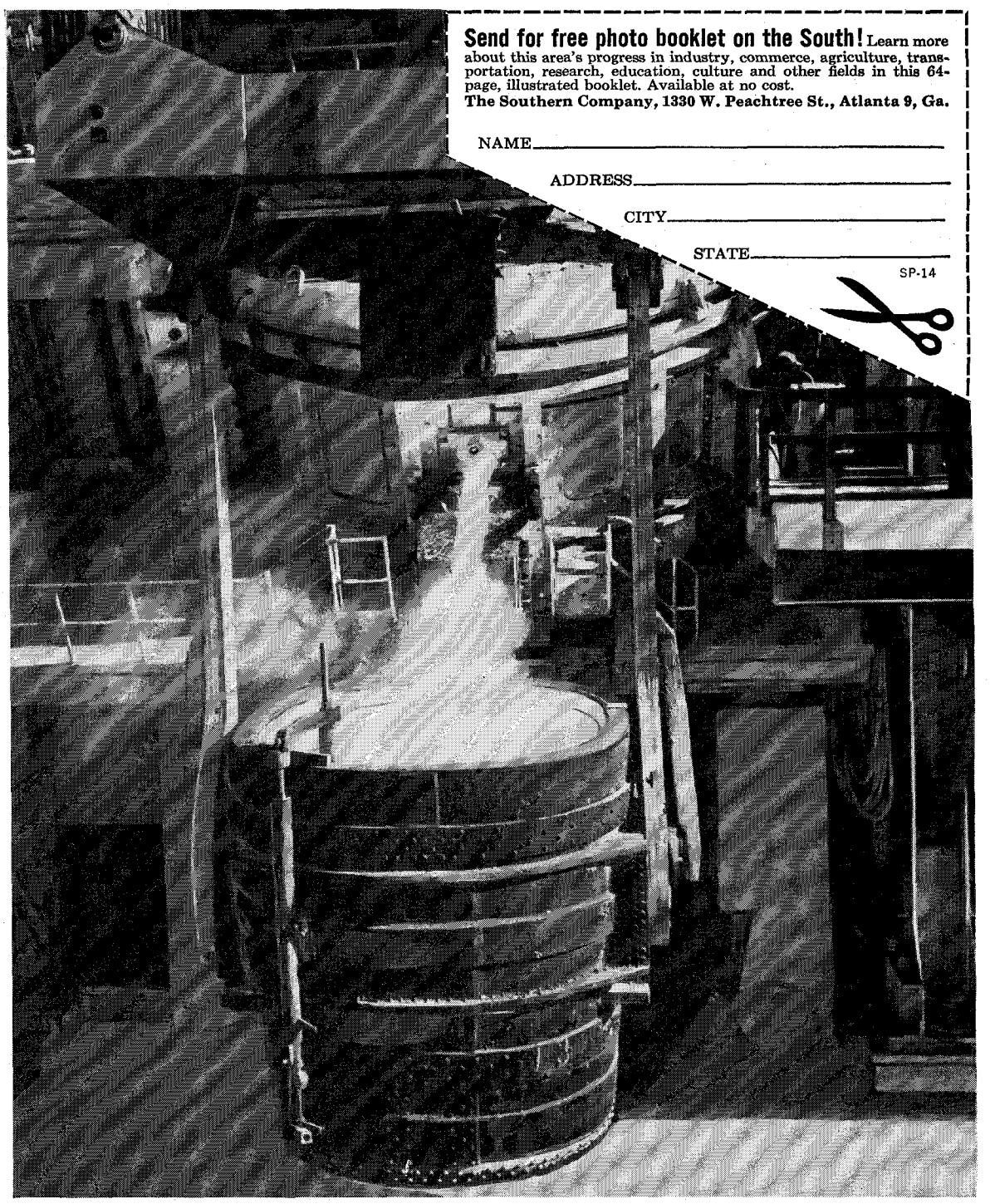


BERRY SCHOOL students march to chapel on the beautiful 30,000-acre campus near Rome, Georgia. A log cabin school was founded in 1902 by Martha M. Berry to provide educational opportunities for mountain children. Today's $12 million facilities include coeducational Berry College, Mt. Berry School for Boys and a nursery school. Over half the students work at the school to earn tuition. Fourteen states are represented in the student body.



AMONG THE NATION'S LARGEST is this electric furnace at Republic Steel Corporation's 300-acre mill site at Gadsden, Alabama, where 5,000 are employed. Two of these furnaces were installed as part of a recent two-year, $55 million expansion program, increasing the plant's steel-making capacity by 50%. Most versatile of Republic's eight mills, the Gadsden operation offers a diversity of products for hundreds of steel-using industries in the South.

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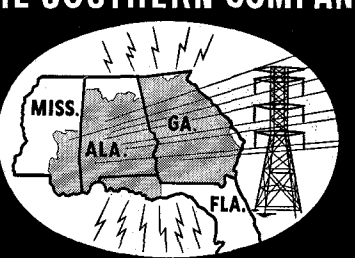

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The Case of the Greedy Grandpa

(Continued from Page 49)

Della Street came toward her and said, "I'm Mrs. Street and this is my husband. This woman is my sister. We're waiting for a confirmation of reservations."

Mason, who had been adjusting his tie in front of the mirror, smiled and said, "Do sit down, Mrs. Bass. The baby is asleep in the bedroom. I'm quite certain you won't have any trouble. My sister will be here by morning. You see, my mother-in-law is quite ill."

Hannah Bass shook hands with the others and sat down on the edge of the davenport, gray restless eyes surveying the apartment, taking in every detail.

"How old's the baby?" she asked.

"My daughter is sixteen months old," Della Street said. "You won't have any trouble, I'm certain. We told her that mommie was going to have to go away and that a friend of mommie's would stay with her until Auntie Helen came. She'll wake about seven in the morning, and I'm certain you won't have any trouble. Helen will be here by seven-thirty or eight."

Hannah Bass seemed a little dubious. "Sometimes they get frightened," she said.

"I know," Della Street said, "but this is an emergency."

"After all," Mason said reassuringly, "we may not have to go. If we can't get confirmation of our reservations on this plane, we just can't make it, and that's all there is to it. But you get the forty dollars whether we go or whether we don't. Just sit back and relax."

"The agency tells me that you asked especially for me."

Della Street looked inquiringly at Perry Mason.

Mason said, "That's right, Mrs. Bass. You see, I'd heard about you through the Jenningses. They speak very highly of you."

"The Jenningses?" she asked.

"Lorraine and Barton Jennings," Mason explained. "They have a boy, Robert Selkirk. Her child by another marriage."

"Oh, yes," she said. "Bobby is quite a boy, very much of a little gentleman."

"Crazy about guns, isn't he?" Mason said.

Hannah Bass became suddenly uneasy. "He likes guns," she said, and clamped her lips together.

Mason eyed her thoughtfully. "That," he said, "is the only thing which caused us some uneasiness, Mrs. Bass."

"What is?" she asked, instantly on the defensive.

"Giving Robert a real gun to play with."

"Who says I gave him a real gun?"

Mason let his face show surprise. "Didn't you?"

"Who said so?"

"Why, I understood that you did. Barton Jennings has this twenty-two automatic, you know, and Robert plays with it."

There was a long interval of silence. Hannah Bass had little, suspicious gray eyes and they glittered as they probed Mason's face.

"I didn't know anybody knew about it," she said suddenly. "It was just a secret between Robert and me."

Mason's smile was enigmatic.

The street bell made noise. Della Street went to the telephone and said, "Yes.... Oh, hurry up with it, will you?"

She pressed a buzzer and said to Perry Mason, "A Western Union telegram."

Mason showed excitement. "He's on the way up?"

Della nodded.

Alice Colton said, "Oh, Della," and suddenly flung herself into Della Street's arms.

Hannah Bass' glittering eyes kept moving around the apartment, taking in every detail. "I want to look at the baby," she said suddenly.

Della Street glanced at Mason. Mason partially opened the door of the bedroom.

... ...

Loyalty Does Pay

I got a fifty-yard-line seat
And didn't stand in line
and wait;
Because I'm influential?
No ——
My alma mater's lost six
straight.

Loyd Rosenfield

... ...

Della Street continued to comfort Alice Colton. Hannah Bass got up and strode to the bedroom door, looked inside at the sleeping child, then stepped inside the bedroom and looked around.

The buzzer sounded on the door of Della Street's apartment. Della Street disengaged herself from Alice and went to the door. She accepted the telegram, signed for it and tore the envelope open. For a moment she stood there with the telegram in her hand, saying nothing.

"Oh, Della, it isn't—it isn't ——"

Della nodded and said, "Mother has passed away."

There was a long moment of silence, then Alice Colton began to sob audibly.

"Well, after all," Della Street said, "it's for the best. Mother was bedridden and she had nothing to look forward to."

Hannah Bass stood in the door of the bedroom for a moment. Then she marched over to where Della Street was holding the telegram and said, "Say, what kind of a plant is this, anyway?"

"What do you mean?" Della Street asked.

"You know what I mean," Hannah said, snatching at Della Street's left hand. "Where's your wedding ring?"

"At the jeweler's, being repaired," Della Street said coldly. "That is, if it's any of your business."

"It's lots of my business," Hannah Bass said. "You're not married. That's not your baby. This isn't your husband. I've seen his face somewhere before—in newspapers and magazines somewhere. What are you trying to do?"

Della Street said, "My mother has just passed away. Here's the telegram." She extended the telegram so that Hannah Bass could see the message.

"Well, we won't argue about it," the woman said. "This was a forty-dollar job. Give me my forty dollars and I'll be on my way."

"You'll get the forty dollars," Mason told her, "and you'll sit right there all night to earn it."

Hannah Bass looked at him sharply. "You're the lawyer," she said. "You're the man who does all that spectacular stuff in court. You're Perry Mason!"

"That's right," Mason said. "Now, then, just sit down there and tell me how it happened that you would let Robert Selkirk play with a real gun whenever you were baby sitting with him."

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"So that's what you're after!" Hannah Bass said.

"That's what I'm after," Mason told her.

Hannah Bass slowly seated herself. "So this was all a plant."

"It was all a plant, if that will make you feel any better," Mason told her.

"I don't have to answer your questions. I can get up and walk out through that door. You don't have any authority to question me."

"That's entirely correct," Mason said. "You were hired to sit here until eight o'clock in the morning. You're to get forty dollars for it. If you walk out through that door, you don't get the forty dollars and you'll still have to answer the same questions, but this time before a grand jury."

"What difference does it make?" Hannah Bass asked.

"For your information, so there won't be any misunderstanding, Mervin Selkirk was murdered. Norda Allison has been accused of that murder. She's my client. I don't know what happened. I'm trying to find out. I'm not making any accusations, at least not yet, but apparently when you were baby sitting you let Robert have a twenty-two automatic revolver, probably a Colt Woodsman model."

"You can't prove it," Hannah Bass said.

"I think I can," Mason told her. "If you have anything to conceal, if you are implicated in any way in the murder of Mervin Selkirk, you had better get out of here and retain a lawyer to represent you. If you have nothing to conceal, there is no reason why you can't talk to me."

"You got me here under false pretenses," she said.

"I asked you to come here," Mason told her. "I wanted to talk with you where I wouldn't be interrupted by the police. And remember this, Mrs. Bass: someday you're going to be on the witness stand and I'm going to cross-examine you, and if you don't tell me your story now, I'm going to ask you why you were afraid to tell it."

"I didn't say I wouldn't tell it."

"Make up your mind."

The room was silent for several seconds, then Hannah Bass said, "There wasn't anything wrong with it; it was just yielding to a childish whim."

"How did it happen that you started letting him have the twenty-two?" Mason asked.

"It was one time when I was baby sitting with him. I had to stay there for two days while Mr. and Mrs. Jennings were away. They left Robert with me."

"You occupied the spare bedroom on the second floor?"

"Yes."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well, I opened a drawer in the bureau in order to put some of my things away and found this gun."

"What sort of a gun?"

"A Colt Woodsman."

"You know something about guns?"

"I was married to a man who ran shooting galleries. He taught me how to handle guns."

"All right; what happened?"

"Robert came walking into the room while I was looking this gun over. He was completely fascinated with it. He wanted to hold it for a while."

"What did you do?"

"I took out the magazine clip and saw that it was fully loaded. I snapped back the recoil-operated mechanism and found there was no shell in the barrel. So I let Robert handle the gun."

"And then what happened?"

"He was absolutely, completely fascinated. He had seen me work the mechanism. He wanted to know how to handle the gun and all about it. So then I took the shells out of the magazine, put the magazine in place and let him play with the empty gun for a while. Then I put it back in the drawer and made Robert promise that he wouldn't tell his folks anything about that gun."

"And after that?" Mason asked.

"Well," she said, somewhat reluctantly, "after that, Robert had sort of a hold on me. When his parents would be gone, he'd insist on having me unload the gun and let him keep it in his hand. At first I made him stay in the house, but after a while—well, I let him take it outdoors."

"Did he ever pull the trigger?" Mason asked.

"Of course he did. However, I made him promise that he'd never, never pull the trigger when the gun was pointed at anyone. I showed him the safety, showed him how to put it on and keep it on, and it was part of his agreement with me that he was always to have this safety in place while he was handling the gun."

"You were there with him at night?"

"Sometimes. I've stayed as much as a couple of days at a time."

"And at night has he ever slept with the gun under his pillow?"

"Once, yes."

"How did that happen?"

"He's a rather nervous, high-strung individual despite the fact that he keeps his emotions under such excellent control. He liked to camp out in that tent on the patio and he told me it would give him a feeling of assurance if he had the gun with him."

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"And you let him take the gun?"

"Just that once. That was when I found he had a shell for it. That's when I began to get frightened of the whole business. I told him he was just a little boy seven years old, that he couldn't have any gun for protection until he got to be a big man."

"Now then, when Lorraine Jennings and Barton Jennings went down on Friday night to meet Norda Allison at the airport, did you take care of Robert?"

She shook her head.

"Who did?"

"I think they left him there alone with the dog. Rover wouldn't let anyone get near Robert. I think his folks put Robert to bed and then just quietly went down to meet the plane."

"If Robert had wakened and wanted something in the house and had found his mother and his stepfather were away, do you think it is possible that he could have gone to that bedroom and taken the gun out of the drawer?"

A look of sudden alarm came on her face.

"Do you?" Mason asked.

"Good heavens, did he do that?" she asked in a half whisper.

"I'm asking you if it's possible."

"It's very possible," she said.

Mason smiled and said, "I think that does it, Mrs. Bass. Here's your forty dollars for the baby sitting."

"Good heavens," she said, "if he had done that; if —— Mr. Mason, do you think that child could possibly have—fired the bullet that —— Good heavens, no! It's preposterous! He wouldn't have done anything like that! He couldn't!"

Mason handed her four ten-dollar bills.

Hannah Bass blinked her little glittering eyes for a moment; then abruptly got up and without a word walked out into the corridor, pulling the door shut behind her.

Mason smiled reassuringly at Alice Colton. "We can take the child back now, Mrs. Colton, and thanks a lot. We certainly appreciate your co-operation. You may have aided the cause of justice."

It was ten o'clock on Sunday morning when Mason's unlisted telephone made noise.

Mason picked up the receiver. "This is Perry," he said.

Paul Drake's voice, sharp with urgency, came over the telephone. "I have something, Perry, that you'd better look into. I'm afraid my man pulled a boner, but there was nothing to tip him off."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I had shadows put on the Jennings house the way you wanted. Barton Jennings went out this morning, visited an apartment house and then came back. My man tailed him both ways, but he's a little uneasy about it."

"Why?" Mason asked.

"Call it an investigator's sixth sense, if you want," Drake said, "but my man feels that Barton Jennings went out there on a specific errand and managed to accomplish that errand right under the nose of the operative."

"Where's your man now?"

"Up here in my office."

"Hold him there," Mason said. "I'm coming up."

Mason telephoned the garage man in the apartment house to have his car ready for action. He took the elevator to the garage, jumped into his car, drove to the all-but-deserted parking lot in front of the office building, left his car and went to Drake's office.

Paul Drake, tilted back in his chair with his heels up on the desk, smoking a contemplative cigarette, waved a greeting to Mason.

"This is my man, Perry. Known as Smithy."

Mason sat down.

"You tell him, Smithy," Drake said.

The operative said, "At eight o'clock this morning Barton Jennings left his house, carrying a suitcase. He got in his automobile and drove directly to this apartment house. He parked the car, took the suitcase, went in, and was in there for about half an hour; then he came out and started driving back to his house. He had all the assurance of a man who had accomplished a mission and wasn't worrying about anything any more. He had the same suitcase with him that he'd taken in."

"He went home?" Mason asked.

"He went home, put his car in the garage, went in the house, and after a while came out and sat on the porch, ostensibly reading the Sunday papers, but actually looking around to see if anybody was keeping him under surveillance. When a subject does that, it's a lot better to get off the job and have somebody else come on, so I beat it to a phone, telephoned Paul for a relief and told him I had something to report."

"You have any idea what apartment the guy went to?" Mason asked.

"No."

"What apartment house was it?"

"The Cretonic. It's a small apartment house out on Wimberly."

"Let's go," Mason said. "You sit here on the job, Paul, and we may telephone for some help. . . . Come on, Smithy."

Smithy and the lawyer took the elevator down to Mason's car, drove out to the Cretonic Apartments. Mason got out and looked the place over.

"Jennings needed a key," Mason said, "to get in or else he pressed the bell of some apartment and they buzzed the door open."

Smithy nodded.

"You don't have any idea which?"

"No, Mr. Mason, I don't. I just wasn't close enough to see what he was doing and I didn't dare to get close enough. I can tell you one thing, though: he was stooped over here at the side of the building. I could see his left elbow hanging pretty well down."

"Well, that's a clue," Mason said.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Mason," Smithy said. "If you'll stand right here in the doorway and look down at the names on the directory and let your left arm stick out a little bit, the way it would if you were leaning over and punching a button with your right thumb, I might be able to do a better job. I'll go back to the same place where I had my car parked and in that way we may be able to narrow it down a little bit."

"Go ahead," Mason told him.

He waited until the detective was in the right position and then Mason stooped down and made a pretense of jabbing each one of the lower call buttons with his thumb.

When he had finished, Smithy came moving up and said, "I think it's the lowest one on the left-hand side, Mr. Mason. Your elbow looked about just right then."

Mason examined the card. It said simply, "Miss Grace Hallum."

"We'll give it a try," Mason said.

He pressed the button. There was no answer. Mason pressed the button two or three times more, then pressed the button marked "Manager."

A moment later the outer lock buzzed open and Mason entered the small lobby. A door opened behind a counter in the corner of the lobby and an intelligent-appearing, well-kept woman in the early fifties stepped out to smile at the lawyer and the detective.

"Something for you gentlemen?" she asked.

"I understood that Grace Hallum's apartment was to be vacant," Mason said. "I tried to ring her, but she doesn't answer. Do you know anything about her?"

"Heavens, yes," the manager said. "She's going to be gone for some little time."

"When did she leave?" Mason asked.

The manager looked at him curiously. "Are you a detective?" she asked.

Mason grinned and jerked his thumb at Smithy. "He is."

The manager's lips clamped together. "Well, I'm sorry. There's nothing I can tell you except that she's gone."

Mason played a hunch. "Did she have the boy with her?"

"She had the boy with her."

"Suitcases?"

"One doesn't go for an indefinite stay without suitcases."

"Taxicab?" Mason asked.

"I don't know. I didn't ask."

Mason tried to be as charming as possible. "It wouldn't hurt you to be a little more communicative."

"I'm not so certain about that. I don't discuss tenants' affairs."

"Well, what would it cost without parts and labor?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, thanks a lot," Mason said. "Good-by."

He gave her his best smile and led the way out of the apartment house.

"I don't get it," Smithy said.

"What?"

"Your technique," Smithy told him. "I'd have flashed my credentials and suggested she might get into trouble if she tried to withhold information."

"I have a better idea," Mason told him, studying the directory. "Let's see, Grace Hallum was in 208. Let's look at 206 and 210. Who's in 206?"

Smithy consulted the directory. "Miss M. Adrian," he said.

"Give her a ring," Mason instructed.

In a few moments the door was buzzed open. Mason and the detective again entered the apartment house. The manager had now retreated into her apartment and the door behind the little counter was closed.

The two men climbed the steps to the second floor. Mason tapped on the door of 206. The door opened the scant two or three inches allowed by a heavy brass safety chain. A woman with a long, thin nose surveyed the two men suspiciously.

"What is it?" she asked.

Mason said, "Show her your credentials, Smithy."

Smithy took a worn billfold from his pocket, extended it so the woman could look it over.

"Detectives!" she said.

"Smithy is a detective," Mason said. "I'm a lawyer. We want to talk with you."

"What's your name?"

Mason gave her his card.

Her face showed surprise. She looked from the card to Mason's face and then said, "Good heavens, you are! Why, you're Perry Mason!"

"That's right."

The chain snapped off the catch. "Well, come in," she said. "I'm honored. Sit down and tell me what this is all about."

"It's about your neighbor next door," Mason said.

Miss Adrian, a woman in the late fifties, small-boned, spry as a bird, paused in mid-stride. "Well, now, I just knew there was something wrong there," she said.

Mason nodded. "That's why we came to see you."

"What do you want to know?"

"When did the boy come here?"

"Yesterday morning," she said. "Yesterday morning at exactly four-thirty-five."

"Do you know who brought him?"

"His father, I suppose."

"And what do you know about Grace Hallum?"

"She's divorced—lives on alimony. She works as a baby sitter part of the time for extra money, and calls herself Miss Grace Hallum rather than Mrs. Hallum. She used to be a model and she never lets a body forget it."

"Does she work for the Nite-Out Agency?"

"I believe that's right, yes."

"Well, then," Mason said, smiling casually, "you didn't think there was anything unusual about it, simply someone bringing a boy to stay with her?"

"Nothing unusual about it!" Miss Adrian exclaimed. "Well, I like that!"

"There was something unusual then?"

"I'll say there was. At that hour in the morning, with my wall bed down, my head right up against that partition and —— I'll say one thing about this apartment house: the only way you can have any complete privacy is to talk in sign language."

"You heard what was said?"

"I heard enough of it."

(*Continued on Page 114*)

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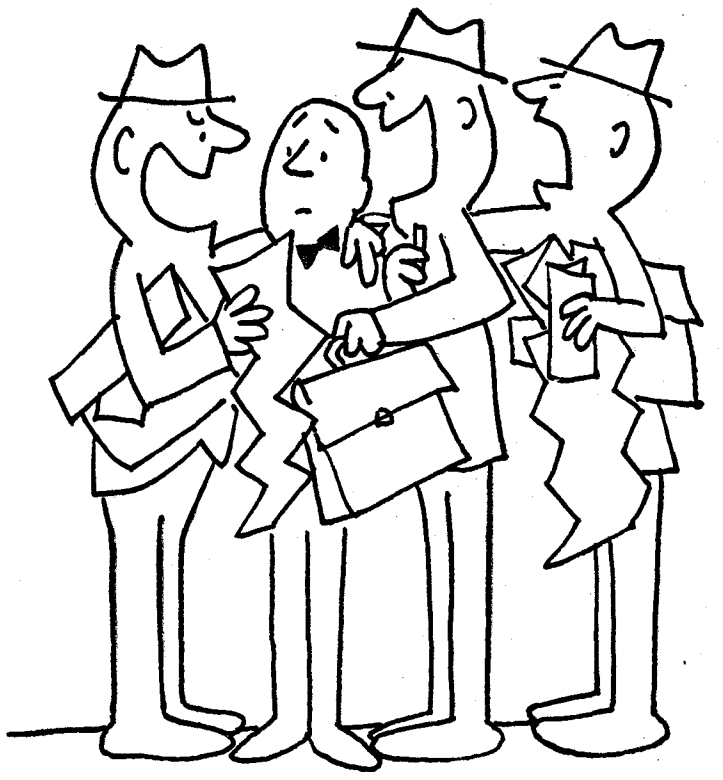

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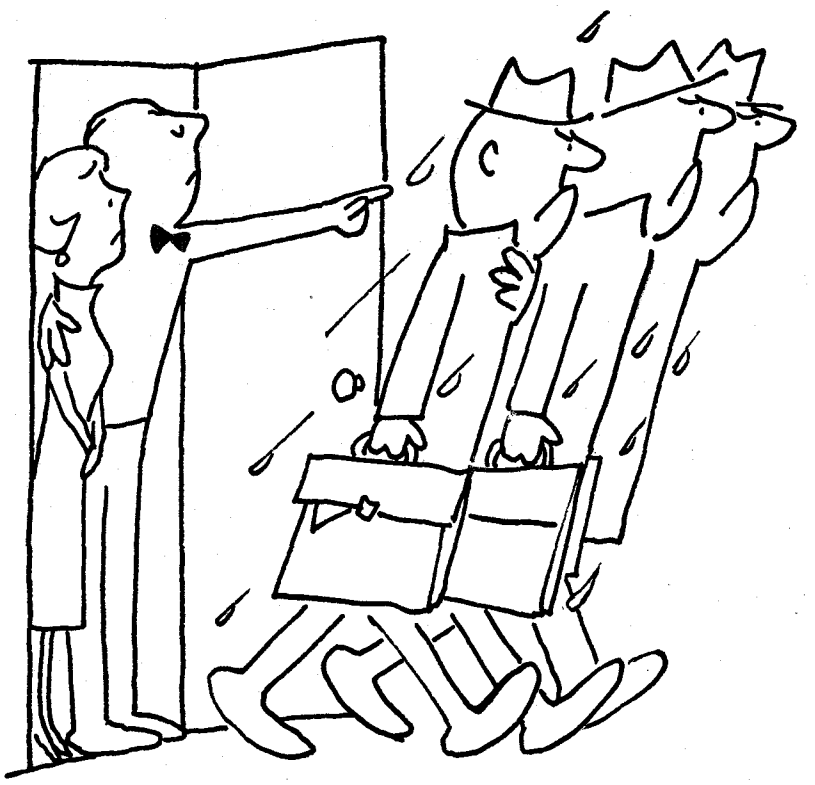

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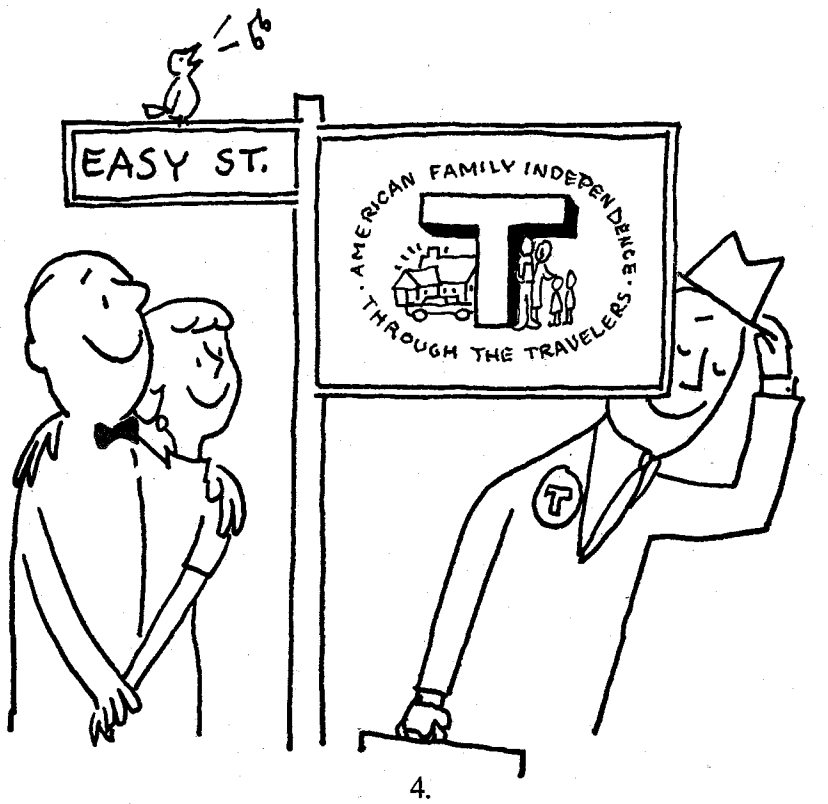

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(*Continued from Page 112*)

"Such as what?"

"Well, Grace Hallum was a little shocked at the idea of being called at that hour in the morning, but the man was a regular client of hers, so she opened the door and let him in."

"How old is she?"

"Twenty-seven, but she says it's twenty-four," Miss Adrian snapped, "and she has looks. She's a blue-eyed, tall blonde, and she's always posing. She wears dresses that show her hips, if you know what I mean."

"We know what you mean," Mason said affably. "Just what was the conversation?"

"This man wanted her to keep the boy until he gave her further instructions. He asked her to get some suitcases ready because she might have to travel and—that's about all there was to it yesterday morning."

"And then what happened after that?"

"Well, the man came up this morning, and I've never heard such a conversation in my life."

"What do you mean?"

"The man was talking with the boy about some sort of a shooting. He kept saying, 'Now remember, you didn't shoot anyone. You had a bad dream,' and I heard the boy say, 'I did too shoot the pistol,' and the man laughed and said, 'So what of it?' and then said, 'You thought you shot the pistol, you dreamed you did, but the pistol really wasn't fired at all!'"

"Then what?"

"Then the boy said, 'No, I fired the pistol. The rest of it may have been a dream, but I know I fired the pistol.'"

"Go on," Mason said. "What happened after that?"

"Well, the man talked with the boy a while and said he was going to send him on a long trip with Miss Hallum, and to be sure and be a good boy and do everything Miss Hallum told him to."

"Did Miss Hallum seem surprised?" Mason asked.

"Not her. Now I can tell you this much: there's been a lot going on in that apartment, suitcases banging around, people coming with this and that. She was packing and talking with the boy, and the boy was doing quite a bit of crying. He seemed to be terribly upset about something."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well, that's about all I know, except that another woman came and called on her last night. I gathered she was the woman who runs the Nite-Out Agency. They had quite a conversation. A lot of it was in whispers. Apparently the boy was asleep and they were trying to keep him from knowing anything about it."

"What happened this morning?" Mason asked.

"Well, this man came again with some clothes for the boy. Right after the man left, she went to the phone and called a taxicab. I heard her say she wanted to go to the airport."

"And she left?"

"Yes, she and the boy."

"How long ago?"

"Well, it must have been—oh, I guess an hour and a half ago."

"Did you have any idea where they were going?" Mason asked.

"The man said something about Mexico."

Mason got up and gave his hand to Miss Adrian. "Thank you very much for your co-operation," he said. "We're just checking."

"Well, for heaven's sake, I'll certainly say you're checking, coming around to see a body on a Sunday morning. Can you tell me what it's all about?"

"I'm sorry," Mason said. "We just wanted to make sure that the boy had left."

"Yes, he left all right, but can you tell me why all this mystery?"

Mason smiled and shook his head. "I'm terribly sorry, Miss Adrian, I hate to be a one-way street on these things, but you know how it is."

She sniffed. "Well, I'd certainly like to know what it's all about," she said. "It's not that I'm curious, you understand. I like to lead my own life and let other people lead theirs, but what's all this about a boy crying because he thinks he's fired a gun that his daddy didn't want him to, and all of that?"

"Oh, children do have nightmares," Mason said.

"Yes," she snapped. "Nightmares of shooting people and then they're brought to a baby sitter at half past four on a Saturday morning and then a lawyer and a detective come and ask questions. Don't think I'm foolish, Mr. Mason. I wasn't born yesterday."

Mason shook hands with her, held her hand for a long moment in his, patted the back of it with his left hand, and said, "Now don't go making a mountain out of a molehill, Miss Adrian, and please don't say anything to anybody else, at least for a while. I'd like to have the information all to myself for a day or so."

"And then you'll tell me what it's all about?"

Mason lowered his voice and said, "Look, if you'll be co-operative, I think I can promise you that you'll have an opportunity to get on the witness stand and ——"

"The witness stand!" she almost screamed in dismay.

"That's right," Mason said. "You'll pose for newspaper photographs and your testimony may make quite a commotion. But that will only happen if you're very, very careful not to say anything to anyone prior to the time of trial."

"Good heavens, I don't want to get on the witness stand! I've always heard it was quite an ordeal."

"Not if you're telling the truth."

"I'm telling the truth."

"And not if you remember all the details and don't get confused."

"Well, I remember all the details, but I don't know whether I'm going to get confused standing up there in front of a whole crowd of people like that."

Mason smiled affably. "Just start planning on what you're going to wear, Miss Adrian. I'm sure you'll want to look your best. Sometimes the flashlight photographs they use in newspapers aren't the most flattering photographs a person can have, but—you'll be all right."

"Well, I'm glad you gave me some notice in advance," she said, going over to the mirror, patting her hair and smoothing the wave around back of the ears. "I'll tell the world some of those newspaper pictures are terrible!"

"Good-by," Mason said. "Remember now, not a word of this to anyone."

Mason let himself and the detective out in the corridor.

"Pay dirt," Smithy said under his breath.

"Pay dirt," Mason agreed. "Now we've got to phone Paul and get some operatives out to the airport in a rush."

From the nearest phone Mason called Paul Drake.

"Rush some men out to the airport, Paul. Look for Robert Selkirk, a quiet, very gentlemanly boy of seven years, aristocratic in bearing, somewhat shy, rather reserved. He's accompanied by a woman named Grace Hallum, blond, blue eyes, twenty-seven years old, with a good figure. She worked for a while as a model, married, collected some alimony and is living now partially on alimony and partially by supplementing her income by baby sitting. They'll probably have a couple of hours' start on you and will have been on a plane for some place outside of the jurisdiction of the local courts. Try Mexico City first; then try everything you can get. Cover all passenger lists, see if you can locate a woman—any woman—traveling with a seven-year-old boy."

"There'll be hundreds of them," Drake said.

"Not with a departure time of the last two hours. A taxicab went to the Cretonic Apartments and picked them up. See if you can locate the cab driver, find out what airline they were traveling on. Get busy."

"O.K., I'll get busy," Drake promised. "You coming up here?"

"We're on our way," Mason told him.

The lawyer hung up the phone and he and Smithy drove back to the parking place at the office. They entered the elevator.

"Your secretary just came in," the operator told Mason.

"Stop at Paul's office?" Mason asked.

"I don't think so. I think she went on down the corridor to your office."

"I'll pick her up," Mason said.

They stopped at Drake's office. "Go on in," Mason told Smithy, "and tell Paul about what happened. I'll see if Della Street has anything on her mind and then come back."

Mason walked down to his office, latchkeyed the door and found Della Street standing in front of the mirror.

"Hello," she said. "I thought I'd come up and see if you needed anything."

"Good girl," Mason told her. "We're working on something hot."

"What is it?"

"Robert Selkirk. The way things look now, his mother and his stepfather left him alone while they went to the airport to meet Norda Allison. Robert was sleeping in a tent in the patio. It's beginning to look as though Robert got frightened, sneaked into the house, took possession of that twenty-two Colt Woodsman, then went back to bed in his tent on the patio. Sometime in the night he was aroused by someone prowling around. That just could have been Mervin Selkirk, who was engaged in planting that printing press in the Jennings storeroom. Evidently the dog they keep knew Mervin Selkirk well enough so he let Selkirk prowl around the place as a friend. Whoever it was, it was someone the dog knew. Robert got frightened and took a shot in the dark. That shot probably hit the boy's father. He left a blood trail all the way to his automobile, drove to the country club, and died before he could get out of the car.

"Barton Jennings was supposed to take Robert to this camping expedition where the boys were going with their dogs. So he was able to ditch the dog somewhere, probably at a boarding kennel, and take Robert up to another baby sitter the boy knew. He did all that before five o'clock in the morning."

"Good heavens," Della Street said, "you mean the boy killed his own father?"

"It was an accident," Mason said. "Now then, Barton Jennings is giving the boy a good brainwashing. He's making Robert (*Continued on Page 116*)

The Perfect Squelch

After touring Spain for several weeks with a group of foreign students, young Mrs. Smith was frankly homesick. She found herself constantly watching and hoping for some face or voice that was familiarly American. So when she spotted a woman whom she took to be an American, Mrs. Smith impulsively walked over. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but it's been so long since I've spoken with an American that I thought you wouldn't mind if I introduced myself."

She was rewarded with an icy stare and an equally chill, "Ah, yes. How interesting." Then, as Mrs. Smith squirmed, the woman added in a withering tone, "However, I happen to be English."

Rallying quickly, Mrs. Smith managed a smile. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she said. "I know just how you must feel, because twice this week I have been mistaken for an Englishwoman."

D. Randall

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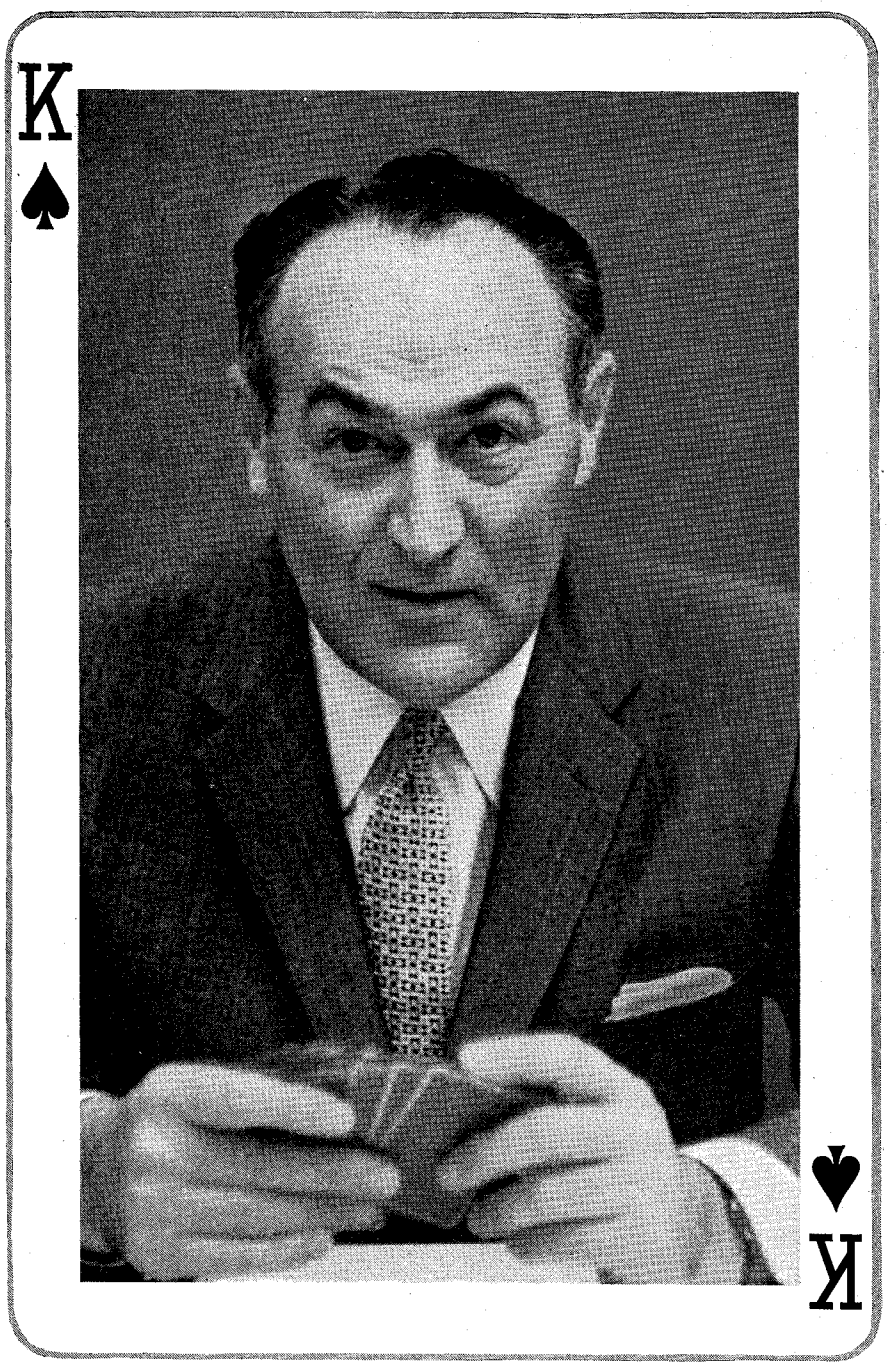

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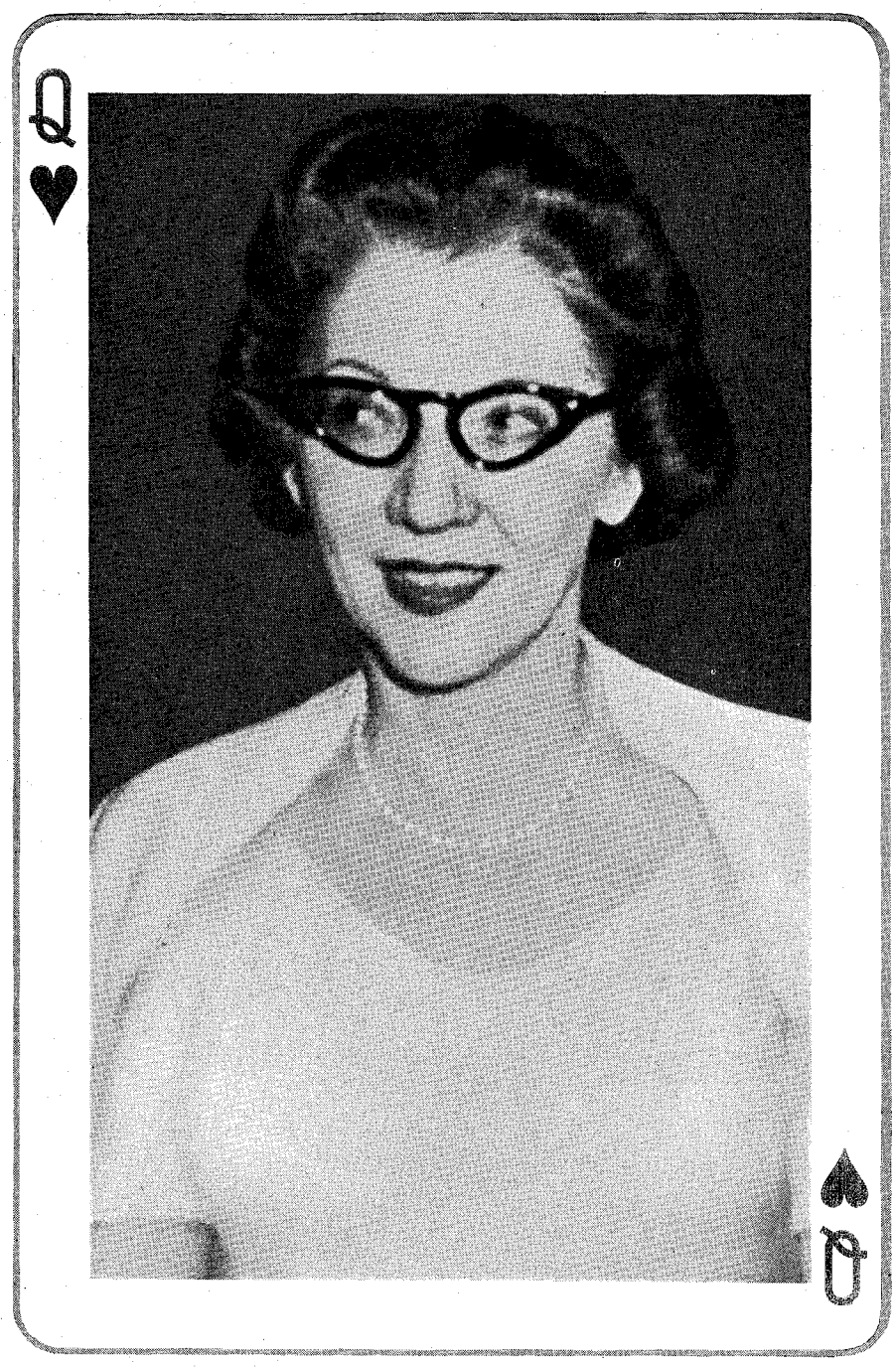

MRS. HELEN SOBEL is, in her own charming right, America's #1 female bridge player and, with Mr. Goren, the world's champion. "It's a new game every time I play," says Mrs. Sobel, "and I like to get off to a smooth start with fresh packs of Congress Cards."

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(*Continued from Page 114*) think it was all a nightmare, some hideous dream that he had in which he dreamed that he had pulled the trigger on the gun. In order to keep the boy from being called as a witness, they're trying to spirit him out of the country. By the time anyone can get the boy back as a witness, the kid will be convinced he may have had a nightmare, but that he didn't actually pull the trigger on the gun."

Della Street watched Mason for a moment with thoughtful eyes. "So what do you do?" she asked.

Mason said, "I block the attempt. I get hold of the boy before his brain has been washed, and ——" Suddenly his voice trailed off into silence.

"Exactly," Della Street said. "What's it going to do to a seven-year-old boy to feel that he has killed his father?"

Mason started pacing the floor. "Hang it, Della," he said, "my duty is to my client. I can't sit back and let a client take a murder rap simply to spare the feelings of a seven-year-old boy. And yet I can't have that seven-year-old boy dragged up in front of the authorities."

"As far as that's concerned, how are we going to prove our contention, once we get him picked up?" Della Street asked.

Mason paced the floor, saying nothing. "Come on," he said, changing the subject, "let's go down to Paul Drake's office and see what he's discovered."

He held the door open and the two of them walked down the echoing corridor of the deserted building to enter the offices of the Drake Detective Agency. Mason waved a greeting to the girl who was busy at the switchboard, held the gate open for Della Street and they walked down to Drake's office.

Drake was just hanging up one of his telephones as Mason and Della Street entered the office. Smithy was sitting in a corner of the office, scribbling in a notebook.

Drake said, "Well, we've traced your taxicab, Perry; we were lucky. One of my operatives picked up the trip on the dispatcher's records and managed to interview the driver. Here's what happened: On the trip out to the airport the woman was telling the boy about going to Mexico City, all about Mexico and something about the history of Mexico City. The boy seemed to have something on his mind and she kept up quite a steady stream of conversation. They were going to take an American Airlines plane to Dallas and then Dallas to Mexico City. He took them to the American Airlines. Now here's a peculiar thing. They never got on that plane."

"What plane?"

"The one on which they had reservations. Reservations had been made over the telephone for Mrs. Hallum and son. The reservations were confirmed all the way to Mexico City. They were told they would have to pick up their tickets thirty minutes before plane time and they promised to be there. They never showed up."

"Then what happened to the woman and the child?" Mason asked. "Was it just an elaborate plant to throw us off the trail?"

"It could have been," Drake said, "but somehow I'm not so certain. Well, what do we do?"

"Cover all the other airline offices," Mason said, "and see if the pair switched to another airline, and ——"

"That's being done," Drake said, "but it's quite a job."

Mason nodded.

One of the telephones on Drake's desk exploded into noise. Drake picked up the receiver, said, "Paul Drake talking," then frowned in thoughtful concentration as the receiver made a series of squawking noises which were audible throughout the room.

"O.K.," he said, "that's a lead. Stay with it. Have you got a description of that man?" Again Drake listened and then said, "See what you can do."

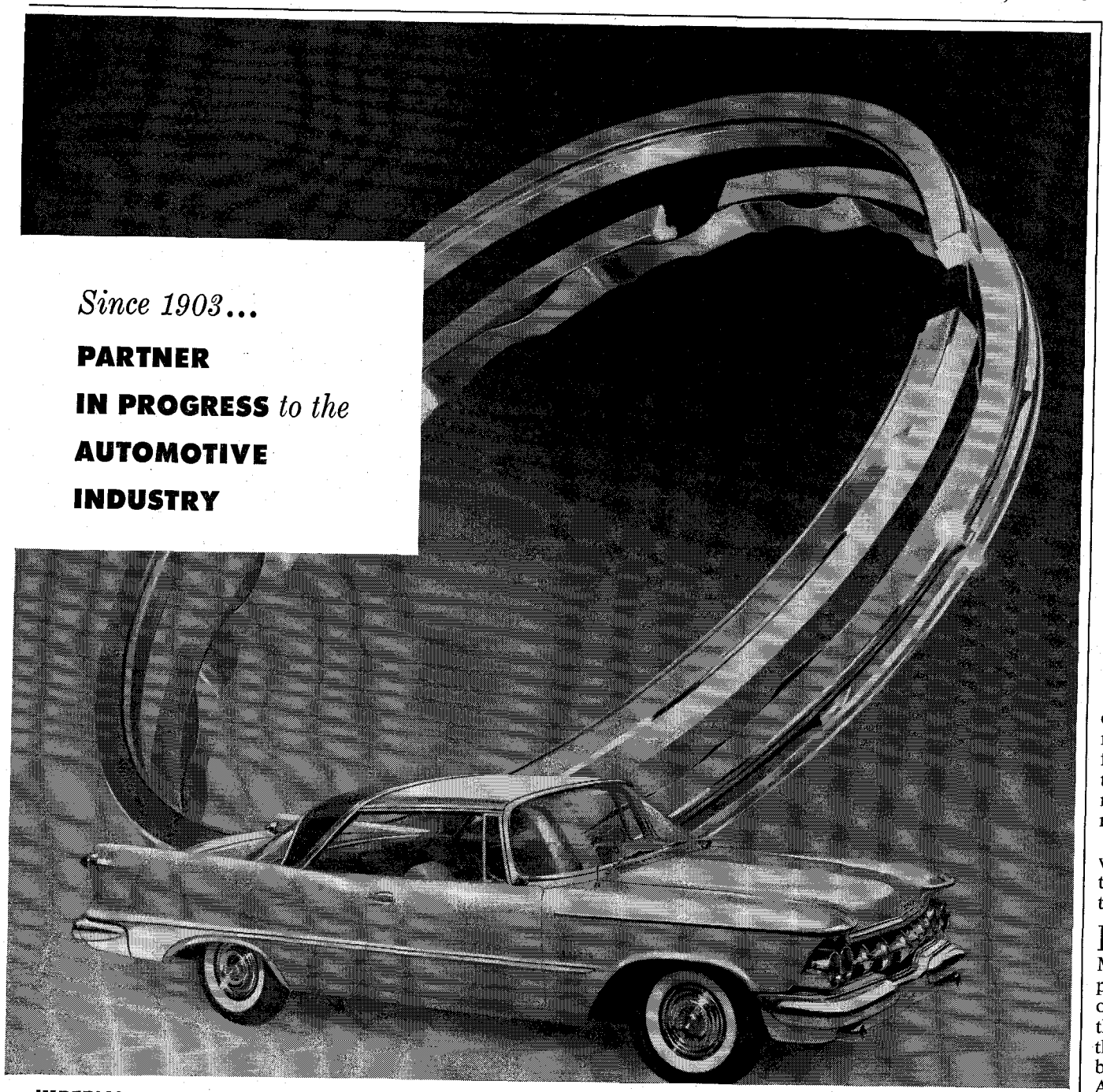
He hung up the phone, turned to Mason and Della Street and said, "Well, part of the mystery is clearing up. One of my operatives scouting for leads around the place found that a porter remembered the woman and the boy. He took their baggage to the weighing-in scale at the American Airlines desk. The woman and the boy went up to the ticket counter, then two men came up and talked with the woman—one man did most of the talking. He was an older man. The younger man stood back a few paces, then the older man nodded and the younger man came forward and took the two suitcases off the weighing scale, the older man took a handbag, and the two men, the woman and the boy walked out toward the curb. The porter didn't know what happened after that. He was hanging around because he expected a tip for handling the baggage and no one offered to tip him. Naturally, he remembered the transaction."

"The devil!" Mason exclaimed.

"Police?" Smithy asked.

"Apparently so," Drake said. "They acted with an aura of authority, although the porter didn't think they looked like police."

"They don't any more," Mason said. "They now have detectives who look like bankers or sales executives and comport themselves with quiet dignity."



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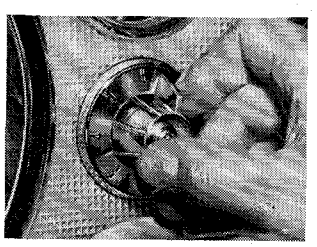

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Drake said, "Incidentally, Perry, I heard from the operative I sent up to the camp where Robert and his dog were supposed to be."

"They weren't there?" Mason asked.

"Robert wasn't there. The man in charge said Robert and his dog had been booked for the trip, but hadn't shown up. There were seven kids in all."

Mason was thoughtful for a while, then said, "Keep a watch on Jennings, Paul. See what you can find out."

"Something in particular?" Drake asked.

"If they started for Mexico City," Mason said, "he undoubtedly arranged for some sort of a code signal, either by way of telephone or telegram, to let him know that they were safely outside the jurisdiction of the court. When he doesn't hear from them, he'll begin to get alarmed. In the meantime, if the police have moved in they'll be trying to find out just what it is Robert Selkirk did and just what it is he knows. I'm going to apply for a writ of habeas corpus for Norda Allison tomorrow morning. If the police have Robert, there's no use trying to do anything more about him, but I sure would like to know whether they have him, and if so, what story they got. Any chance of finding out?"

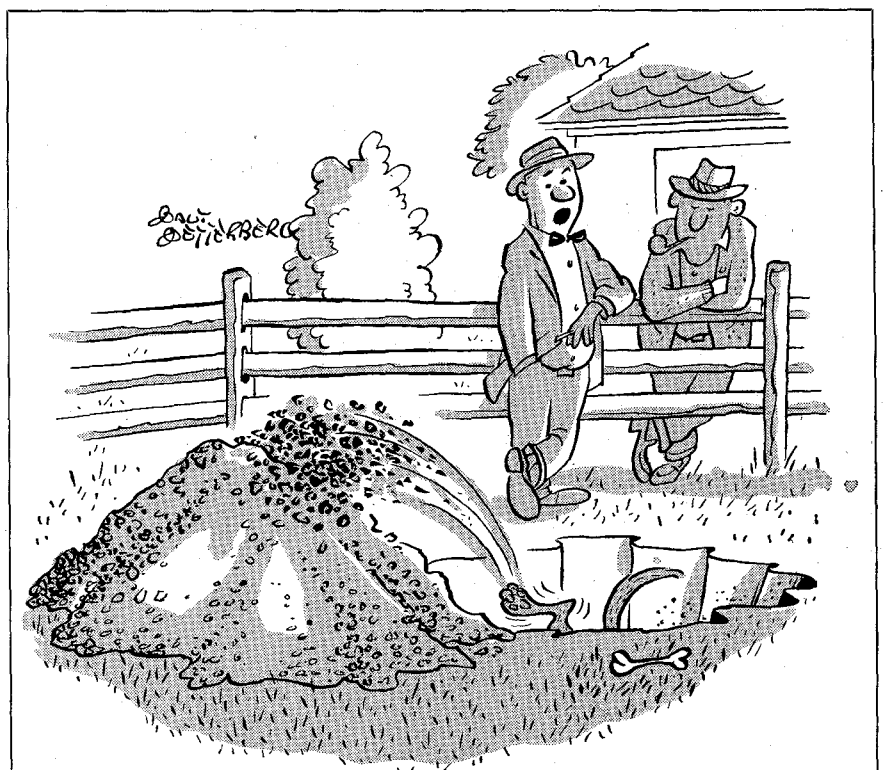
Drake shook his head. "Not if they don't want you to know, Perry. They'll have Robert and the woman buried somewhere. They may tell Barton Jennings what has happened, so he won't be too nervous."

"Suppose they do? Then what?"

"That'll mean they're all working hand in glove," Drake said.

"And if they don't?"

Drake grinned. "That'll mean Robert has told his story to the police and the police don't like it. Then they won't be so certain Norda Allison is guilty."



"I don't know when I've seen a dog with such deep-seated feelings of insecurity."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Keep your operatives on Barton Jennings," Mason said, "and if he begins to get a little restive and nervous, we'll know that it's time to rush a preliminary hearing for my client."

Again the phone rang, again Drake said, "Hello," listened in frowning concentration, asked a couple of questions, hung up the phone and turned to Perry Mason. "This," he said, "is completely cockeyed."

"What is?"

"The printing press on which envelopes had been addressed to Norda Allison was found where it had been concealed, out in some brush at the San Sebastian Country Club, near the place where the body of Mervin Selkirk was found. And," Drake went on before Mason could make any reply, "in the middle of the inked circular steel disk on top of the printing press was found a very nice imprint of the right middle finger of Norda Allison."

"Well," Mason said, "that opens up a lot of interesting possibilities."

"Keep talking," Drake said.

Mason was thoughtful for a moment, then said, "If Norda Allison's story is true, she must have made that fingerprint on the printing press some time around six o'clock in the morning."

"And Mervin Selkirk was killed some time around two or three o'clock, according to the best estimate the police can get at the moment," Drake said.

"Then the printing press must have been taken out to the country club after Selkirk's death," Mason said. "This may give us an opportunity to drag Barton Jennings right into the middle of it."

Paul Drake said dryly, "You're overlooking one thing, Perry."

"What's that?"

"You're assuming your client is telling the truth about when that fingerprint got placed on the printing press."

"I always assume my clients are telling the truth."

"Yes, I know," Drake retorted, "but figure it out, Perry. Suppose she found the printing press in his car, took it out and hid it in the brush."

Mason shook his head and said, "No, Paul; I think it's quite apparent now that someone is trying to frame my client."

"Famous last words," Drake said ironically.

Perry turned to Della Street. "Come on, Della. We're going to suggest to Horace Livermore Selkirk that he file habeas corpus proceedings to force the authorities to surrender his grandson, Robert Selkirk."

"You're going to tell him what you know?" Della Street asked.

"I'm going to tell him what I surmise," Mason corrected, grinning.

TO BE CONTINUED

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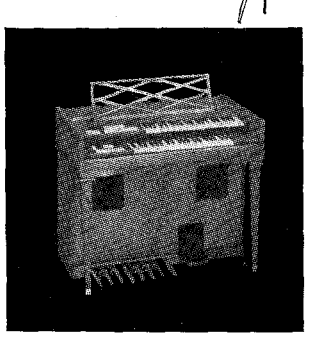

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The Nine Last Days of the Bismarck

(Continued from Page 25)

his job. He was half-hidden by piles of stores. The sound of the speech, conveyed over the loud-speaker, just reached his ears. He heard those words about the Atlantic, about the Queen Mary. With the last words of the speech he sauntered down the dock, showing every appearance of innocence. Already sailors at the lines were singling up and then casting off. The Bismarck swung about and headed out to sea; the dockyard workers massed at the gate, watched her go, and the band played.

At a small port in Sweden a long pier ran out to sea, and on it someone in civilian clothes was quietly fishing. He was surrounded by proof of how closely Sweden guarded her neutrality, how much she feared a surprise attack—Swedish soldiers and Swedish coast guards were constantly patrolling and gazing out to sea. He sat there endlessly, leisurely eating his lunch, changing his bait and occasionally securing a fish. The sun was setting and the northern day nearly at an end when, looking southward, he saw something silhouetted against the remaining glow of the sky. He had binoculars hanging round his neck; he whipped them to his eyes, gazed long and carefully, rested his eyes, and gazed again. There was no mistaking what he saw. Two almost identical silhouettes, one large and one small; the Bismarck and the Prinz Eugen, with a crowd of merchant ships—eleven all told—accompanying them. He dismantled his fishing rod, picked up his gear and hurried shoreward along the pier, through the Swedish guards, into the main street, past the post office.

It was into that post office a few minutes later that an elderly Englishman came striding. He filled out a telegraph form with a few rapid words and handed it over the counter; the girl there read the address and summoned a waiting Swedish policeman with her eyes. He came up and began questioning. The address was that of a London company in Cheapside; the message said, "Pit props and battens rising. Eleven points at least"—no more.

"What is this firm?" asked the policeman.

"Timber importers—everyone knows them."

"What does this message say?"

The Englishman satisfied his questioner, showed his papers, and a nod from the policeman allowed the message to be sent, with a small apology—"Our country has to make sure her neutrality is not violated, you understand, sir."

In a London telegraph office the keys began to chatter as a message came through. A girl dealt with it in the ordinary routine manner, but a supervisor noticed the address.

"Just a minute," she said with a hurried reference to a file, running her finger down a list.

A moment later a motorcyclist was roaring through the blitzed streets of London. He dismounted at the Admiralty and delivered the message. It passed rapidly from hand to hand until it reached a rear admiral. The clock showed eight o'clock in the morning; the calendar showed May 21, 1941. There it was. "Pit props and battens rising." He looked at the chart of the Baltic beside him on the wall, identified the town of origin—Malmö—and flipped through a code book.

"Well," he said to a colleague, "Bismarck's on the move. Heading north in the Kattegat. Here." He pointed to the chart.

"She's been exercising in the Baltic for four months," said his colleague. "It's about time we heard from her."

"Prinz Eugen's with her," said the rear admiral, still referring to his list. "And eleven merchant ships."

"It could be something very big indeed."

"I'll take it along this minute."

An admiral was in the War Room when the rear admiral found him, and heard the news and began to comment on it, moving his pencil slowly from point to point over the chart.

"Bismarck moving. It could have happened at a worse moment, I suppose, but not much worse. But the enemy never troubles to consult us as to what would be a convenient time for us, somehow. You know the attack on Crete has begun? Cunningham has all he can do in the eastern Mediterranean. Somerville at Gibraltar has his hands full too. The Scharnhorst and Gneisenau are at Brest; we have to watch for their breakout at any moment. Convoys here—here—here—all over the Atlantic. Prince of Wales hasn't finished her training yet. Not by a long shot. You can't call her a fighting ship by any means. Same with Victorious. And what is Bismarck going to do if she comes out? Merchant ships with her—she may just be convoying them to Norway. But—we have to guard against every move. There's the Faeroes. There's Iceland. I wouldn't like an attack upon either at present—it would hurt. And supposing she's going to break out into the Atlantic? Which route? Pentland Firth? Fair Isle? East of the Faeroes? West of the Faeroes? Denmark Strait? Which? A thousand miles of water to guard, and precious few ships to do it with."

"And not one as dangerous as the Bismarck, sir," said the rear admiral.

"That's something I don't need reminding about." The admiral led the way into his own office. "Anyway, put Coastal Command to work. I want air reconnaissance of the Norwegian coast. I want photographs. That telegram's eight hours old now. She could be"—the dividers turned in a circle over the chart—"anywhere from Bergen southward."

"I'll tell Coastal Command, sir."

It was now nine o'clock.

The reconnaissance Spitfires roared off on their mission, searching the whole tangled coast of Southern Norway. The pilot of one of them thought he saw something in Grimstad Fiord, south of Bergen, circled, made sure of what he was looking at, and photographed it. He noted the time on his wrist watch—1:15. Then he headed for home. On board the Bismarck they had seen his coming on their radar and had turned out to man the guns, the young supernumerary officers eagerly standing to see the action, but there was only time to recognize the type—"Schpitfeuer"—before she was gone again.

The pilot landed—at 2:45—and climbed out of his plane. "Two cruisers in Grimstad Fiord" were his first words to the eager people who greeted him. They seized his camera and hastened off with it. Steady hands took out the film, developed it and printed it, and enlarged the prints, with the hands of the clock creeping along all the time. It was 3:15 by the time the enlargements were in the hands of experts.

"Two cruisers!" said one of them. "No, that's the Bismarck and the Prinz Eugen."

Telephones began to buzz.

"Bismarck in Grimstad Fiord!"

Someone in the Admiralty received the news; his clock showed 3:45.

"We've been lucky," he said. "We saw her off Sweden and now we've found her in Norway. We'll have bombers over her by six o'clock."

"Lucky!" said the man he addressed. "Look at this."

It was a meteorological report from the Orkneys, to the effect that mist and rain were closing in and visibility deteriorating rapidly.

"By six o'clock it will be all shut down. They'll never find her. Don't you ever say we're lucky again. That's the unluckiest thing to say there ever was. Lucky!"

So it was to prove. The reports began to come in as the hands of the clock turned on to midnight and beyond, as someone tore off the sheet showing May twenty-first on the calendar to reveal May twenty-second.

"No luck." "No luck." "Cloud down to two hundred feet." "Visibility nil." "Couldn't see a thing." Exhausted R.A.F pilots said these things to the officers who questioned them.

Meanwhile, at midnight, a German naval officer came into Admiral Lütjens' day cabin; the admiral was dozing in an armchair, his head propped on his hand.

"They're really quite comfortable; I have a very high arch."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Meteorological forecast, sir," said the officer.

Lütjens was immediately awake. "Call the captain," he said, after a glance at the paper, and then, on the captain's arrival, "Here's the forecast. Two days of thick weather at least. Now's the time. I want to be out of here in ten minutes."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the captain.

The Bismarck was in the second degree of readiness, with the antiaircraft guns manned. Below decks half the ship's company was sleeping, or trying to, when the loud-speaker began to blare, giving orders for the anchor parties to go to their stations and all hands to their posts. There was immediate, orderly bustle as the men tumbled out, the supernumerary officers in a state of great excitement. A shaded lamp was flicking a message to the Eugen, which acknowledged. The capstans began to turn, the dripping cables came in, link by link, and the huge ship gradually got under way.

It was at this time that through the blacked-out streets of London a motorcyclist was picking his way as hurriedly as he could manage to deliver his message, as before, to the Admiralty, and it passed, as before, to the rear admiral. It looked like an ordinary letter, but it was read with extreme care, and with constant reference to code books. Soon he was hastening to the admiral with his news.

"Here's something that looks important, sir. About the Bismarck."

"Well?"

"It's four days old, sir, but it's from our contact in Gdynia dockyard, and it had to come through Switzerland and Portugal."

"I didn't know you had a contact in Gdynia dockyard."

"The fewer people who know that the better, sir. We don't hear from him often—he daren't risk getting into touch too often, as you can guess, sir. But he's good—he's never failed us yet."

"What does he say?"

"He says Bismarck's going to try to break out into the Atlantic, sir. He says he's quite positive about it. Got his information from the admiral, from Lütjens himself."

"Nonsense."

"I'd be surprised if it were, sir."

"You say this fellow's good?"

"One of the best we've got. I'd bet money on him, sir."

"Maybe. But I might point out that it's not just money that depends on this. It's victory or defeat—the safety of this country. Now what do you say?"

There was only a momentary hesitation before the reply came.

"I'd go ahead, sir. I think this fellow's got something."

"Very well." The admiral picked up the telephone. "Get me the chief of staff, flagship, Home Fleet."

There was a telephone wire running north from the Admiralty, running for 500 miles overland to the extreme north of Scotland, dipping down into the stormy Pentland Firth, winding its way to Scapa Flow, climbing up to a buoy there, and extending from there to the fleet flagship as she rode to the buoy in the flow. It ascended into the ship and down again to the switchboard below water. The seaman operating the switchboard there saw the glow of the light and plugged in.

Meanwhile, the admiral had been passing the time with a comment or two. "I'm not going to give orders—I'm not even going to offer advice. The commander in chief knows his business as well as I do, and he knows his subordinates better. It'll be up to him. I'll give him this extra information for what it's worth. I don't (Continued on Page 120)

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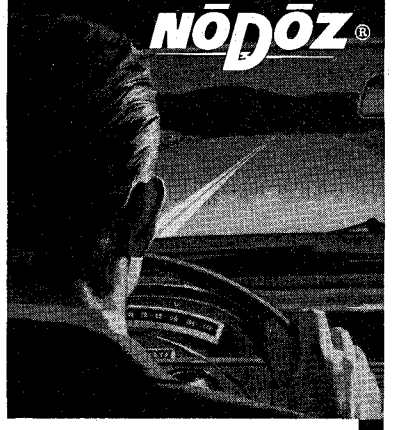

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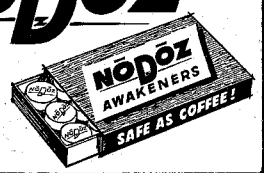

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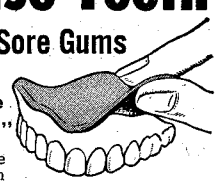

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GRAVY MASTER
sign of good cooking
HOT TIP — BRUSH MEATS BEFORE COOKING FOR CHARCOAL BROIL EFFECT

(*Continued from Page 118*) worry him much. There's a direct line between him and me—leakproof, spyproof, ideal for confidential chats, and yet I don't use it ——"

The telephone rang sharply and he picked it up.

"Chief of staff? Here's a scrap of additional information come in from intelligence. This Lütjens fellow in the Bismarck apparently told someone before he sailed that he was destined for the Atlantic. . . . Yes, Lütjens himself—the rear admiral swears it's true. It's worth bearing in mind—I'll send you the details in writing tonight. The commander in chief can act as he thinks proper. Yes, you've just comfortable time to cover the Denmark Strait. I quite agree. Very well. Good-by."

He put down the telephone and addressed himself to the rear admiral again.

"With the weather closed down like this, Bismarck'll probably move at once, to take advantage of it. If she does better than twenty-five knots, Tovey will have to act this minute, or she'll be through Denmark Strait, and the fox will be among the chickens."

"If she takes that route, sir."

"Yes." The admiral's pencil wandered over the chart. "There are plenty of other routes, and Tovey has to guard them all. He'll probably cover the other exits himself and send Hood and Prince of Wales on ahead."

"An old lady and a little boy, sir," said the rear admiral.

"The old lady ought to be a fighting termagant. And the little boy may have grown up by now, let's hope."

They walked back into the War Room, and stood among the bustle and busyness. Telephones rang and messages dropped down tubes. A Wren officer approached the chart and made an alteration to it in the neighborhood of Scapa. The admiral looked at it.

"They're off," he said.

In the utter misty darkness of Scapa Flow, signal lamps began to flicker, calling and answering. There was a clatter of boots on still decks. A squawking of telephones in the darkness. A voice into a speaking tube.

"Captain, sir, signal from the flag. . . ."

Down below, on the mess decks, the loud-speaker shrilled with the noise of the pipe of the bosun's mate. "Call the port watch. Cable party muster on the forecastle in ten minutes. Call the watch." The immense mess deck was packed full of humanity, with hammocks slung at every possible point, and out of them men began to slide sleepily.

"What's the flap about?" asked someone.

"Just call up the admiral and ask him," said someone else. "I've got to go and get that anchor up."

"Hope it keeps fine for you," said another. The man he was addressing was putting on sea boots and reaching for his oilskins, among the tremendous jam of belongings packed everywhere, illustrating the extreme of crowding in which the men lived.

"What are you dressing up for, Nobby?" asked someone. "Didn't your invite say evening dress optional?"

"'E thinks 'e's on the sunny Riviera," said another.

Nobby was now in sea boots and oilskins. "Make way for a man who's got a man's work to do," he said, pushing through the crowd. He went clattering forward through the vast ship, along alleyways and up ladders, with an orderly bustle all round him. He emerged from the bright lights onto the forecastle; in the darkness there other oilskins gleamed faintly. Rain was driving across the forecastle, and a wind was persistently wailing as they went about their business of weighing anchor.

Down in a dark cabin a telephone squawked, and, although a light was instantly turned on, it squawked again before the tousled man in the bunk reached for it. "Commander E."

"Steam in ten minutes, sir," squawked the telephone.

"Right. I'm coming," said the engineer commander, plunging out of bed and reaching for his uniform.

It was an exact repetition of what was going on in the Bismarck at that very moment; the clocks in the two brightly lit engine rooms exactly coincided, at twenty minutes past midnight. The capstan turned, the cable came in, link by link, the messages passed back and forth, the valves were opened to admit steam to the turbines, the propellers began to revolve in the dark water, and the ship, with signals still flashing from her shaded lamps, began slowly to move out of Scapa Flow through the outer submarine defenses. It might have been the Bismarck all over again, except that the faint light

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The Uses of Intuition

By Curtis Heath

A woman can tell
When things are not right;
She knows when the
neighbors
Have had a big fight;
And when scandal's afoot
That will make the town
buzz,
A woman can tell,
And, as a rule, does.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

illuminated her name—Hood—upon her stern. So, at the same moment, the two ships set out, the Bismarck reaching far into the north to pass round Iceland, the Hood, with the Prince of Wales following her, plowing along on a more southerly course to intercept the German in Denmark Strait if she was heading that way.

And the moment the Hood left the sheltered waters of the flow, the storm awaited her. Up rose her bow and then down again, up and down, as the spray flew in great sheets aft to the bridge. The Bismarck was meeting the same conditions, or worse; she was plowing over mountains of icy, gray water, lifting and heaving. Moreover, now she was at sea, and at sea every man's hand was against her; there was no chance of her meeting a friend, and there was every chance of her meeting an enemy. Admiral Lütjens and Captain Lindemann were discussing this very point over cigars in the captain's sea cabin immediately under the bridge.

"But as far as the enemy knows, sir," said Lindemann, "we are still in Grimstad Fiord. They have no certain knowledge that we are at sea, and if they had they have no means of guessing what course we're steering."

"My dear Lindemann, look at the other side of the matter. The sea is theirs, all theirs—we are now furtive trespassers, even if we are destined to reverse that state of affairs in a few more months. How can you be sure that a British ship of war won't appear under our bows at any moment?"

"Our intelligence ——"

"Our intelligence makes mistakes, and you know it, captain. What's the visibility? Two miles? More like one mile. Our radar's untried. We'd have no warning before we were under fire. We must be ready at *any* moment to blow *any* enemy out of the water before he has the chance to inflict *any* injury on us."

"But we're going to be at sea a long time, sir. After a few days the men will be worn out."

"After a few days we may be able to relax. Meanwhile, my order stands. Every man at his battle station. Half of them can sleep, but let no man leave his post."

"Very well, admiral."

So that was the situation in the Bismarck. In the crowded turrets, down in the shell rooms and handling rooms, in the engine rooms and boiler rooms, the whole ship's complement was present. Half the men attended to their duty; the other half rested how and where they could. Lucky ones could lie down, often curling themselves, perforce, round projections in the decks. Others sat leaning against bulkheads, swaying with the motion of the ship and being jerked back into wakefulness by an unexpected heave.

"It is part of the price we pay for not being masters of the sea, captain," said Lütjens. "We can remember that when the time comes that England asks for peace."

"I understand, sir," said Lindemann. To change the subject he asked a question into a voice pipe and listened to the answer, which he relayed to Lütjens. "Visibility considerably less than one mile, admiral."

In the Admiralty, an officer reported to the admiral. "Visibility absolutely nil, sir. Not a hope of seeing anything in Grimstad Fiord."

"M'm," said the admiral. "She was sighted at one P.M. yesterday. Now it's"—he looked at clock and calendar—"twelve noon today. Twenty-three hours. What's her 'farthest on'?"

The officer swung his dividers in a wider arc centering on Grimstad.

"That's it, sir. At twenty-five knots. Say six hundred miles. She could be anywhere within that circle."

"Or she could still be in Grimstad while we make fools of ourselves. Ask Coastal Command to try again."

"Aye, aye, sir. There's some of the Fleet Air Arm at Hatston"—the officer indicated the position of the airfield near Scapa Flow—"with bags of experience of this sort of thing. They're bursting to have a go, sir."

"Let 'em try. Fix it up with Coastal Command."

It was a Maryland bomber which took off from Hatston in the afternoon. It had a perilous flight. The clouds hung low over the sea, and yet to estimate the force of the wind on the plane the pilot had to come down within sight of the waves, within a few feet of them, in fact. They skimmed precariously over the wavetops before rising again into the clouds. They went on and on, dangerously, until suddenly the coast of Norway was visible so close ahead that they had to turn abruptly to avoid crashing into it. Northward they flew, along the coast, the low cloud still above them.

"Grimstad," said the observer. And Grimstad Fiord was empty.

"Better have a look at Bergen," said the observer. They were over Bergen in a few more seconds, close above the housetops, with antiaircraft guns firing at them from every angle and shells bursting close about them. But Bergen was empty of ships of war too. As they tore away the (*Continued on Page 122*)

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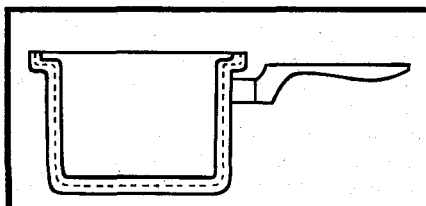

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(*Continued from Page 120*) observer wrote out a message, "Bismarck not in sight in Grimstad Fiord or in Bergen," and passed it to the wireless operator, who nodded and applied himself to transmitting the message as the plane tore back homeward through the clouds. It was seven o'clock by the operator's watch.

It was 7:15 when the message reached the War Room.

"So, the bird's flown," said the admiral. "Thirty hours since the last sighting. What's their 'farthest on' now?"

The officer drew a much larger arc on the chart. "Seven hundred and fifty miles, sir. There it is."

"Just as well Hood left last night," was the admiral's comment. "Bismarck might be ——" He drew with his pencil a series of possible courses for the Bismarck, in each case ending the line at the outer circle. "She might for that matter be—here or here." He indicated a course back into the Baltic and then through the Kiel Canal. "In that case we'll have burned up forty thousand tons of oil for nothing—forty thousand tons?—more like sixty thousand—and we'll have given say twenty thousand men a free trip to sea. That is, if the rest of the Home Fleet leaves Scapa, and it's beginning to look as if it should."

A message clattered down one of the tubes, and a copy of it was handed to him.

"Yes," he said, passing it over to his staff. "Tovey thinks the same. He's going to sea. Plenty of exits to guard against besides Denmark Strait. He'll have King George V, Repulse, Victorious. Enough to do his business for him if Bismarck comes this way."

It was while he was speaking that the Home Fleet was making preparations to go to sea. And at the same time Lütjens and Lindemann and various staff officers were gathered in the operations room in the Bismarck; on the chart table before them lay a chart of the northern waters, with Bismarck's track up to now marked upon it.

"I still fail to see the need to go as far as Denmark Strait, sir," said Lindemann. "The other passages are nearer and far wider. We could turn now."

"Visibility's still bad, sir," added a staff officer.

A glance outside showed that this was the truth. Almost nothing could be seen of any horizon as the Bismarck heaved and tossed upon a rough, gray sea.

"There'll be cruisers patrolling all of the passages," said another staff officer. "Even if nothing can fly."

"The U-boats' last report gives the ice from Greenland stretching within sixty miles of Iceland," said another. "Then there are the mine fields on the other side. One cruiser can watch a twenty-mile channel even in thick weather."

A message clattered down the tube while they were speaking; a staff officer opened it and handed it to the chief of staff.

"From Berlin, sir," announced the latter. "A British reconnaissance plane flew over Grimstad and Bergen at seven P.M. Visibility was temporarily good and they could undoubtedly see we had left."

All eyes looked at the clock and then at the chart. The chief of staff picked up the dividers.

"They saw us yesterday in Grimstad at one. Thirty hours ago. We left at midnight. For all they know we could be *here*"—making a spot 250 miles farther along—"or we might only be *here*"—making a spot a short distance from the Norwegian coast—"while actually we are *here*."

"Yes," said Lütjens, nodding his head over the chart. "No information about British movements?"

"No, sir. Hard to get information from England. And visibility has been as bad for our planes as for theirs."

"I can't believe the English would move before they got this news," said Lütjens, tapping the message. "Their Home Fleet was all in British waters by our last information. They'll start moving now, perhaps. They'll never reach Denmark Strait in time, but they *could* intercept us *here*, in the neighborhood of the Faeroes. So it is my order that we head for Denmark Strait. We may meet a cruiser, but we'll brush her aside."

"Very well, sir."

H.M.S. Suffolk and H.M.S. Norfolk were patrolling in Denmark Strait. By the invisible sun it was late afternoon—the westerly sky was already faintly pink in the thin mist. It was an utterly dreary scene. To the west lay the ice, humped and jagged as far as the eye could see. To the east there was fog, impenetrable to the eye. A perpetual cold wind was shrieking along the deck, and the ships were rolling deeply in the heavy swell. The lookouts sat at their posts, the binoculars to their eyes, all round the bridge, sweeping steadily from side to side, and then up and down, turning back and forth in their swivel chairs. Other groups of muffled-up men stood seeking what little shelter there was beside the antiaircraft guns; occasional sheets of spray sweeping the decks as the ships put their shoulders into waves added to the discomfort. The squeal of the pipe of the bosun's mate came over the Suffolk's public-address system.

"Captain speaking. We've had some news from home. The German battleship Bismarck is out, with the cruiser Eugen. We think that she's somewhere to the north of Iceland. The weather's too thick for any plane to spot her. But we can be sure she's not going to stop where she is. And more likely than not, she'll be coming this way, down Denmark Strait. She'll be coming at twenty-five knots or more when she comes too. It'll be our job to spot her and report her to the Admiralty. In case you've forgotten I'll remind you that she has fifteen-inch guns and can hit us at fifteen miles. That's why you're at action stations, and that's why the lookouts have been doubled. If any man were not to do his duty he would be imperiling the ship and the lives of all his shipmates. I know you'll do your duty without that reminder."

"Fifteen-inchers. Keep your eyes skinned, Dusty," one of the men at the antiaircraft guns called to one of the lookouts.

"And you can try keeping your trap shut," muttered Dusty, not hesitating for a moment in his eternal swinging back and forth with binoculars and chair. "If 'e's there to be seen I'll see 'im."

The Suffolk continued to patrol in the icy wind over the heaving sea, between the ice and the fog.

"There are *matelots* at 'ome," said one of the group on deck, "'oo 'ave warm billets. Just think of that. Blokes who've forgotten what it's like to be cold."

In the War Room things were comparatively quiet. Only the minimum of messages was coming through, there was no bustle or excitement. The rear admiral was entertaining an air vice marshal, a big, beefy man with an Air Force mustache.

"I don't doubt you find it the same in the Air Force," said the rear admiral, "but in the Navy we're inclined to say it about our war experience in all ranks. Long periods of waiting for something to happen, and then much too much to do all of a sudden. No moderation either way."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," gobbled the air vice marshal. "I suppose we can say the same."

"Of course, over there," said the rear admiral, pointing to another part of the room, "they're fighting a real war. Never a dull moment for *them*. All hell has broken loose on Crete. So they've gone off on their own with the Eastern Mediterranean and left us to look after the Bismarck and the North Atlantic. And you can see how quiet it is at present."

"Yes, yes, yes," gobbled the air vice marshal.

"If your fellows could only get into the air," said the rear admiral, with a sweep of his hand over the northern part of the chart, "we might not feel the period of waiting so acutely."

"Visibility's still nil there. What's the situation as far as you know?"

"Let's have a chart and I'll show you," said the rear admiral.

The Wren officer came to make a change on the big war map.

"What's that?" asked the rear admiral sharply.

"Just a convoy, sir."

"Very well." The rear admiral had a black crayon in his hand, and he began making sweeping lines on the chart with it. "Here are two possible courses for the Bismarck. Perhaps the most likely ones. At her highest practical speed she'll be somewhere between *here* and *here*, or between *here* and *here*. That's the best we can do about her."

"Yes."

"Hood and Prince of Wales sailed from Scapa two nights ago. Forty-three hours ago. They'll be somewhere *here*."

"Can't you be sure?"

"No. They're maintaining wireless silence. So's Bismarck, as you can guess. We've cruisers trying to watch the gaps as well as they can in the thick weather. Arethusa and Manchester *here* between the Faeroes and Iceland, and Norfolk and Suffolk *here* in the Denmark Strait. You can see for yourself why we've been screaming for air patrols."

During this speech the rear admiral had looked, over and over again, anxiously at the officers and ratings who were receiving messages down the tubes. Each time he had been disappointed by a shake of the head.

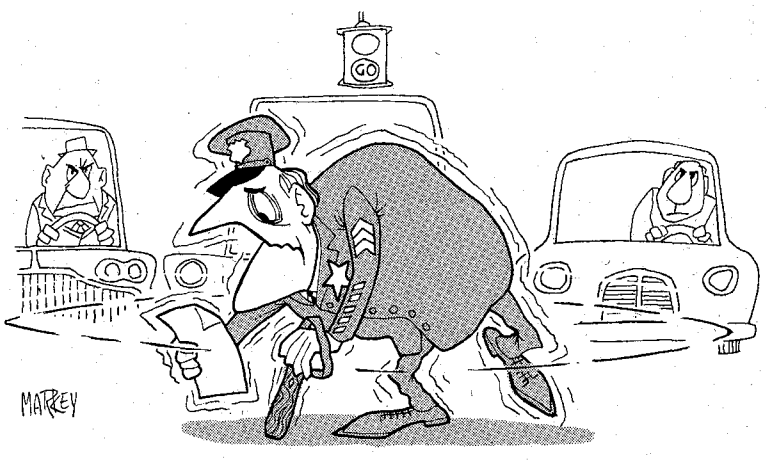
"And what do you think's going to happen?" asked the air vice marshal.

"I'm sure Bismarck'll have a try for it. Maybe here, maybe there." The rear admiral's crayon drew two black lines continuing the ones he had already drawn. Then, from the Hood's position, he drew two more diverging lines, heading to meet the two lines for the Bismarck.

"Hood'll take one course or the other according to the cruiser reports. And that's where they'll meet. *There* or *there*." He indicated points east and west of Iceland.

"And then the balloon goes up, what?" said the air vice marshal.

(*Continued on Page 124*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Police Sergeant Riley returned to work after a heart attack, feeling as fit as ever. His chief, days later, handed him a jolt. He wrote a letter suggesting that the sergeant retire voluntarily, so that the department would not have to shelve him. The letter brought on a new heart attack. The sergeant subsequently sued for workmen's compensation because of it.

"The compensation law was designed to help employees who suffer accidents and injuries," counsel for the police department argued. "It wasn't meant to subsidize every old man who worries himself sick over retiring."

"The chief's letter caused that collapse," the sergeant's lawyer replied. "The sergeant was all right until the letter aggravated his heart condition. That letter was a circumstance or part of his employment."

If you were the judge, would you let the sergeant collect?

• •

The sergeant lost. The court said it was worry over retirement, not over his work, which made him sick. "To uphold the sergeant's contention," it added, "would place every employer in a quandary or stalemate as to the discharge or forced retirement of any employee for fear he might worry himself sick."

Based upon a 1957 Louisiana decision.

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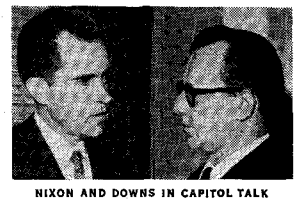
Are just two shades of opinion enough?

Who said it? *What* did he say? A big part of the news these days is made up of what people *think* about world issues. From leaders in power, and in exile, from villagers, merchants, soldiers, students — from simple folk to the sophisticate come *all* shades of opinion that add meaning and scope to the news. To get the *full* range of world opinion, millions of Americans turn to CBS Radio regularly. It covers the newsmaking views accurately, in depth: a staff of 250 crack CBS Newsmen makes sure of it.

U.N. MEETING: LODGE AND LESUEUR



NIXON AND DOWNS IN CAPITOL TALK

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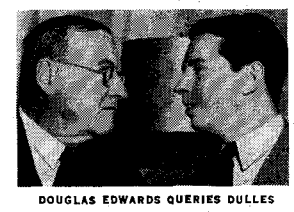

DOUGLAS EDWARDS QUERIES DULLES

CBS RADIO NETWORK

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(*Continued from Page 122*) "It's time we heard from those cruisers," said the rear admiral.

Back in the Suffolk the lookouts were being relieved. One at a time the new men climbed into their chairs and settled themselves at their binoculars, beginning their eternal swaying to and fro in the cold and the wind. Dusty was one of them. Then he saw something. Looked again. Something was on the horizon, coming up fast.

"Ship bearing green one four oh!"

Even in that time what he was looking at had grown more defined. Two shapes, menacing and clear against the gray sky.

"Two ships bearing green one four oh!"

A dozen binoculars were trained instantly on the bearing. At the wheel far down below the bridge the quartermaster was standing stoically steering the ship. From the voice pipe over his head came the sharp order, "Hard aport!" He swung the wheel over frantically. The ship heeled with the violence of her turn. Round she came—the two objects in Dusty's binoculars swung away, out of his field of vision.

"Signal to Admiralty," said a voice on the bridge. "Most immediate, Bismarck and cruiser in sight. Enemy's course south. My position—give our position."

"As long as she doesn't hit us before we get that message off," said another voice.

"Here's the fog," said another. "Ah!"

Suffolk dashed into the fog as though into a wall. It came swirling back from the bow, round the bridge and enveloped the stern; in ten seconds she was invisible in the dripping mist, still heeling with her extreme turn, her wake boiling behind her, Dusty and the others still at their posts in disciplined stillness.

"Steer one eight oh," said the voice down the voice pipe to the quartermaster.

Meanwhile, the signal that had been dictated was going its way, down to the coding officer and then along to the wireless transmitter. It rattled and chattered, sending the news round the world.

In the War Room a junior officer turned to the rear admiral.

"Most immediate message coming through, sir."

"Let's have it."

There were long seconds of waiting as the rear admiral and the air vice marshal fidgeted at the chart. Now it came rattling down the tube; it seemed hours as the officer fumbled it open, hours more as the rear admiral read it.

"It's all right," he said. "They've found her. Suffolk is shadowing her in Denmark Strait. Latitude—longitude"—he referred to the message—"*here*."

Somebody gave a cheer. Every face was smiling.

"So that's it," said the air vice marshal, pointing with his stick to one of the alternative courses for the Hood. "This is where they'll meet, eh?"

"Yes," said the rear admiral a little more gravely than the others.

"What's worrying you?" asked the air vice marshal.

"Things can still go wrong. Hood's an old lady now, a very old lady. She's twenty years older than Bismarck. Do you remember the planes of 1920, sir? How would you like to fight a new Messerschmitt in a Farman biplane?"

"But there's this other one—what's her name—Prince of Wales?"

"And she's too young, sir. No time to work up the ship's company, no time to cure her teething troubles. She hasn't been completed a month. You might say she's still in the builder's hands. I know she's gone to sea with the contractor's workmen still on board."

"That'll be an experience for 'em."

"They'll be fighting a battle in their little bowler hats."

The officer receiving messages came with another.

"Position course and speed, sir," he said.

The admiral was in the War Room now. The change in atmosphere was very apparent. There was excitement, but it was (except for the rear admiral) confident, almost pleasurable excitement. Signals were being sent off in numbers—"Signal for the commander in chief on King George V."

"Signal for Rodney."

"Signal for Ramillies."

The admiral was addressing the air vice marshal. "Get your chaps to do all they can to cover the strait," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the air vice marshal. "Visibility's still bad, sir."

"I know. But now you can explain to them how urgent it is. You're up to date on the situation." The admiral indicated a spot on the chart to the southward of Denmark Strait. "Somewhere here, about dawn tomorrow."

In the operations room of the Hood the admiral and his staff were bent over a similar chart. Someone was working on it with ruler and dividers. "The intercepting course is three hundred ten degrees, sir," said the navigating officer. "You can expect contact any time after oh two hundred."

"I don't want to engage until daylight. Give me a course and speed to intercept an hour before sunrise."

Ruler and dividers went to work again. One line went to meet another.

"At twenty-seven knots, sir, course two hundred ninety-five degrees, we'll meet at dawn, *here*."

The pencil made a black cross—a significant mark—on the chart where the two lines met.

"Very well. You can inform the ship's company, captain. And"—to the chief of staff—"pass all this news on to Prince of Wales."

At a gesture from the captain the bosun's mate outside the operations room shrilled with his pipe into the loudspeaker, and the captain began to speak.

"Captain speaking ——"

Down in the incredibly crowded mess deck the watch below were taking their ease as well as they could.

"We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way," said someone. All the hanging garments down there were swaying rhythmically to and fro with the movement of the ship.

"You always want to know where you're going, Nobby," said someone else. "Can't you ever be satisfied?"

"I know where we're not going," said someone else, "and that's south. Who'd like a spell of the tropics?"

"It's snowing outside, they tell me. Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?"

This was when they heard the bosun's mate's pipe and the captain's voice.

"Captain speaking. Here's the news. The Bismarck is out and has been spotted. Suffolk's shadowing her and we're steaming to intercept. If everything goes according to plan we'll be in touch with her at dawn tomorrow. I don't have to say that I hope we'll make short work of her, with the help of Prince of Wales. Let every man remember his duty. You'll be going to action stations soon after midnight—meanwhile, I want the watch below to get all the rest they can. Now, in case I don't have another chance to speak to you, good luck to us all."

The public-address system made itself heard in all parts of the ship, in the engine rooms and magazines, in the turrets and the ward room, galleys and storerooms, and those final words, "Good luck to us all," echoed in each compartment, listened to by different groups of men, resigned, exalted, indifferent, nervous—every kind of reaction according to temperament.

From the darkened bridge of the Prince of Wales came a quick word. "Signal from the flag, sir. Speed twenty-seven knots."

"Very good. Call the captain. Ring down for two hundred forty-four revolutions." The officer stepped to the voice pipe and spoke down to the operations room. "Increasing speed to twenty-seven knots."

In the operations room the voice pipe came down through the deck overhead and terminated over the table on which the chart was spread. The navigating officer, bent over the chart, heard the words, "Increasing speed to twenty-seven knots," and repeated them back before making a note of time and position. The captain and the captain's secretary came in at that moment.

"There's a long signal coming in from Hood, sir," said the secretary. "Here's the first page."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

While the captain read it another message dropped down the message tube, and another—the captain reading hastily as they were handed to him.

"Here's what we were waiting for," he said. "Suffolk's shadowing Bismarck in Denmark Strait. Sixty-five degrees north, twenty-eight degrees west's where the admiral expects to make contact. Let's see."

"Here, sir," said the navigating officer. He made a black cross on the chart, just like the black cross on Hood's chart.

"Yes," said the captain, "I hope we're in a condition to fight."

On the mess deck of the Prince of Wales there were strange figures mingled with the ratings there, workmen in civilian clothes, some in overalls, others more pretentious. Heralded by a pipe, the commander came in on his nightly rounds, looking keenly about him.

"You men comfortable all right?" he asked of one party of workmen.

"No, we're not," said one of the workmen, still seated. "We don't like sleeping in hammocks, and we don't like the food, and we don't like being taken away like this without our consent. What our union will say when we get home ——"

"I expect you'll get double time and danger money," said the commander.

"'Tisn't the union I'm thinking about, sir," said another, less belligerent, "it's my wife. I can just guess what she thinks I'm up to."

"She'll be all the more pleased when she hears you haven't been," said the commander.

"Any idea when we're likely to get home, sir?"

"I haven't, and if I had I'm afraid I wouldn't tell you. Cheer up, men, we all have duties to do in wartime."

Another of the civilian workers was obviously thinking about something else. "D'you feel that, sir?" he asked. "Listen! We're increasing speed. Feel that vibration? Twenty-seven knots, I should think. May be twenty-eight. No, twenty-seven."

"You know these engines better than I do," said the commander.

"I helped to build 'em, and I've been helping to run 'em for the last three days. I ought to know 'em. What are we putting on speed for in the middle of the night like this?"

At this moment a breathless messenger came running up to the commander, saluted, and presented a note, which the commander studied and then dismissed the messenger.

"I may as well tell you now," he said. "It will be on the loud-speaker in a minute. Bismarck's been spotted. She's not far ahead of us and we'll fight her in the morning."

"Fight, sir? But those turbines ——"

"You'll have to help to keep 'em turning," said the commander.

The first speaker was on his feet, his grievances no longer apparent. "We're going to fight, are we?" he said. "That shell ring in Y turret. I've never been satisfied with it, and I'm not satisfied with it now. I'd like to see what I can do. Can I go up there, sir?"

"I don't doubt you'll be welcome. Good luck with it."

In the background two more civilian workers were exchanging comments.

"Look at this," said one of them. "Here it is in black and white. 'Henry J. Jones, noncombatant.' Same for you. Look. 'Noncombatant.'"

"Ask the captain to put you ashore then," said the first speaker. "I'm going up to Y turret."

Any further words of his were drowned in the blare of the loud-speaker calling the men to action stations.

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Forester. The second will appear next week.

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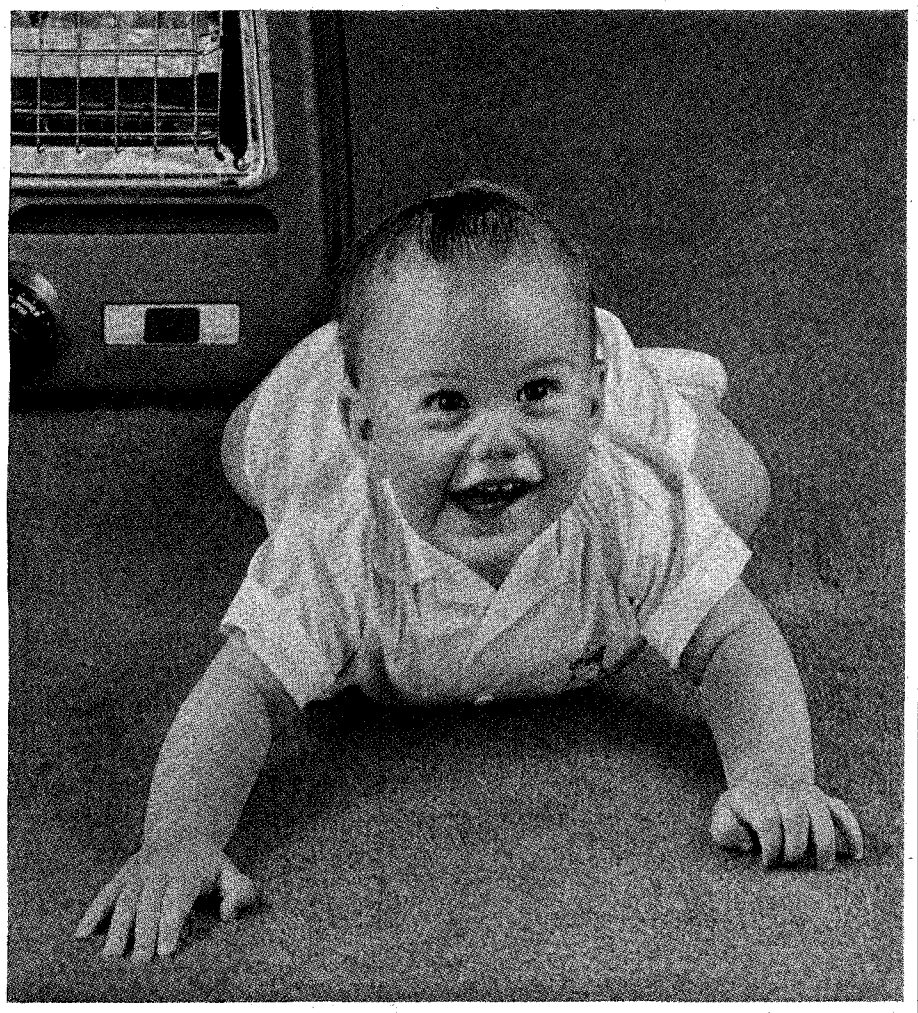

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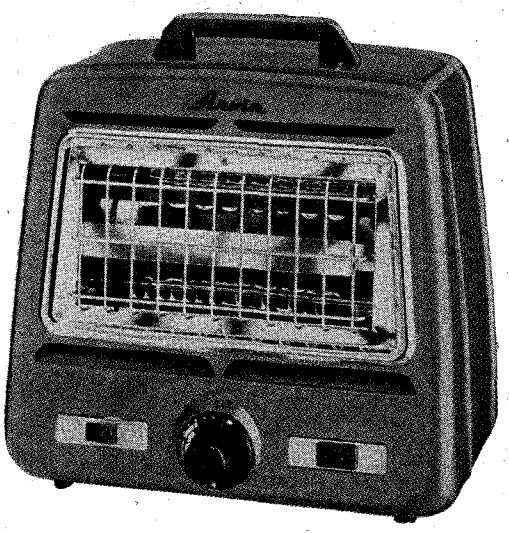

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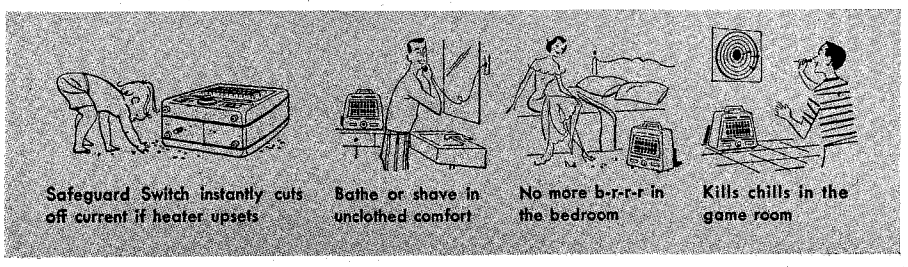


The Poet's Vision

(Continued from Page 29)

grandeur. "Little children, love one another." This is the poet's message to his brothers. To him, every day is holy.

Again, it is a part of the poet's life-work to find the rays of the universe that connect vision and reality. "Genius," said Emerson, "is the naturalist or geographer of the supersensible regions, and draws their map, acquainting them with new fields of activity."

"The first sensation an infant gets," wrote William James, "is for him the universe . . . the infant encounters an object in which all the categories of the intellect are contained." . . . The first time we see light, we *are* it, rather than *see* it. But all our later optical knowledge is about what the experience gives."

The great artist in each of the arts retains *spiritually* (even if he is physically blind as Milton, physically deaf as Beethoven) the child's wondering vision of the glories of the world. His vision, his hearing, are closer to the quintessence of reality than any other vision or hearing. Like Moses, he sees God in the burning bush when the half-opened or myopic physical eye sees only the gardener's diurnal task—the burning of leaves on a garden path.

As Blake wrote in his Vision of the Last Judgment: "'What,' it will be Question'd, 'When the Sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire somewhat like a guinea?' 'O no, no, I see an Innumerable company of the Heavenly host crying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God Almighty!" I Question not my Corporeal or Vegetative Eye any more than I would Question a Window concerning a Sight. I look thro' it, and not with it.'"

It is a part of the poet's work to give each man his own view of the world—show him what he sees but does not know that he sees. The poet, like the painter, harmonizes what seems to the "Vegetative Eye" irreconcilable aspects of the world, into a great design, a great balance. He shows the quintessence of the thing seen. His imagination is not a pretty fancy, but is the quintessence of reality. In Carl Jung's words, "Imagination is a concentrated extract of all the forces of life."

Of course, from time to time, difficulties arise between the poet and his readers. These may derive from various causes. Sometimes the difficulty may be the result of the poet's inspiration's not having completely found its way out of the unconscious in which all poetry is conceived.

But everything which opens out to us a new world is bound to appear strange at first. We must not confuse the obscurity which arises from great complexity, from multitudinous forces of life, and that which arises from emptiness. Of course, poems must be clarified as far as possible. Yet even when they appear, at first, strange, they may, in the end, warm us with their beauty. "The unimaginable remoteness and energy of the Dog Star, Sirius, with its amazing attendant sun, are of the liveliest interest to the intellect," wrote Walter de la Mare; and even before we understand it completely, "its beauty and its splendour are a comfort and an exaltation to every solitary winter heart."

It must be remembered, also, when we find difficulties because of the complexity of a poem, that sometimes a phrase may bear two meanings. What did Shakespeare mean when he wrote, "Men have died . . . and worms have eaten them, but not for love"? Did he mean that men have died, but not for love? Or that worms have eaten them, but not out of love? Perhaps he meant both. The poet needs the collaboration of his audience. The reader must not sit back and expect the poet to do all the work. To read poetry with enjoyment entails the use of all the reader's powers of concentration, sensibility and sympathy. A poem may sometimes appear difficult simply because the reader has determined that it *shall* be difficult.

If it is said that certain of the images in modern poems are strange, this may be the result of condensation or because where the sense of one language does not contain the full meaning, the full sensation, the poet sometimes uses the language of another sense. The senses of poets are like those of primitive peoples, at once acute and uncovered.

William James, in Principles of Psychology, wrote, "Bleuler and Lehmann, some years ago, called attention to a strange idiosyncrasy found in certain persons, and consisting in the fact that impressions on the eye, skin, etc., were accompanied by distinct sensations of sound. Coloured hearing is the name sometimes given to the phenomenon, which has been frequently described. . . . The Viennese aurist Urbantschitsch has proved that these cases are only extreme cases of a very general law, and that all our sense-organs influence each other's sensations. The hue of patches of colour so distant as not to be recognised was immediately, in Urbantschitsch's patients, perceived when a tuning-fork was sounded close to the ear. Sometimes, on the contrary, the field was darkened by the sound. The acuity of vision was increased, so that letters, too far to be read, could be read when the tuning-fork was heard. Urbantschitsch, varying experiments, found that their results were mutual, and that sounds which were on the limits of audibility, became audible when lights of various colours were exhibited to the eye. Smell, taste, touch, sense, and temperature, etc., were all found to fluctuate when lights were seen and sounds were heard."

The use of this sense transfusion in poetry is scarcely new. Dante, in Canto 5 of The Inferno, has the line *Io venni in luogo d'ogni luce muto* (I came into a place of all light dumb).

Lafcadio Hearn, in a letter to a fellow author, said, "When you wrote of the deep bass of that green I could see, feel, smell, taste, and chew the leaf; it was rather bitter in taste, and dense, and faintly odorous." . . .

When I myself was young, certain lines of mine were received by a mingled shower of bouquets and brickbats—with a strong preponderance of brickbats. One was the line "The morning light creaks down again." But is that really so strange?

"I do not remember," wrote Samuel Hearne, in his Journey From Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean, "to have met with any travellers into high northern altitudes, who remarked their having heard the Northern Lights make any noise in

• • • •

the air as they vary their colours or position; which may probably be owing to the want of perfect silence at the time they made their observations on these meteours. I can positively affirm that on still nights I have heard them make a rustling and crackling noise, like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind."

The reason why I said "the morning light creaks" is this: After rain, the early light seems as if it does not run quite smoothly. Also, it has a quality of great hardness and seems to present a physical obstacle to the shadows—and this gives me the impression of a creaking sound because it is at once hard and uncertain.

An initial feeling of strangeness in poetry may, also, be due to our attempts to pierce down to the essence of the thing seen, producing or heightening the significance by discovering in it attributes which at first sight appear alien, but which are acutely related, by producing its quintessential colour (sharper, brighter, than that seen by an eye grown stale), and by stripping it of all unessential details.

A beautiful early example of this acute and piercing visual apprehension, this concentration into essence by the means of which I have been speaking, may be found in those lovely lines from Gerard Manley Hopkins' The May Magnificat:

Star-eyed strawberry-breasted
Throstle above her nested
Cluster of bugle-blue eggs thin.

In this sharply seen image, Hopkins says "strawberry-breasted" because of the freckles on the thrush's breast. In the enhanced and deepened colour of the bugle-blue eggs (bugle being a country name for the wild flower, bugloss), the sharp U of "bugle" melting into the softer U of "blue" gives the reflection of one in the other, the sisterhood of the deep blue heavens, the flower and the egg, their colours changing and shifting in the clear light.

In a notebook I published some years ago, I have a quotation about a painter who, painting a tree, *became* a tree. This condensation of essence, this power of becoming a tree, helped to make Dylan Thomas a great poet. It also made his poems appear strange at first sight. But if you heard a tree speak in its own voice, would not that voice seem strange?

All poems should be inherent in, rooted in, the language. That does not mean that they cannot be translated into another language by a great translator. But they cannot be translated into other words in the original language. If the poet had not chosen the exact words he needed for his meaning, he would have been no poet.

Dylan Thomas's poems are rooted in the language. But one can, at least, speak of the themes. Take that great poem, A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London.

Never until the mankind-making
Bird beast and flower
Fathering and all humbling darkness
Tells with silence the last light breaking
And the still hour
Is come of the sea tumbling in harness

And I must enter again the round
Zion of the water bead
And the synagogue of the ear of corn
Shall I let pray the shadow of a sound
Or sow my salt seed
In the least valley of sackcloth to mourn

The majesty and burning of the child's death.
I shall not murder
The mankind of her going with a grave truth
Nor blaspheme down the stations of the breath
With any further
Elegy of innocence and youth.

Deep with the first dead lies London's daughter,
Robed in the long friends,
The grains beyond age, the dark veins of her mother,
Secret by the unmourning water
Of the riding Thames.
After the first death, there is no other.

In this poem, with its dark, magnificent movement, we see Death in its reality, as a return to the beginning of things, as a robing, a sacred investiture in those who have been our friends since the beginning of time.

In the first lines the poet is saying that the nature of bird, beast, and flower went to the making of man, and like mankind, these spring from, and must return to, the "fathering and all humbling darkness," that is, the loving and healing darkness in which all are equal.

The line, "Tells with silence the last light breaking," means that the noisy day, the toil, are over.

The Perfect Squelch

The small, congenial group of hunters was informed by two of its members that their boss, an office autocrat, had invited himself to the opening hunt. The boss, upon arrival at the hunting lodge, virtually took command. He proved to be the noisiest nimrod who ever sounded off before an open fireplace.

Next morning, in shooting, he claimed almost every duck, whether he hit it or not. That evening he began bragging about "showing you fellows how to hunt." While his employees sat mute with embarrassment, he boasted on and on. Suddenly one of the group expressed a polite doubt that he had shot all the ducks he claimed.

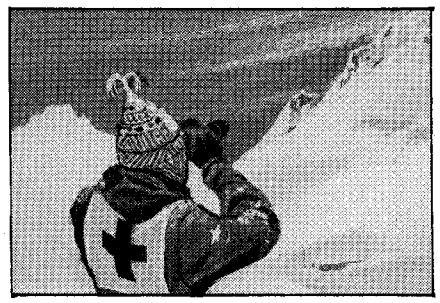
Frowning, the boss demanded, "And who are you to doubt my word?"

"Just somebody," the man replied, "who doesn't work for you."

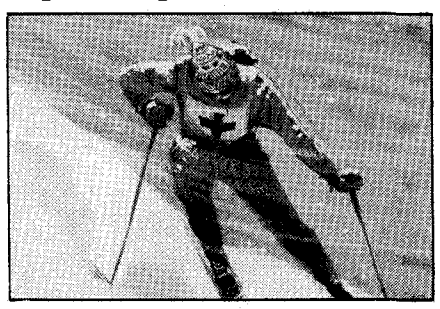
Forrest P. Perry

Dick Smith of Alder Creek, N.Y.

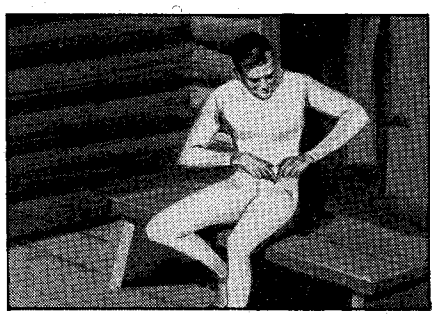
"At 15,000 feet, the life you save may be your own"



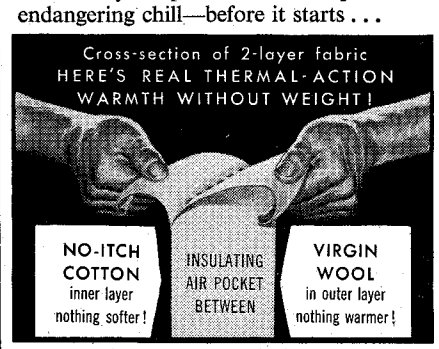
1 "*Lifeguard Duty* with the Ski Patrol in the Chilean Andes can be mighty dangerous work. Most times it takes everything you've got to accomplish a rescue without becoming a casualty yourself . . .



2 "It's mighty *cold* work, too! 'Summer' temperatures here in the mountains of South America often plunge to 30° below or more. And those howling mountain winds really bite . . .



3 "So when we dress for this job, we dress for *warmth*. That's why I wear Duofold underwear. Duofold's two-layer insulated thermal-action not only keeps you comfortable in any temperature—but stops health-endangering chill—before it starts . . .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"And the still hour Is come of the sea tumbling in harness": These lines speak, I think, of the wandering, questing spirit that was harnessed by the body, finding peace. But I am puzzled by the use of the word "of." Perhaps this means that the final quiet is always within us.

The poem is an affirmation of faith in that ultimate safety with our first friends. Never, therefore, until the world ends for the poet, as for the child, and he must ". . . enter again the round Zion of the water bead And the synagogue of the ear of corn" will he darken the grandeur of the child's going with his tears ("my salt seed")—tears that are yet a begetting. The "water bead" is holy, the "ear of corn" a place of prayer, the "stations of the breath" are the Stations of the Cross.

W. H. Auden is a very complex poet, but should, I think, present no difficulties to the reader.

He is the Way.
Follow Him through the Land of Unlikeness;
You will see rare beasts, and have unique adventures.

He is the Truth.
Seek Him in the Kingdom of Anxiety;
You will come to a great city that has expected your return for years.

He is the Life.
Love Him in the World of the Flesh;
And at your marriage all its occasions shall dance for joy.
[Chorus from For The Time Being]

We might summarise the central core of Auden's work as the humanising of the holy, "a genial radiation," as Emerson said of Plato . . . "skilful to discriminate power from form, essence from accident, and opening, by its terminology, and definition, high roads into nature."

When I and my contemporaries began to write, a change in the direction, imagery, and rhythms in poetry had become necessary, owing to the rhythmical flaccidity, the verbal deadness, the dead and expected patterns of some of the poetry immediately preceding us.

The history of the changes in poetry is unvarying. After one school of great poets has died, there is a host of bad, little, incompetent, or else lifelessly competent imitators. Meanwhile, the great new poets arise, and as it is necessary for poetry to cast its dead skin, like a snake casting its slough, they produce something which appears an innovation, although in all probability it has gone back to a tradition of two hundred years before.

In Victorian England the obstructionists were busy insulting Walt Whitman, one of the greatest poets in the language, and Swinburne, also a very great poet. Whilst insulting these, they went into ecstasies over the tea-table tintinnabulation of the silver spoons born in the mouths of such a Victorian aunt of poetry as Austin Dobson. It was in this age, too, that the desire first rose among minor poets to fit in, poetically, with boring ordinary occasions—not to transmute these, but to copy them faithfully in miniature. There was a frightened rush to conform to the point of view of the Man-in-the-Street, to provide a simple dress for his simple thoughts, and thin cotton gloves to protect his hands from the touch of real life. And it is to this state that the bad English minor poets of today are returning.

Such was the sensibility of the admired late-nineteenth-century poets that strong men used to cry publicly if they saw a few ducks on a pond. And not only cry when they saw them, but cry about it for years afterwards.

Four ducks on a pond.
A grass bank beyond.
A blue sky of Spring
White clouds on the wing;
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember, with tears!

Well, my readers may agree with me that it *was* a little thing, and that the poet was a great big sissy to cry about it.

In England and America at this moment, side by side with those poets who are revivifying the language and revitalising rhythms, there is a group of versifiers who are trying half consciously to drag poetry back to the devitalised state of poetry of the Victorian age.

One of these modern versifiers, Robert Conquest, the editor of an anthology, wrote recently that the principle by which the anthology was governed was "simply a preference for poets who were prepared to use (in widely different ways) the whole resources of language, intellect, and feeling." Mr. Conquest is the author of these lines:

Is it, when paper roses make us sneeze,
A mental or a physical event?

We do, indeed, find "the whole resources of language, intellect, and feeling" used here!

Another gentleman wrote a poem in which "the whole resources of language, intellect, and feeling" were used, on the subject of finding a spider in his bath!

A danger inherent in much verse by the *lesser* younger writers is their misunderstanding of the uses of concentration—a quality which when used properly is amongst the most valuable and necessary qualities in poetry. But it is necessary, in the first place, to have something to concentrate. When there are neither ideas of any consequence, nor passion, all you get is a form of stinginess.

Another danger is the deficient technique of these lesser writers. They write, for the most part, in lifeless quatrains, or else produce attempts at geometrical designs so easy to manage that any schoolboy could do so.

Yet see what can be done with quatrains by a great master, T. S. Eliot. The poem from which this quatrain is taken is Sweeney among the Nightingales:

Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to laugh,
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe.

In this poem, there is the spiritual and physical horror of a society where man is part braying beast, part ape—a society of which Apeneck Sweeney is the epitome.

"Oh, darling, it's wonderful!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

And that spiritual and physical horror is conveyed by the sound of the verse.

After the first line there is only hollowness, blankness, lazy abysses of emptiness, stretches of vacancy, contractions into shrunken nothingness, and, in the line "The zebra stripes along his jaw," the hoarse animal sound of the A in "jaw."

We may remark, too, on the inspiration and genius that, in the line "Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees," uses minute sharp pin-points of vowels, like the beginning of a pin-point of brain and, in the line "letting his arms hang down to laugh," produces a gross sagging sensuality by the contrasted dark, heavy vowels.

But to return to the question of incompetent quatrains and little geometrical designs. These have taken the place of the flabby so-called free verse, which was actually only bad prose cut into uneven lengths with blunt scissors—free verse such as this:

For time is up, you have upset the table.
Time is up, your red trousers are burnt.
Time is up, the wireless is smashed.
Oh, helpless now, I see
This is reality.

Well, if it *is* reality, that is just too bad!

Such writers think free verse is easy to manage. Actually, it is appallingly difficult. But listen to the melodic beauty of the following free verse handled by a great master of the medium, Sacheverell Sitwell. (Yes, I know the poor man is my brother, but that does not prevent him from being a wonderful poet.)

Such are the clouds—
They float with white coolness and sunny shade,
Sometimes preening their flightless feathers.
Float, proud swans, on the calm lake
And wave your clipped wings in the azure air,
Then arch your neck, and look into the deep for pearls,
Now can you drink dew from tall trees and sloping fields of Heaven,
Gather new coolness for tomorrow's heat
And sleep through the soft night with folded wing!

Is that not as melodious as any rhymed verse? The lovely floating movement is not due only to the fluctuations, the flowing forward and backward of the varying lengths of the lines. We feel, actually, a faint air wandering from time to time, between, under and above certain words, due to the exquisite and incredibly subtle pauses, resulting from the different wave lengths of the vowels as well as from the use of liquids and sibilants.

Poetry has many aspects, many landscapes, and there is as much room for the butterfly as for the lion. Nor does tragedy always wear funereal garb. Walter de la Mare reminded us that there is "the tragedy at one extreme of Dr. Faustus, and that of poor gay Mr. Punch and his dog Toby." Or again, we may have a poet's mind that is like "the joyful heedless mind of summer, beneath as above thought, the intense sensation of life, with its lights and colours, coming and going in the head."

"In art," said the painter Braque, "progress does not consist in extension, but in the knowledge of limits. Limitation of means determines style, engenders new forms, and gives impulse to creation."

The poetry of Marianne Moore is a case in point. She knows exactly what she *wants* to do and she does it. She is among the most exquisite and accurate observers of our time.

"Sir George Beaumont," said Coleridge, "found (*Continued on Page 130*)

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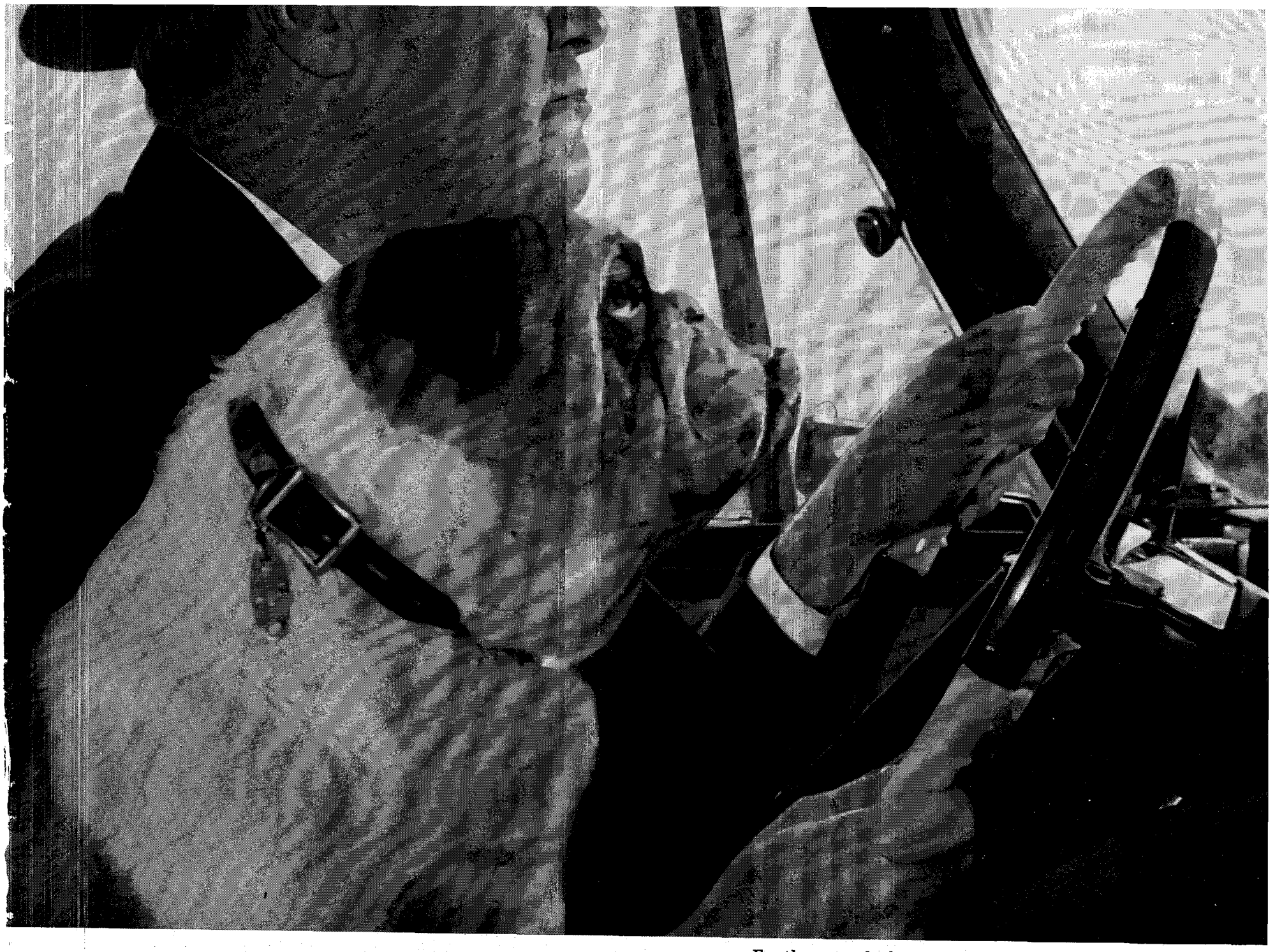

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(*Continued from Page 128*) advantage in learning to draw through gauze spectacles." This is the true mark of the amateur, who invariably softens and blurs. Miss Moore is the exact antithesis of the amateur; the humming bird is not better equipped to pierce down to the essence of the flower than is Miss Moore.

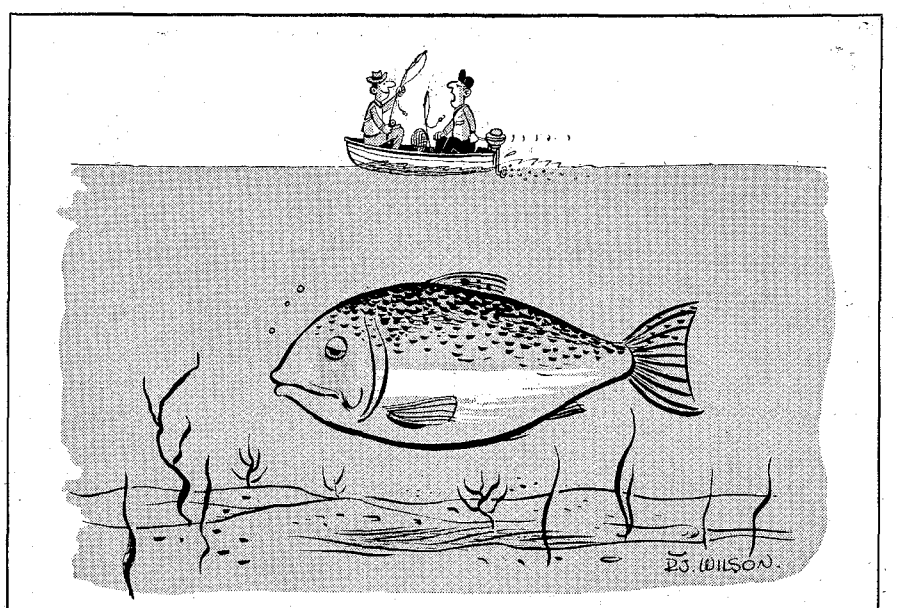
She sees in a flash, reproduces in a flash, and all is delight, containing a kernel of loving wisdom. Nothing is too humble for love, and for the comprehension of the creature's life source, the joy, for instance, of the "small desert rat" who has "a shining silver house" that to many people is only sand. But to Miss Moore it is beautiful, as is the "fog-coloured skin" of the elephant.

To consider her technical proficiency, let us take these lines about the trunk of an elephant:

that tree-trunk without
roots, accustomed to shout
its own thoughts to itself like a shell,
maintained intact
by who knows what strange pressure
of the atmosphere; that

spiritual
brother to the coral—
plant, absorbed into which, the equable
sapphire light
becomes a nebulous green. The I of
each is to
the I of each
a kind of fretful speech
which sets a limit on itself; the
elephant is
black earth preceded by a
tendril? . . ."

Leaving aside its visual strangeness and beauty, this is a technical marvel—essence and form being indissoluble. Miss Moore has here, I think, found what the Spanish poet Lorca called "not only form, but the marrow of form."



"Let's stop here—looks like as good a place as any!"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The slow gait of the elephant, its deliberation—these are obtained partly, I think, by the short lines which begin each verse, partly by the T's which end each line of the first verse and which seem to bring each line to a full stop, and to produce between one line and the next the effect of the space between two gigantic and deliberate footfalls. After the short lines come long lines that seem to carry the lumbering creature into the distance.

Sir Kenneth Clark, in his great work on Leonardo da Vinci, wrote "To the end of his life he continued to draw patterns of squares, circles, and arcs, trying to exhaust every possible combination, rather as an alchemist might try every possible combination of fluids in order to discover the elixir of life."

Also, poetry should, as Ben Jonson said, "speak somewhat above a mortal mouth." Consider the difference between this lovely passage: Byron's

So we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

And this flat one, from King James the Fifth of Scotland's "The Jolly Beggar":

And we'll gang nae mair a-roving
A rovin in the nicht.

Therein lies the difference between poetry and platitude. Without live words, we cannot hope for live rhythms, the Tongues of Fire that came to the Apostles. "Coleridge's father," de Quincey tells us, "used to delight his flock on Sunday, with Hebrew quotations, which he always introduced as 'the immediate language of the Holy Ghost.'"

We do not need the Hebrew language. The English language will serve us well enough. But we do need the Tongues of Fire. THE END

Readers wishing to follow Dame Edith Sitwell's critical and poetical leads are referred to:

Sitwell, Dame Edith
THE ATLANTIC BOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETRY
Little, Brown
$12.50

Sitwell, Dame Edith
POET'S NOTEBOOK
Little, Brown
$4.00

Auden, W. H.
COLLECTED POETRY
Random House
$4.75

Eliot, T. S.
THE WASTE LAND AND OTHER POEMS
Harvest Books, Harcourt, Brace
$.95

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What Price Auburn's Football Glory?

(Continued from Page 37)

However, the Tigers had no chance of appearing in any postseason bowl game. This is one of the penalties imposed by the N.C.A.A., whose crackdown on Auburn was reaffirmed by the Southeastern Conference.

The eleven other members of the S.E.C., never noted for any holier-than-thou attitude when it comes to the realities of player recruiting, look without sympathy upon Auburn as an unrepentant sinner. None came to its defense last spring. All feel that Auburn has hurt the reputation of the conference.

"It's bad enough for Auburn to embarrass our conference twice in the N.C.A.A.," says one university's academic vice president. "But instead of being sorrowful about it, they appear defiant. As far as I know, the coaching staff hasn't even been reprimanded by the Auburn administration."

Rival coaches, who usually are philosophical about the recruiting methods of their competitors, say that they resent Auburn's attitude.

"Auburn seems to operate in the belief that all the rest of us are cheating," one veteran head coach observed not long ago. "They brag about beating us at our own game. They say, 'We just happened to get caught. Others are just as guilty.' Yet they don't offer any proof to back up such charges."

Auburn counters with the accusation that the N.C.A.A. and the Southeastern Conference had no real proof when they convicted Auburn last spring. At issue were charges of illegal aid to quarterback Don Fuell, then a freshman. Declared ineligible, Fuell took his case to civil court in Birmingham in a suit against the S.E.C., but the judge ruled that his court had no jurisdiction.

We'll get back to that later. Anyway, the Fuell case is indicative of the bitterness that has developed on both sides during Auburn's rapid football build-up. In just seven seasons the Tigers went from ten straight losses to ten straight wins. Many schools have previously followed a similar path in big-time football, but Auburn may turn out to be the last. There are few, if any, remaining colleges that have the same potentialities for going all the way. And in this era of stricter regulation in college sports, none can hope to be as openly aggressive as Auburn.

Alabama Polytechnic—to use the proper name of this state land-grant college—is located twenty miles from the Alabama-Georgia boundary line. It is 120 miles southeast of Birmingham, largest city in Alabama, and 115 miles southwest of Atlanta, the metropolis of Georgia. Auburn's big natural rivals in intercollegiate athletics are the University of Alabama, Georgia Tech and the University of Georgia.

Back in the 1904–22 coaching regime of Mike Donahue, Auburn was consistently strong in football, but in more recent times it became known as a team that played all its major games away from home, lost more often than it won, and was seldom in contention for any kind of championship.

In contrast, Alabama has made six trips to the Rose Bowl and two each to the Sugar, Orange and Cotton Bowls, profiting both financially and in athletic prestige. Georgia Tech visited the same four bowls a total of eleven times.

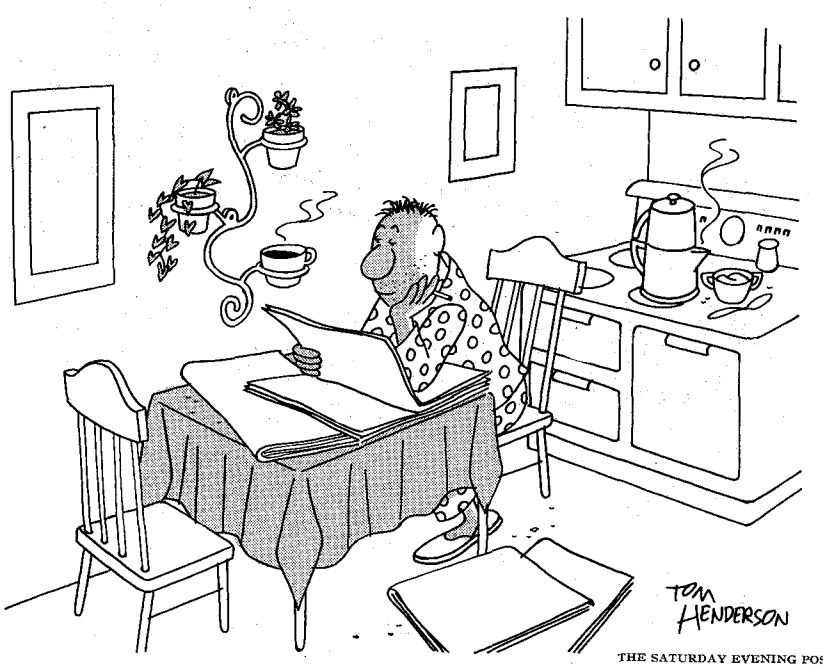
During all that time Auburn's spirit never drooped. Because its underdog teams never gave up, they were undoubtedly the most popular losers in the entire South. If there was ever a winner that enjoyed a comparable popularity throughout the area, it was Alabama in its greatest seasons—partly because its teams had genuine class, and partly because Alabama was the first to carry the South's banner in the big bowl games.

When the football positions of the two schools recently became reversed, each had trouble adjusting to the change. A neutral onlooker in Birmingham, which is a second home for both Alabama and Auburn, said of the two camps, "Alabama people are the sorriest losers and Auburn people the worst winners I ever saw!"

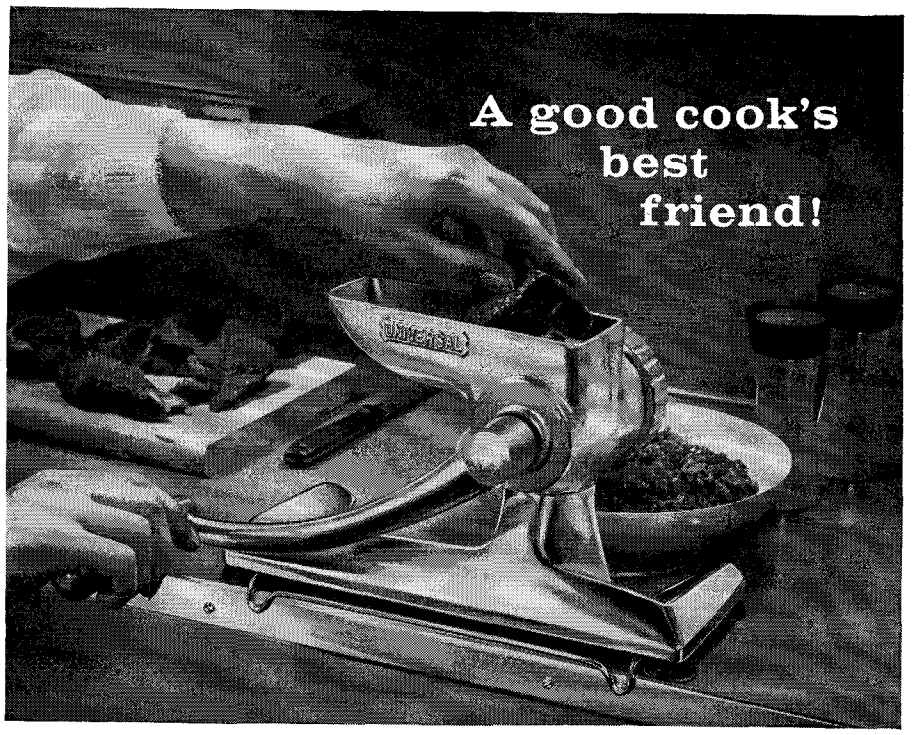
In its years of losing, Auburn had tried to recruit some of the top high-school athletes, but they always seemed to enroll elsewhere. There would be rumors that these boys had received extra inducements from the other schools. However, Auburn wouldn't or couldn't do anything about it.

"We Auburn people got so accustomed to defeat and disappointment on Saturday afternoons that we did our celebrating on Friday nights," says Roy B. Sewell, an Atlanta clothing manufacturer who is national president of Auburn alumni. "But that was before Shug Jordan came along as coach in 1951."

Auburn had lost ten straight games in 1950. It had won only five games in the three preceding seasons. So the coach, Earl Brown, was paid off for the remaining year of his contract, and an alumni



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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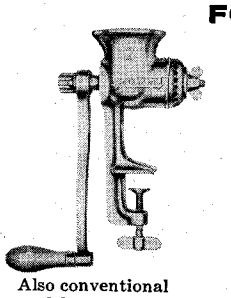

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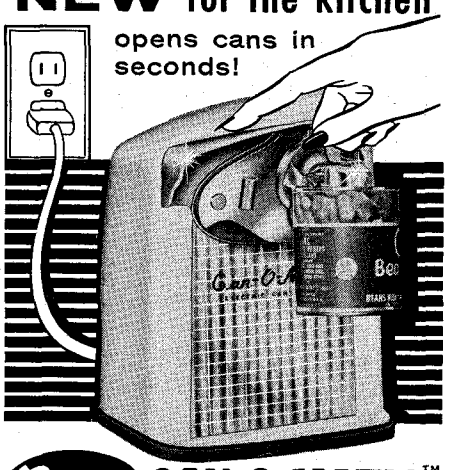

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committee was delegated to select a new coach.

As had been the case when previous coaching changes were made, alumni factions sprang up, each with a candidate. In the past, to avoid alienating the losing factions, Auburn had invariably wound up going outside and choosing a coach with no ties to any local clique.

Flatly opposed to such a solution was the new director of athletics, Garland Washington (Jeff) Beard. An alumnus himself, Beard thought it was about time for an Auburn man to coach Auburn football. Since the first team in 1892, there had been no alumnus coach, except for Boozer Pitts, a resident of the town, who had filled in on a temporary basis in 1923 and 1924. From 1930 to 1950 there had been a liking for Notre Dame graduates, with Chet Wynne, Jack Meagher and Earl Brown getting shots at the job, along with a William and Mary man, Carl Voyles.

Beard told the 1951 selection committee, "I'll stake my own job on Shug Jordan's measuring up best to what we need in a head coach."

Ralph Jordan, whose childhood fondness for sugar cane brought him the nickname of Shug, had been a classmate of Beard's. Both were all-around athletes who were graduated in 1932, then joined the Auburn staff as freshman coaches and later moved up to the varsity. They had known each other since their Alabama high-school athletic days, when Jordan was at Selma and Beard at Greensboro. At Auburn, Shug Jordan became the left-handed pitching ace of a Dixie championship baseball team, the captain of the basketball team and a 165-pound football center.

"I knew first-hand Shug's football savvy, his way with boys, his hidden fire and drive and leadership," says Beard. He points also to Jordan's World War II record. Shug rose from first lieutenant to major with amphibious troops in the Army Corps of Engineers. He took part in the invasions of North Africa, Sicily, Normandy and Okinawa, acquiring a Bronze Star, a Purple Heart and seven battle stars.

After the war, Jordan signed on as an assistant coach at the University of Georgia, a position he still held in January, 1951, when Beard persuaded him to apply for the Auburn vacancy.

Jordan sent the selection committee a simple one-sentence note: "I hereby apply for head football coaching job at Auburn." He was invited to appear before the selection committee, and shortly thereafter was offered a three-year contract.

He turned it down. "The salary was all right, but no coach with any sense, trying to build from the ground up, would take a three-year contract," Jordan explains now. "If he had a real bad second year, he would be pressing so hard that third year, fearing he would lose his job, that the team couldn't possibly have a good season."

Ultimately Jordan got what he wanted—a five-year contract beginning March 15, 1951. His Tigers surprised with a five-five record the first season, but won only two games while losing eight in 1952.

"Mainly because I had three more years to go on my contract, I didn't panic," Jordan says. Indeed, Auburn bounced back with seven wins, two losses and a tie in 1953—the school's best record in eighteen years—and attracted the first of three consecutive Gator Bowl bids. In last year's unbeaten and untied season, Auburn got to the top, sharing national-championship honors with Ohio State. The Tigers took the Associated Press trophy, while the once-beaten Buckeyes won the awards of the United Press and the Football Writers' Association.

However, this extraordinary climb has been marred by the fact that Auburn twice has been found guilty of major recruiting violations. Some people who keep up with college football activities say that Auburn started too late. The identical recruiting practices might have gone unpunished in the 1930's and 1940's. But Auburn's football build-up came at a time when the National Collegiate Athletic Association was turning into a policing agency.

A minority of out-of-date cynics jump to the conclusion that Auburn has been slapped down as much because of its success as because of any wrongdoing. The cynics recall that other big winners, such as Oklahoma, Michigan State, Ohio State and U.C.L.A., have also come in for N.C.A.A. probation sentences.

Actually, Auburn has the resources to be a football power without departing from accepted practices. Says Shug Jordan, "I regarded Auburn as a sleeping giant when I went back there as head coach. There was no reason for it not to have a real good football team every year."

The chief natural assets were intense school spirit, ardently loyal alumni and a favorable location in a geographical area which produces many first-rate high-school players. Last year there were 137 boys from Alabama on the twelve S.E.C. squads.

Once Jordan and Jeff Beard were in command at Auburn, they lost no time in harnessing these resources for football. Auburn's young new alumni secretary, Joe Sarver, joined in the cause. The three set out to develop the most actively football-minded alumni organization any Southern college has known.

"Right now," Jordan remarked recently, "if we were after a football prospect in Alabama, Georgia or certain parts of Tennessee or Florida, I could get on the telephone and have eight Auburn alumni on that boy's front porch within an hour."

They would virtually camp on that porch too. Auburn vehemently denies that it is offering boys anything more than the permissible athletic scholarship, but it makes no bones about going in for high-pressure salesmanship. The enthusiasm and persistence of alumni boosters may well impress a particular college's advantages on a boy of seventeen or eighteen who has his choice of several schools.

The fierce devotion of Auburn alumni seems to be engendered by the rather isolated life at the college. Auburn is far from any big cities. However, it is almost a small city in its own right. The 1958 fall enrollment of 9000 students is one of the South's largest. For lack of space, Auburn must restrict admissions—except in the case of children of alumni—to residents of Alabama and neighboring states.

Academically, Auburn has looked bad in certain departments recently, principally because of a low teacher-student ratio. However, some of its thirteen specialized schools are regional standouts.

Among the Auburn alumni who served in World War II were twenty-three generals.

"They were true War Eagles," says Pres. Ralph B. Draughon, speaking not only of the generals but of all the other Auburn men who took up arms, "and wherever they served, men learned of the Auburn spirit and heard their battle cry."

The resounding yell of "War Eagle" is frequently heard on football weekends wherever Auburn may be playing. It was the school's watchword as far back as 1900. The origin of the yell never has been definitely established. One theory is that it was adopted from a legend that the ancient Saxons, watching buzzards circling the battlefields, made "War Eagle" their rallying cry.

Today this shout is not confined to the rooting section at football games. "War Eagle" is used as a salutation when Auburn people encounter one another on the street. The cry also may issue from hotel windows between midnight and dawn on autumn Saturdays—a loud, long and often-repeated scream.

A quieter approach characterizes Coach Shug Jordan. He is a notably busy man. He has made more than 600 appearances before alumni, high-school and sports groups during the last seven and a half years as pace-setter for his large staff. Twice a year Jordan's ten assistants—seven of them Auburn graduates and three of them Georgia alumni—fan out over the territory visiting high-school coaches, principals and superintendents. An Auburn representative attends every important high-school football game in the area.

"Couldn't you try reading yourself to sleep?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Jordan himself can be found at such games even on the nights before Auburn contests. His specialty, however, is slipping into some out-of-the-way town alone to scout material. A high spot of the 1957 season at Goshen, Alabama, a tiny town south of Montgomery, was the discovery of Coach Jordan quietly taking his turn in the school-cafeteria line at a pregame supper.

While high-school coaches and principals can wield some influence in a boy's choice of college, Auburn's most effective help comes from the alumni. Financially, they used to make donations to an organization called the Tiger Club, which was dissolved to conform with an N.C.A.A. ban on such outside recruiting groups. Contributions now go into the Greater Auburn Fund. Administered by the school, the fund is earmarked for football—"and used for legitimate recruiting expenses," Jordan says emphatically.

A sum of money which didn't find its way into the Greater Auburn Fund brought on Auburn's first probation sentence from the N.C.A.A. in May, 1956. Three months earlier the S.E.C. had imposed a similar penalty—plus a $2000 fine.

The violations took place in November, 1955. Auburn assistant coach Hal Herring attended an alumni rally in Gadsden, Alabama, at which two Gadsden high-school athletes—twins Harry and Robert Beaube—were guests. An alumnus, expressing concern that Auburn might lose the boys to the University of Alabama, handed $1000 to Herring and asked that he give $500 to each of the twins, along with a sales talk. Herring did.

Auburn never denied this. In fact, athletic director Beard announced that he assumed full responsibility for any act by a member of the Auburn staff, and took no punitive action against Herring, who remains the defensive line coach. He received much of the credit for the 1957 Auburn team's leadership in the national defensive statistics. The Tigers were first in total defense, giving up an average of only 133 yards a game; in defense against rushing, with a 67.4-yard average, and in points allowed—just twenty-eight in ten games. All four of the opposing touchdowns were scored on passes, which made Auburn the first college team in nearly two decades to keep all enemy ball carriers out of its end zone.

If anything, the Beaube case stimulated Auburn alumni to work even harder. During the hearings in 1956, Auburn charged that the twins also had received promises of illegal aid from University of Alabama alumni. However, no action was taken against Alabama. Naturally this intensified the Auburn-Alabama rivalry. Auburn gained considerable satisfaction from drubbing Alabama by 34–7 in 1956 and 40–0 in 1957. The Tigers now have a string of four straight decisive victories over the once-celebrated Crimson Tide.

"Unquestionably, Auburn's resumption of football with Alabama in 1948 after a forty-year layoff was the best thing that could happen for our alumni," Shug Jordan declares. "It gave them an added incentive—something real close to home. Through all those years when the schools weren't playing, Auburn and Alabama people around the state could argue all day and never prove anything. Now it's different."

Auburn and Alabama severed relations back in 1907 after a 6–6 tie game marked by frequent fighting in the stands. Soon thereafter, Alabama was anxious to revive the game, but Auburn, enjoying an early stretch of winning teams, wasn't interested. In the 1920's and 1930's, with the Crimson Tide at its peak under the coaching of Wallace Wade and Frank Thomas, it was Alabama that brushed off the idea of resuming the game.

Finally, in 1947 the state legislature threatened to pass a bill forcing the schools to play. They got together in 1948. Among other benefits, they now split net proceeds amounting to approximately $170,000 from annual sellout crowds of 44,000 in Birmingham.

Auburn alumni, especially those who live in the home state, feel particularly indebted to Jordan for putting the Tigers ahead in the livelier-than-ever Alabama series. Auburn is now the only S.E.C. team that holds an all-time edge over Alabama—twelve victories, nine defeats and one tie. This is a prime talking point in small-town arguments, as well as in needling sessions at the weekly autumn Quarterback Club meetings in Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, Huntsville, Gadsden, Anniston and other Alabama cities.

Another reason Tiger alumni are strong for their coach—and also for their athletic director—is that Shug Jordan and Jeff Beard have changed Auburn from a virtual road team into one now playing at least four home games each year in a new campus stadium seating 35,000. For almost fifty years Auburn was forced to play Georgia Tech in Atlanta. Beginning in 1960, the game will alternate between Atlanta and Birmingham. The rivalry with the University of Georgia is still conducted in nearby Columbus, Georgia, which is considered more of a homesite for the Tigers than it is for the Georgians.

Beard and Jordan, along with Auburn's tireless sports publicist, Bill Beckwith,

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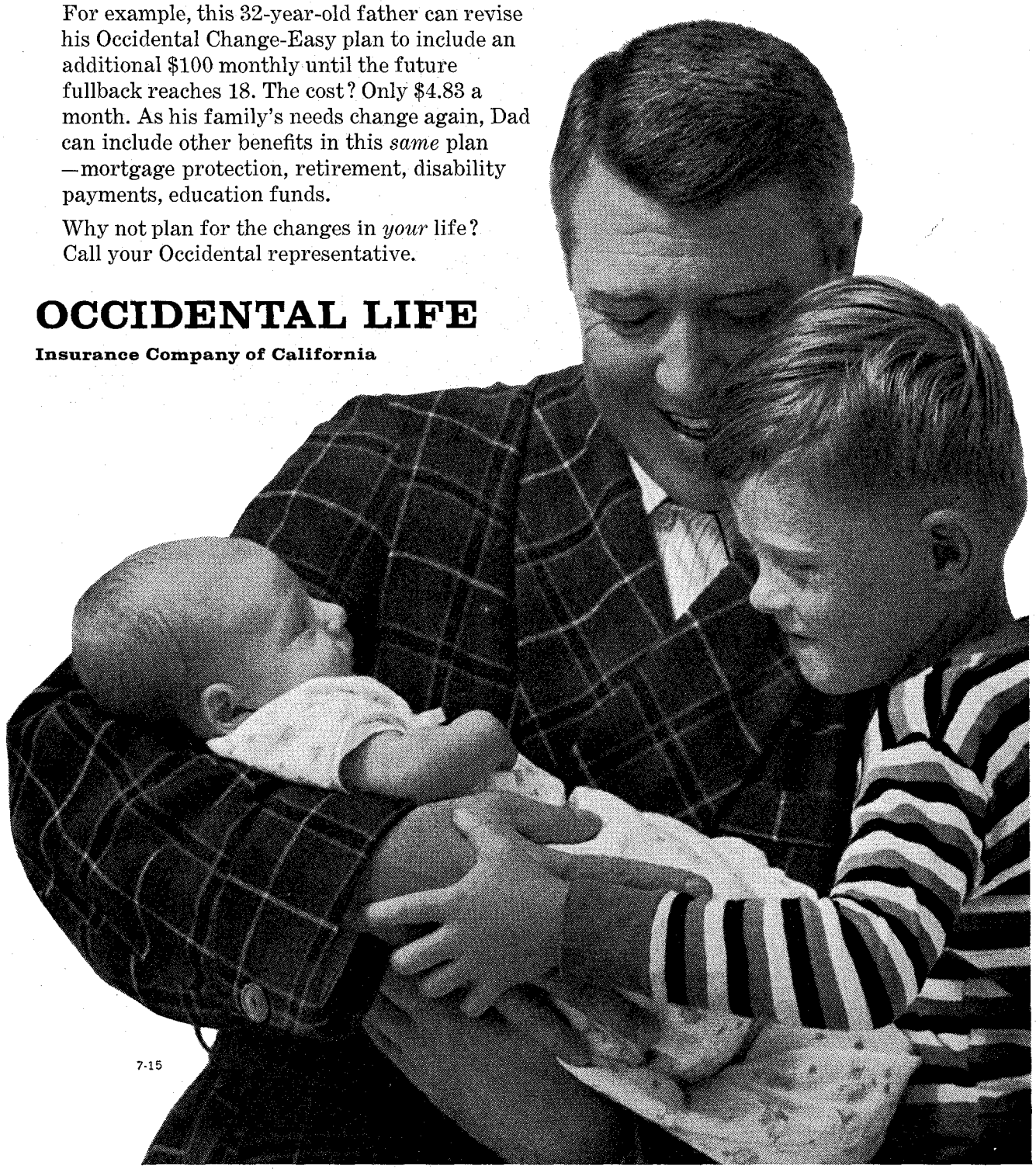

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have built up the annual intrasquad game at the end of spring football practice into an extra home-coming celebration for alumni, drawing crowds up to 10,000. Called "A-Day," the program begins with morning alumni gatherings and fraternity reunions, and is topped off by a postgame barbecue.

On "A-Day" morning last March, I saw approximately eighty alumni, described as "key men," go into a session with Beard and Jordan that lasted more than two hours. I asked Beard what had transpired in such a long meeting.

"Shug and I spent the entire time outlining to them exactly what they could and could not do under Southeastern Conference and N.C.A.A. rules," the athletic director said. "We tried to impress on them that Auburn, the school, was held responsible for anything they did wrong in helping athletes we were recruiting. We told them to continue to try to 'sell' Auburn to the boys just as hard as ever, but we pleaded with them not to give the boys any money, any gifts, any inducements."

Coach Jordan related an experience he had after giving an athletic scholarship to a halfback prospect from Opelika, Alabama, last December. "He was a small boy, and not particularly sought after," Jordan said. "A few nights after we had signed him to a grant-in-aid, I got a call from a friend in Opelika saying I had better come over there—that an Auburn alumnus was so happy about the boy choosing Auburn that he had bought him a lot of clothes.

"I jumped in my car next morning and headed straight for the boy's house. Sure enough, he did have a bunch of new clothes, over $600 worth. Even had a summer tuxedo. I bundled them all up and took them back to the store, explaining to the boy that this wasn't allowed. I went to the alumnus and told him such stuff would ruin us, to please not embarrass Auburn this way. Then when I got to my office, the first thing I did was phone Walter Byers, the N.C.A.A. executive director, in Kansas City, and tell him what had happened."

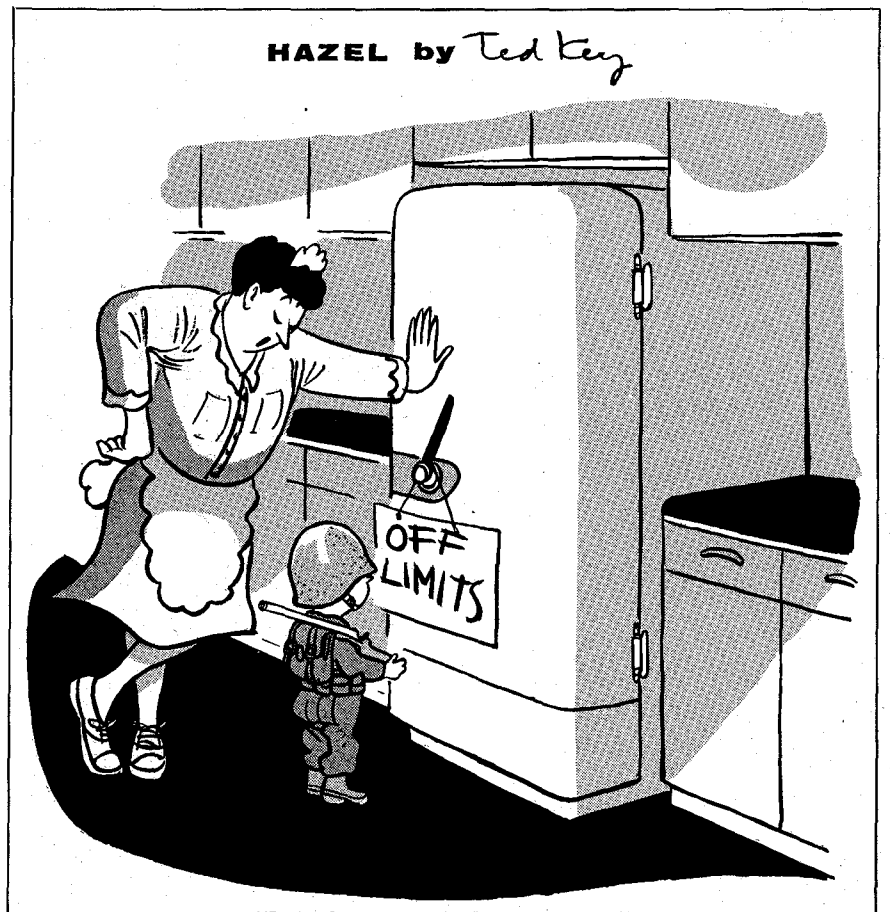
No penalty came of that incident, understandably. In April, however, after a lengthy investigation, the N.C.A.A. struck again. Already on probation until May 1, 1959, because of the Beaube affair—but with its punishment due to be eased after May 1, 1958—Auburn had its probation and punishment extended to September 1, 1961, because of alleged violations in the recruiting of Don Fuell, a 1957 freshman quarterback from Guntersville, Alabama. The next month the S.E.C. likewise put Auburn on probation. It barred Fuell from playing for any school in the conference, and declared Auburn ineligible to share in the division of S.E.C. bowl-game receipts for three years.

The N.C.A.A. does not have the same rules of evidence as a court of law. It customarily takes the findings of its investigators as proof enough. The N.C.A.A. concluded that a motorboat, an air-conditioning unit, an electric range and a refrigerator which Fuell had acquired, and the provision of a two-bedroom apartment on the Auburn campus for him, his wife and their baby, "were connected in various ways with Auburn alumni."

Auburn denied the charges. It produced numerous affidavits, canceled checks, invoices, bills of sale and other documents in an unsuccessful effort to clear the boy and prove that Auburn alumni did not provide the boat, appliances and money. No evidence ever has been made public that any member of the Auburn athletic staff was involved.

Coach Jordan bitterly condemns the S.E.C.'s action, saying that it "departed from its policy of not convicting on suspicion, supposition and circumstantial evidence." Athletic Director Beard states, "If the handling of the Fuell case . . . is an indication of the manner in which rules will be interpreted and enforced in the future, the athletic program of any college or university can be destroyed by rumor and spurious evidence."

In an unprecedented step last July, Fuell filed a petition in circuit court at Birmingham asking that the Southeastern Conference lift its ban against him or show cause why it should remain in effect. Obviously, this was a move to shift the burden of proof. The petition quoted the S.E.C. commissioner, Bernie Moore, as writing the N.C.A.A. in March that he was of the opinion that "there is not sufficient evidence to substantiate the allegations against Fuell or Auburn." One of Alabama's most prominent criminal lawyers, Roderick Beddow, represented Fuell.



"Which means, in boy talk . . ."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The S.E.C. in its defense took the position that no court in the land has any authority over the eligibility rules of any college athletic conference. On September seventeenth in Birmingham, Circuit Judge J. Russell McElroy ruled in the S.E.C.'s favor. Fuell's only remaining chance was to appeal this decision to the Alabama Supreme Court. Indications were that he would drop the suit.

After a visit to the University of Nebraska, where he briefly contemplated transferring, Fuell returned to Auburn. A sophomore in the school of pharmacy, he is not playing football.

More embarrassing to Auburn than any recruiting charges was the loss of accreditation last December by its electrical and mechanical engineering school, which had too few instructors and too low a faculty pay scale to meet the standards of the Engineers Council for Professional Development. The news was announced the same week that the football team received its Associated Press award as national football champion.

This provoked some biting editorial comment. Virginia's Richmond Times-Dispatch, for instance, said: "The question naturally arises whether, if alumni and other friends of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute had expended as much time and energy keeping up scholastic standards as they did buying up football players, this heavy academic blow would have fallen."

Auburn alumni rose to the challenge, just as the state legislators of Oklahoma came through with additional funds several years ago in response to the celebrated plea of George L. Cross, University of Oklahoma president, "I want to build a university that the football team can be proud of."

The Auburn alumni secretary, Joe Sarver, believes that if the loss of accreditation had to come, it was a fortunate thing that it coincided with the national-championship award to the football team. "It focused the kind of attention on our engineering situation it otherwise would never have received," Sarver says. "Immediately our alumni, headed by Roy Sewell—and he's a red-hot football fan—started a drive to raise $250,000 in gifts for the engineering school. Within four months they exceeded their goal."

Meanwhile, Auburn's football recruiting apparently hasn't suffered. There are close to sixty freshman candidates this year—the usual number. As with the varsity squad, four fifths of them are from the South and Southeast, with a sprinkling from New Jersey.

"When I was assistant coach at Georgia," Jordan explained not long ago, "New Jersey was in my recruiting territory. I made lots of contacts up there which I've kept up."

Jordan then stepped to a blackboard in his office and wrote the names of his 1958 starting lineup. Five of his first-stringers were from Alabama, with two each from Georgia, Florida and Tennessee.

"It isn't unusual for a single one of these boys to be at Auburn," Jordan said. "With quite a few, it would have been strange for them to have gone anywhere but Auburn or Alabama. Take Jerry Wilson, who's being mentioned as a possible All-American end. He's from Birmingham. So is Frank LaRussa, the right guard. Halfback Tommy Lorino is from Bessemer, just outside Birmingham. Lloyd Nix, our No. 1 quarterback and captain, is from a little Alabama town, Carbon Hill. They say he throws 'knuckle balls' with his passes, but they're on the button. Nix is a fine baseball player, by the way—a left-handed first baseman. I guess we must be the only team in the world with a left-handed quarterback and a left-handed coach.

"Jackie Burkett, our center from Fort Walton Beach, Florida, was passed up by everybody. I guess they figured no real good player could come out of such a small high school. Burkett's coach persuaded us to take him. Today he's the best all-round athlete at Auburn. He's six-feet-four-inches tall, 215 pounds, and he can outrun everybody on our squad except three halfbacks. There's a lot of luck in recruiting."

Auburn has so much luck, or something, that it can field five formidable units to operate its variations of the T-formation—spread, split and wing. "Truthfully, there isn't much difference between our No. 2 team and our No. 1 team," Jordan said.

The first eleven is built for power; the second is geared to speed. Auburn's national ranking as college football's top defensive team of 1957 obscured the fact that the Tigers also have quite an offense. Over the past five years Auburn has been second only to Mississippi, among S.E.C. teams, in average yards gained per game.

At the start of this season there was speculation as to whether the stigma of another N.C.A.A. probation sentence—with its ban on bowl trips—would affect the squad's morale. No letdown was evident in the first three games as Auburn ground out victories against Tennessee, Chattanooga and Kentucky to stretch its carry-over winning streak to seventeen games. Georgia Tech finally halted the Tigers by gaining a 7–7 tie on October eighteenth.

In any event, the speculation wasn't limited to 1958. Will the long-range incentive of juniors and sophomores be reduced by the fact that none can ever hope to play in a bowl game?

One traditional end-of-the-season reward already has been denied Coach Jordan himself. It would have been normal for him, as the developer of the country's only major unbeaten team last season, to carry off national coach-of-the-year honors. Instead, Woody Hayes, of Ohio State, won out in the American Football Coaches Association poll.

In what was perhaps an even harsher rebuff, Jordan's S.E.C. colleagues passed over him to pick Wade Walker, of Mississippi State, as the conference's coach of the year. Walker's team had only a six-two-one record, and was defeated by Auburn, 15–7. Yet three fellow coaches didn't give Jordan either first, second or third place on their ballots.

Over at Tuscaloosa, the University of Alabama's new head coach and athletic director, Paul (Bear) Bryant, has served notice on Auburn. Bryant was a probation-scarred campaigner in the Southwest Conference recruiting wars at Texas A. and M., and before that built powerhouse teams at Maryland and Kentucky.

"I'll turn Auburn in to the N.C.A.A. if I run into any evidence of buying players, and I expect Auburn to do the same with me," Bryant said. "We're going to be looking over each other's shoulder at every good high-school prospect in the state."

There's nothing like this kind of competitive scrutiny for making football recruiters watch their step. Things could become downright pure in Alabama as Auburn gets loaded for Bear.

THE END

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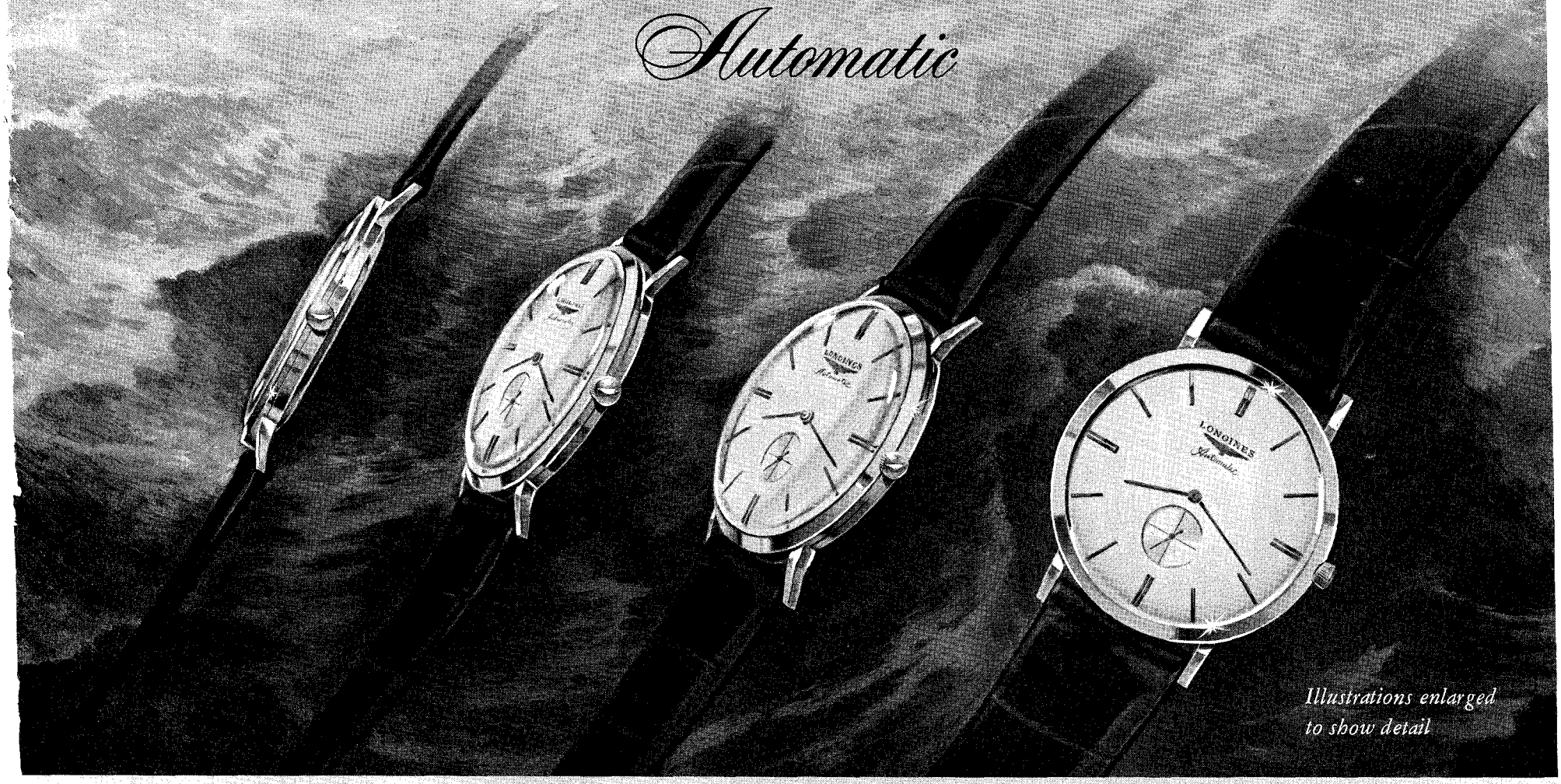

Illustrations enlarged to show detail

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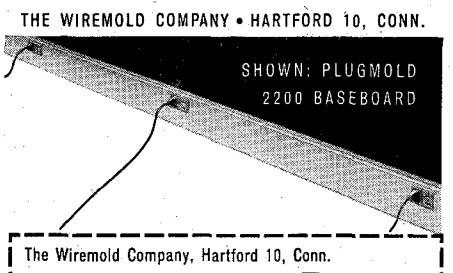

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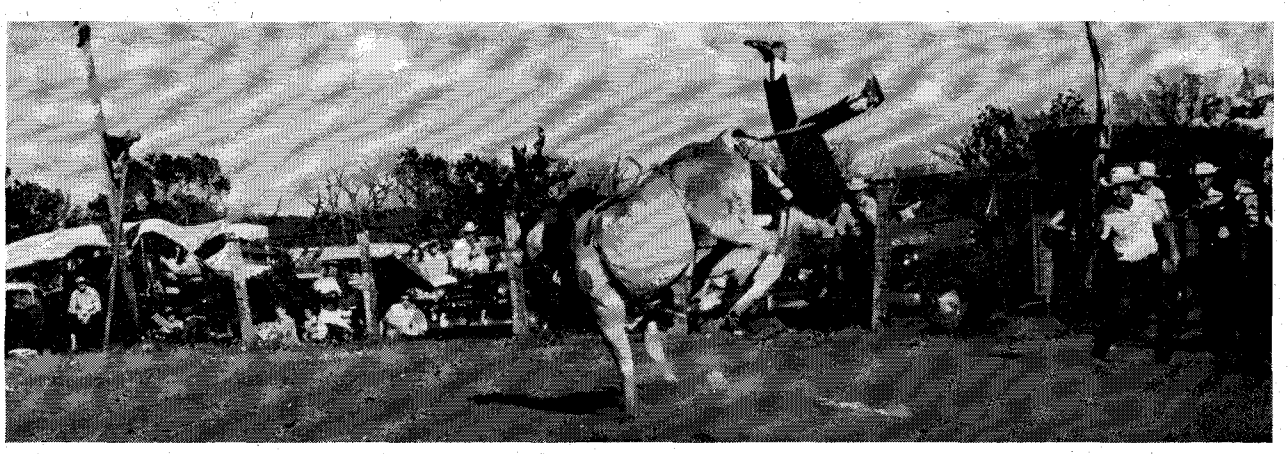
Keeping Posted

The Unexpected Book

To begin with, publisher Eugene Reynal merely asked **Joseph** and **Stewart Alsop** (page 38) to make a selection of their famous newspaper columns for book publication, and to write an introduction about the reporting business. (You probably recall that Stewart recently joined the Post editorial staff, while Joe alone continued the Alsop column in the New York Herald Tribune and syndicated papers.) "We thought such a book might provide some useful lagniappe," says Stewart; but somehow the brothers got carried away by their introduction, and presently to their surprise and dismay found themselves writing a book. After producing 50,000 words—"mostly Joe's, from which I [Stewart] distilled the two Post articles"—they ran into a curious phenomenon while choosing some of their columns to illustrate aspects of the book. Stewart's selections, made with coldly objective editorial judgment, happened to be nearly all ones written by himself, whereas Joe, similarly objective, came up almost entirely with *his* columns. This impasse was settled without blows, and their book, The Reporter's Trade, will be out November nineteenth.

How to Inspire a Bull



In that animated picture a Brahman bull widely known on the Kansas rodeo circuits is removing a would-be rider from his back. The lively animal, which hails from the Wilbur Countryman ranch, previously had his picture in the Post of November 2, 1957, with an article about the Flint Hills cattle ranges by **Myra Lockwood Brown** and **John Bird**; the bull's name then was Number One, but when the 1958 rodeo season opened it was changed to Saturday Evening Post. In his Number One years he was always a very tough fellow to ride; however, since he got his inspiring new name, *nobody* has been able to stay on him. Author Myra Brown thinks that folks not acquainted with rodeos will find this especially impressive if they know that a bull is considered ridden when a passenger stays aboard eight seconds. Mr. Countryman is proud of S.E.P., but he's prouder of his daughter Ginger, who this year is rodeo queen of Kansas.

Tales of the Authors

Melvin and Lorayne Durslag.

Effie Leland Wilder and her daughter Frances.

When **Melvin Durslag** (page 30) cased the betting situation at Agua Caliente, he expressed fear to John Alessio, executive director, that he might suffer losses at the race track. So Alessio introduced him to several gentlemen who were considered top authorities on Caliente horses, and they, after consultation, marked their selections on Durslag's program. "Well," Durslag reports, "after my first seven horses ran out of the money, I somehow got the notion things weren't going too well and in desperation I asked my wife to pick the next race." She chose a steed called Revolcadero because it had a Latin name and they were in Mexico, because it was gray and she likes gray, because it was 13–1, and because its trainer's name fascinated her—Henry Mackelprang. Oh, sure, the horse won. Some time a goofy bet like this won't win, and that will make an unusual anecdote indeed.

A letter received from **Mrs. Frank P. Wilder** is datelined from Cloud Nine, Above Summerville, South Carolina. She's up there because the story on page 26 is her first published fiction since she worked on the literary magazine some years ago at Converse College—in the interim she has been pretty busy with four children. Her brother, the late John A. Leland, was a novelist and had stories in the Post in 1954.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Call on Yul Brynner"

He's unconventional as an actor, and in real life, says Pete Martin, he's even more surprising.

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